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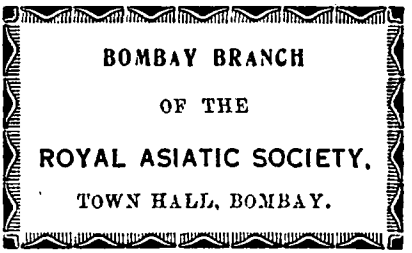


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THE

# SCRINIUM,

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

44717

BY

REBECCA EDRIDGE.

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As the bee stops on every flower, collecting sweets, and stores his hive with honey; so should meditation rest on each event, collecting wisdom, to store the mind with virtue.

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VOL. I.

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# PREFACE.

WHOEVER writes a book has sufficient vanity to hope that it will be read by every body. Now, as nobody can read a book, however badly it may be arranged or handled, without learning something of some kind from it, every author is bound to be careful that the instruction which he conveys shall tend to some improvement in the mind and behaviour of his readers. The writer of a book tending to make his reader a worse man than he was before, is answerable for the errors

or the crimes which he inculcates; and he is as great a pest to society as those punishable persons, who go about committing actual mischief.

Pope says,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

There is however a possibility so to varnish the frightfulness of vice, that she shall almost assume the mien of virtue; but an author should shew her in her true colours. A book should stand like a blazing beacon to warn the world of danger; and when, like a faithless phantom, it glitters to betray, the hue and cry of honest men should detect its fallacy.

In the following Volumes, which I presume to introduce to the public, I have rigidly adhered to the precept I inculcate; and I trust that those who may honor them with a perusal, will not deem the time wasted, which I or they bestow on them.

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THE

# SCRINIUM.

## THE LETTER

THERE are some crimes so flagrant, and so decidedly hurtful to the peace and happiness of society, that they are forbidden by divine law, and punishable by human legislation. Theft, adultery, and murder, are of that number: but there is a crime against which there is no defence, no remedy: a crime which seems to be beyond the reach of law and punishment; yet, whose consequences are so enormous in magnitude, and so heinous in guilt, that it is held in abhorrence by every man who has any sense of honor, honesty, virtue, or religion,—I mean Treachery. When it is practised against the Great, it is recorded by historians in terms of reprobation and disgust, and its malignity handed down to posterity marked

by so black a dye, that a treacherous person is detested from generation to generation: and while excuses are sometimes attempted for the thief, the adulterer, and the murderer; still the treacherous man remains without a palliative for his conduct, or a possibility of justification for his baseness. Hence the horror with which the name of Nottingham is always mentioned. The resentment so vehemently expressed against the withholder of the ring sent by Essex to Queen Elizabeth, is equally due to those who, in humbler instances, deceive the friend who trusts in their sincerity, and is betrayed by their deceit.

Some years ago, ere licentiousness displayed itself with unblushing daring, the younger son of a nobleman, whom I will conceal under the fictitious appellation of the Hon. Mr. Lorvine, kept a mistress, whom he concealed in an obscure part of the town, without ever intruding her in gaudy splendour on the world, or insultingly forcing her into those respectable societies where decorum should regulate manners, and propriety select companions.

He had by her one child, a daughter, a beautiful lovely innocent, who was the darling of her father's heart. As she increased in infantine prettiness, the homage which every one so far

pays to virtue, that all wish to see their children virtuous, induced him to take Agnes, so his child was called, from the secret abode where Ursula, his mistress, dwelt, and to remove her to his own house. He had given her the name of Lorvine, and while, in fondness for his child, he gradually introduced her to the various members of his family, on whom the beauty and childish playfulness of Agnes daily gained, he unkindly kept her from all intercourse with her mother; whom, with a levity not uncommon, he forsook shortly after little Agnes was removed to Soho Square.

Lorvine was a man much beloved by his elder brother the peer, and Agnes was always received by her uncle and aunt, as his lordship allowed her to call him and his lady, with all the attention which her father's fondness could desire. In sooth, she was a lovely little girl, and played among the children of all the connexions of the family, without any one ever thinking of the humiliated forsaken Ursula her mother.

While she was thus caressed, introduced, and received, her father married a lady of suitable rank in life, who having often seen Agnes, and knowing that she had been long an inmate of her father's house, ever treated her with the kindness and attention with which she would have behaved

to the offspring of a former marriage. Thus the introduction of a wife, made the situation of Agnes happier than it was before Lorvine married.

When she was about nine years old she was put to one of the most celebrated boarding-schools of the day, where she received that sort of instruction which fitted her to play her part among those with whom she lived; and where she improved in those accomplishments, which are supposed to constitute the education of a woman of fashion; in which class Lorvine looked forward to the establishment of his daughter.

The months of vacation she continued to pass among her father's friends. As she advanced in years, she encreased in loveliness; and Lorvine anticipated with delight the future days of Agnes.

She was now seventeen, and went with Lorvine and his wife, to pass the Midsummer holidays at the seat of Lord —— her uncle. His was the mansion of hospitality, and the resort of the Great and polished of the land. At that time, among other visitors was a young nobleman, who was just returned from the Continent, and had brought with him a valet named Mirepoix; a gay lively young Frenchman, who found means to insinuate himself into the good graces of Agnes Lorvine;

and two days after she returned to school, he contrived to assist her from one of the windows; and as there was at that time no marriage act of impediment to their union, they were instantly married.

Judge by the fondness which Lorvine had ever borne his daughter, and the hopes with which he aspired to an elevated marriage, of the keenness of his disappointment, and the acrimony of his anger, when he heard that she had eloped with Lewis Mirepoix. She was excluded from his paternal roof, and forbidden to appear in his presence. He left her destitute. The cloaths she had taken to school was all her portion; and Mirepoix, who, in consequence of his folly, was dismissed from his master's service, carried the delicately bred Agnes to the cheerless chamber of want.

In that miserable abode of penury, a few months after her marriage she found herself in a state of pregnancy. With scarcely a morsel to feed her own hunger, she looked forward with dread to the increased wretchedness which the birth of an infant would occasion: and fondly remembering the love her father had hitherto borne her, she ventured to address him in her present

circumstances; always a state of alarm to woman, and one more calculated than all others to operate on the feelings of a parent. She acknowledged to him the impropriety of what she had done; she described to him the poverty to which she was reduced; and she revealed to him the condition in which she was; and the approaching hour of her travail. She entreated him, though he might refuse to forgive her, not to carry his resentment to the innocent babe who would soon need his protection, and begged him to own his grandchild, though he would not see her. This letter she entrusted to a person, who undertook to deliver it into her father's hands, and to second her appeal to his tenderness by every representation which anxiety could depicture, and every inducement which friendship could suggest.

Alas! miserable Agnes! her letter was not delivered. Wretched mother! her approaching struggle was not softened. Lorvino received not the contrite petition of his child; she received not the forgiveness of her father. He thought that his daughter was obstinate in disobedience and would not intercede for pardon; and she thought that her father was obdurate in anger and would not condescend to forgive. Her grief, disappointment, and distress brought on premature

labour, and a still-born infant was the consequence of her sufferings.

Behold her, she weeps not! She rejoices over the inanimate form of her boy. He has escaped the misery of his mother's folly: he will not tread the path which she has strewn with thorns.

The wretched Mirepoix meanwhile, having lost his character, was unable to procure another service. No one would engage the man who had eloped with Agnes Lorvino, because no one chose to hurt the feelings of her offended father. He strove to enter into some little way of trade, but pressed by distress and want, he was induced to commit a fraud on one of the parties who assisted him, and was consequently compelled to fly the country. He returned to France, to very poor relations, whither the unfortunate Agnes was preparing to follow him, when he was seized with a violent fever, of which he died in three days; leaving his unhappy widow again pregnant.

Notwithstanding her encreased wretchedness, she did not dare to apply to her father: and a few weeks before she gave birth to her posthumous son, Lorvino died. He bequeathed her by will twenty pounds per annum, *to keep her*, as he expressed it, *from starving*; and that small stipend she received by quarterly payments.

By what exertions, or by whose assistance she was enabled to live and bring up her boy I know not; but many years after these circumstances, my father and mother became acquainted with her; by what means I cannot say; probably, as they often sought the wretched out, they heard her miserable tale.

The consequences of her folly pursued her through life, and she was always in distress. I have a faint recollection of her as an old woman when I was a child, for at my father's table there was, whenever she chose to come to his house, toujours un convert pour elle. I knew her son well; he died a few years ago, and was nearly eighty years old at the time of his death.

Beside the general hospitality of our house, my mother had once rendered his mother an essential service, and in gratitude for that, he left me a small legacy.

His career in life was always lowly; he never was known to his mother's family; and it was not till he was an old man that his humble exertions procured him a situation in which he was enabled to save a part of his earnings. I remember to have heard him once say, "O! if my mother were alive now, how happy I could make her."

# DEPRAVITY.

It is frequently said that the Great are more vicious than persons in low situations; and the assertion is as often contradicted. The crimes of the Great, it is alleged, being more conspicuous, are more known; but not more frequent or more atrocious. Be that as it may, a wicked great man is not less wicked because some low man has been worse. He is, to be sure, less wicked than the man with whom he is compared, but the crimes he commits are not less criminal in their own nature. The titled wittol, or the exalted pimp, is as criminal, and as despicable amid his strawberry leaves and pearls, as the low wretch who keeps a brothel; and the assassin, who to gratify the ambition of a monarch, murders the innocent, and history records many, is as guilty and as detestable as the masked bravo whose trade is blood, and who for hire, nightly plunges his stiletto in the passenger's breast. Nay, I think that to be great

aggravates such crimes; for want, which may sometimes induce men, even against the monitions of conscience, to acts of guilt, cannot be adduced to palliate the iniquity of the lofty parasite who aids in every pursuit however bad, and applauds every action however base. The guilt of a great man extends also beyond his own personal wickedness, inasmuch as the example which the Great set to their inferiors, operates powerfully as an incentive to virtue or to vice; for how can an uneducated man be made to understand that he ought to be punished for crimes which the Great commit daily, and nevertheless deem themselves persons of honor.

Many years ago, a great man, whom I will call Rupert, was in the almost daily habit of passing through Brentford in his way to and from a country-house not many miles further on the western road from London. It happened once, that as he was travelling, he saw at the window of an apothecary, whom I will call Goodwin, a very beautiful girl, with whom he instantly fell in love, as it is preposterously called. His high rank, and exalted station made it impossible for him to call at an apothecary's house; but the girl, the lovely girl must be attained. For that purpose he laid as base a scheme as ever disgraced the heart of

in society lost, and her peace of mind destroyed, she yielded to the proposals of a gentleman, who had seen her while at Rupert's house; and for ever resigned herself to wretchedness and despair.

During the remainder of her life, she continued faithful to him, who may be called her second seducer; and without joy though she shared his wealth, and without happiness though he was always kind, her days were embittered by reflections on the past, and by the miserable death of her father.

She had by Mr. ——, one daughter, who never married, and who after the death of both her parents, lived as companion to a lady, whom in the very early part of my life I knew: and the person who told me the above sorrowful tale, knew Maria.

Is the guilt of him who has perhaps been trained to vice, and taught to live by depredation, equal to the guilt of Rupert? Is the low wretch who snatches a bauble from my side, or picks my pocket of my purse, as criminal as the high-born Rupert; who to gratify a sensual passion, breaks in upon the happiness of a virtuous family, and steals from her paternal roof, and from the bosom, from the care of her father, the innocent child of his love: and, without tenderness for the object

of his violation, having satiated the lowest passion of nature, turns her without remorse from his door, to endure the agonies of a blasted reputation, and to shrink beneath the contempt of an unforgiving world?

The miserable victim of low guilt, who makes atonement to society by death upon the scaffold for the crimes he has committed, is, by comparison with Rupert, innocent: and though ignominy attend his fate; Rupert, who died upon a bed of down, shall tremble on that day, when he must answer for the horrors of his crimes, and abide the wrath of retribution.

# THE OLD TRUNK.

EVERY body who has travelled in England, knows that there are many manor houses, which once shone in splendour, and were the seats of hospitality and joy, but are now forsaken by their owners, and are either shut up to crumble unrepaired and untenanted, or let to rustic tenants, who, amid the carvings and the gildings of former pomp, lay up their peas and beans, and deposit their winter stores.

Among others, there was, some years ago, one on the coast of Sussex, which I will miscall Clifferton Castle. It had been long untenanted, save by an old seaman and his wife, and much of it was in considerable decay. The last of its masters who had kept up the stateliness of the castle and the family, had long been gathered to his fathers, and his heirs were dispersed, never again to be rallied round the standard of their name.

While old Bernard Truman, and his good wife Beatrix dwelt snugly in one tower of the decaying edifice, a man, who had grown rich in India, sent over remittances to purchase an estate in his native land; and Clifferton Castle was bought by the agent employed. The purchaser's mother, and his daughter, who had been sent to Grandmama for European education, were ordered to make the castle their country residence. In consequence of the mandate, they set off, full fraught with the delight of the grandeur of living in a castle, for the coast of Sussex. Old Mrs. Sunderland, however, when she beheld the ruined mansion, which stood on a hill, the monument of fallen greatness, was much mortified; and the feelings of dignity with which she had glowed during the journey, sunk like a falling star, even in an instant: but Miss Juliana Sunderland, to whose heart ruin and desolation were dear, rejoiced greatly. All the books which she had read, talked of such things; and midnight rambles upon broken turrets, with a lamp that would often expire, and leave her to explore her way in darkness, flitted before her imagination. Juliana had a fille de chambre, named Rachel, who had imbibed all the fancies of her young lady, and was

ready to search and explore, and discover at any hour, either by day or by night.

After the fatigue of the journey, no doubt all slept well; and the next morning when Rachel came to do the honors of the toilet for her mistress, "I have taken a superphysical view of this place, this morning, Ma'am," she said, "and I have had a little talk with Beatrix about it; and she says that in days of yore it formerly"——

The entrance of Beatrix, who came to hope that her young Ladyship had been pleased to have a good night's rest, stopped Rachel; and Juliana's curiosity being greatly excited when she found that the story went back to the days of yore:

"I perceive," said she, "by the decay of this castle, that it has been much neglected by its possessors; but it still bears the marks of former strength, and majesty frowns among its ruins."

"His Majesty," said Beatrix, "has no more to do with it than I have, nay not so much, for I have lived here,—let me see,—ten and ten make twenty, and fourteen, and then five and nine, let me see,—ten and ten make twenty, as I said before; aye, and fourteen——Well, I cannot justly say how long: I would speak truth if I knew how; but more or less, somewhat about fifty or sixty years."

"But I suppose," cried Rachel, "the castle has been built a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" rejoined Beatrix, "aye, I warrant me, and many a good hundred to that. I have often heard my poor dear old master, Sir Edmund Clifferton, tell all that. O! he used to talk about it over and over again, to every soul that came near him: for you must know that he was prodigious proud of being descended from his ancestors. I remember one day he was holding forth to his son, a little boy about seven years old, and a lovely little boy as ever was seen; every body said that he was too good and too wise for this here bad world, and so it proved, for he died soon after; and Sir Edmund, rest his soul, never joyed or held up his head again: But, as I was going to say, he was telling his son all about his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and how proud he ought to be of the great things they had done in former times. 'O! father,' said the child, 'that is all past and over, I shall never see them; I wish you would do something great that I might be proud of you.' And I protest and vow to you, that the old gentleman was quite posed."

The pride Sir Edmund took in his grandfather and great-grandfather, not being so much what Juliana wished to know, as who his grandfather

and great-grandfather were, and what great things they had performed; she made some inquiries concerning them. To which Beatrix replied,

"O bless your heart, that I cannot tell as should be; for he went back, I verily believe, to the Flood; I know there was Sir William, and Sir Hugh, and Sir Henry, and Sir Robert, and Sir Walter, and I know not how many all of a string, but who was the great A, of the family, I cannot take upon myself to say."

"But what were their achievements?" said Juliana.

Poor Beatrix was, as she had said of her master, quite posed; and when the question was repeated, she seemed so utterly confused, that Juliana thought the recollection of some very horrible transaction was too much for the good woman's feelings, and therefore she sat silent that she might overcome emotions which she was delighted to find that she experienced. Rachel, who did not think quite so much as her lady of such things, asked briskly,

"Well, and what did they do?"

The plain question, *What did they do?* was a great relief to Beatrix.

"Why I believe," said she, "they all lived here, and all died one after another."

"What did they do away from here?" said Juliana.

"Aye, marry," said Beatrix, "what indeed! They might, one would have thought, have been contented at home."

Juliana finding that it was impossible to bring the old woman to the point, again sat silent: and determined, within her own mind, instantly to begin to explore.

Clifferton Castle was just such a place as such a young lady would wish for. It stood upon a hill about three miles from the sea. The south-front commanded a grand prospect of the ocean, and the north-front overlooked the beautiful meadows and fields of a well cultivated country. The one end looked toward the rising glories of the god of day, the other saw him sink beneath the horizon. It was moreover a place which interested the feelings very greatly, for who could insensibly behold the desolated ruins of greatness long since passed away; or view without a sigh, the scattered fragments of former strength crumbling to decay.

It was a beautiful fine day in the month of June when Juliana and her faithful damsel began to examine the various apartments of the once grand castle. They had climbed with much difficulty up a broken staircase, and from the battlements looked upon the plain below. Juliana felt her

heart bound with rapture as she beheld the beauties spread around; and raised her eyes with ecstacy to the blue expanse glowing with noon-day heat. As she delighted stood, a sudden gloom overspread the sky, chill blew the rising blast, the lightning gleamed, the thunder roared, and the distant sea howled horrible.

"Let us go down again," said Rachel, "for I am absolutely scarified out of my wits."

Whatever difficulty they found in mounting, their fear carried them safely and quickly down; and when Rachel saw her young lady seated in an elbow chair, and heard the rain pelt against the windows, she began to take heart.

"One reads you know ma'am," said she, "that when young ladies are frightened almost to death, and know not what to do for dear life, they sit down and draw pictures." Then running to Juliana's port-folio, "here ma'am," she continued, "is a sheet of paper, and a pencil, do try what you can make of it."

She was just preparing to begin her drawing, when another loud clap of thunder rattled over the castle, and a distant scream alarmed her. Terrified, she ran to the great gates, where she found Bernard and his wife assisting an elderly gentleman to raise the apparently dead body of a young lady, who had been thrown from her horse.

"Raise her gently," said the gentleman, kneeling with his arm under her head.

"Alas Sir," said Bernard, "I fear it matters not for gentleness."

The old gentleman sunk on the ground.

"Nay, nay, your reverence bear up."

Sophia groaned.

"Hark," continued Bernard, "that groan, though dismal, shews that life still sits at the helm."

Sophia groaned again.

"See Sir, she rights apace."

Bernard had a tender heart, "Come young lady," said he to Juliana, "will you bear a hand to help bring this here dismantled vessel into harbour?"

"Most willingly," she replied, and advancing found the worthy rector of the parish in which the castle stood, supporting his daughter.

They bore her in, and laid her on Juliana's bed.

"Send Stephen," said Mr. Pax; the parson's man was called Stephen, "send Stephen to the village for Mr. Probe."

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Probe, when he saw Stephen's horse covered with froth.

"A mortal deal is the matter," answered Stephen; "there's Miss Sophia in a fit, and master

in a taking, and Miss Sunderland in a fright, and old Beatrix in a quandary; and the horse is all in a lather, and I am in a hurry; and you must come to Clifferton Castle in a crack, and bring all your doctoring thingumbobs in your pocket."

"Put the saddle on the grey mare," said Mr. Probe: "and bring me my apparatus."

"Here," said Stephen, dismounting, "get upon Snowdrop, he is ready saddled, and ready warmed, he will carry you in a twinkling."

Mr. Probe mounted and was off like a shot.

When Mr. Probe arrived at the castle, Mr. Pax went to the great gates to meet him. "So, Sir," said Mr. Probe, "you are all in a bad way here I find."

"No one is in a bad way but my poor Sophia,' said the clergyman.

"And pray what ails Miss Sophia?"

"Her horse took fright, and threw her," said Mr. Pax, as they entered the great hall, "and I fear that she is much hurt, for she cannot speak."

"A young lady must be very much hurt indeed, when that is the case," replied Mr. Probe. "Pray how did the accident happen? How was it, Sir? How is she hurt? Has she broken a bone? Has she a wound? I suppose she must be bled. Can I see her? Where is she?"

"The women are putting her to bed," answered Mr. Pax; and at that moment Beatrix entered.

"Well, good woman," said Mr. Probe, "how do matters go on up stairs?"

"Very badly, Sir."

"Is she no better?" asked Mr. Pax.

"Yes, your reverence, I hope she is," answered Beatrix: "and if your reverence pleases, I think Mr. Probe had better see her without any more delay."

"The woman is in the right for once," said Mr. Probe; "delays are dangerous:" so he followed Beatrix up stairs, and Mr. Pax followed him.

Mr. Probe looked at her. He felt her pulse. "Humph," said Mr. Probe. Mr. Pax also looked at her; and then at Mr. Probe. "Well, Mr. Probe, what is your opinion?"

"Really," replied the apothecary, "it is difficult to know what to opine." He again took her by the wrist. "I think I must bleed her." He bled her. "I will send her something," said he, "and pray let her be kept quiet."

"You may depend upon it, Sir," said Beatrix, "and when she gets well, she will tell us what ails her."

"I know as well as she can tell me," said Mr. Probe.

"Dear me! do you, Sir?" said Rachel, who had till then stood silent at the foot of the bed: "then I suppose you are a mountebank conjuror; I have heard that there are such things in the country."

Mr. Probe cast a look at her as sharp as his lancet, and would have cut her up finely, had not Mr. Pax said gently, "Young woman, you make a mistake; Mr. Probe has been regularly bred to physic and surgery, and what he knows of my daughter's ailments he discovers by his skill."

"That is the way of all conjurors," said Rachel, with a suppressed laugh: but Juliana silenced her by a commanding frown.

"I will send her something," Mr. Probe said again, and left the room.

About an hour after the departure of Mr. Probe, Sophia replied to her father's kind inquiry, "I am better, thank you, Sir;" and after she had taken her draughts, went quietly to sleep.

Juliana said that she and Rachel, would sit up with Sophia, and Mr. Pax said he would take a nap in a chair below.

In the morning Sophia was so much recovered that she rose to breakfast. Mr. Pax would have taken her home; but Juliana and Mrs. Sunderland begged that he would permit her to stay a few days at the castle; which, after the attention she

had received, he could not refuse. He therefore took leave, promising to visit them daily.

When Mr. Pax was gone, Juliana told her young companion, that she and her waiting-maid intended to examine every part of the castle, and to search very closely among the ruins, in hope that they should find some curiosities among the rubbish; adding, that if she were fond of such things, they should be happy in her assistance. Sophia replied that it would give her infinite pleasure, but she was afraid that she had not sufficiently overcome the effects of her accident to be of much use. The young ladies therefore agreed that they would defer their researches till she should have recovered her strength.

As soon as Sophia thought that she could venture to climb among the ruins which lay scattered round the castle, the three heroines set out in search of curiosities. Rachel, who had been peeping about, said, that at one corner, where the greatest part of one of the towers lay in ruins, she was very sure that something would be discovered, for she had seen the end of an old trunk, which, for certain, could not be empty. Her mistress did not agree in the certainty; nevertheless, it was determined to begin there, because it was thought right to rush into the thick of things.

They got in at a window, which Juliana thought quite romantic; and when they had with some difficulty climbed up the outside, with equal difficulty they clambered down within. They then peeped, where Rachel had been peeping, and saw the same end of the old trunk. They then began to remove the rubbish with which it was encumbered; but with all their strength they could not remove a large stone, which seemed almost to crush it.

"Perhaps," said Rachel, "Mr. Pax will lend us a hand to help us, he will do more in an hour, than we shall in a day."

"I will ask him," said Sophia, "and I think, that we may as well defer our scheme of research till we have his assistance."

Juliana was of the same opinion, and they returned the way they came.

When Mr. Pax arrived, they ran to meet him, and before he was well seated, they told him of the old trunk.

With great good will, Mr. Pax consented to accompany them; but he remonstrated against getting in at the window, and therefore they proceeded through the long neglected apartments, till they reached the ruined tower. They then resumed their toils, and by perseverance, aided

by Mr. Pax, attained the reward of their labours. The old trunk was brought into open day. The lock was forced—the contents examined.

The first thing they found was a casket containing two miniature pictures. On the back of one was written, "Mr. Henry Clifferton."

"He was Sir Edmund's brother," said Mr. Pax.

"How sagacious he looks," said Sophia, "yet how pensive."

"I never saw such a face of care," said Juliana.

"He is vastly pretty," exclaimed Rachel.

"He was a worthy man," said Mr. Pax; "and this," said he, producing the other, "was his wife. Methinks she looks like Innocence! The ivory seems to blush beneath our gaze."

Mr. Pax contemplated the portraits a long time, and when he returned them into the casket, he heaved a deep sigh. They found several pieces of plate, curiously packed up, and a bundle of letters, which they thought they might without impropriety read. For which purpose they returned with them into the great saloon, taking also the portraits and the plate, that Mrs. Sunderland might share in the discovery.

The letters were tied together as if they formed

a distinct correspondence, and they read them as they were placed.

## LETTER I.

*Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.*

After a very pleasant journey, we arrived in safety at our house in Pall-Mall yesterday evening. The kind advice, and sage admonitions which I received from you, my dear Lady Clifferton, before I left Sussex, occupied my thoughts on the road as much as could possibly be expected from a young woman who was going to London for the first time in her life: and I hope that I shall steer clear of all the rocks and quicksands, which, you tell me, are hidden beneath the pleasures of the town. The noise of our situation disturbed me very much; and the gloom which hangs over us, is not quite so agreeable as the clear blue sky which you are enjoying at the castle.

My husband, notwithstanding the advantages that will accrue to us from the post to which he has been appointed, laments the necessity he is under to remain the greatest part of the year in London; and already sighs for green fields and purling streams: nor can I, poor Phillida! dispel

a kind of melancholy which rests on my Corydon's brow. You, and our good Sir Edmund, must often help me to cheer him, for I know that the sun will always shine brightest the day he hears from you.

Adieu!

I still remain just what I was in Sussex,

Your's affectionately,

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER II.

*Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.*

YOU draw, my dear Lady Clifferton, worse than any body I ever met with in my life. I have not yet discovered any of those dark shades with which you almost cover the prospect. I assure you, that in my view of the town, I sketch in so many pleasing lights, that it is perfect brightness.

Many of Henry's old friends have called to see us, and we have been to see them: we have also formed a great many new acquaintances, in so much, that we are engaged almost every day. I never was so happy, I never was so cheerful, I

never was so much delighted in my life. How you and Sir Edmund, who formerly were so much in this gay place, can prefer retirement, astonishes me; for I think no rural grove can equal the Mall, nor can any bower be half so charming as a drawing-room.

I went last night to a very grand ball at Lord Courtly's. Every thing was so elegant and so magnificent, that I never shall again find pleasure at the assemblies in the country. Lady Courtly introduced all the partners so cleverly to each other, that we were all as sociable, as intimate, and as free, as if we had been acquainted from our childhood. The ladies were so beautiful and so gay; and the gentlemen so polite, I hardly know who I liked best: but, if one could seem to deserve a preference, I think it was Sir Thomas Roach. He is handsomer than the picture of Achilles which hangs in your great parlour; and more attentive than old Justice Steady, when he is master of the ceremonies: and he is so very civil, that he called this morning to inquire how Henry and I were, after the fatigue, as he called it, of dancing. He brought us two tickets for a concert this evening, and begged that he might be indulged with a corner in our carriage, which was readily granted him; and Henry invited him to

partake of our family dinner, that we might set out together.

I am now going to dress for his arrival; and therefore I stop short, having only time to assure you, that you still hold your place in the heart of

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER III.

*Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.*

How could you, my dear Lady C; send me such a grave sermon of a letter as that I received from you yesterday! I must not admire Sir Thomas Roach! Then I am sure I must put a bandage over my eyes, and stop my ears. I heard him sing last night for the first time. I think he sings better than he dances. You are quite ill-natured, to say, that you are sorry that I went with him to the concert. Henry went also; and I am sure, that if it had been wrong, he would not have accepted of the tickets.

A few evenings ago we were at Lady Delvar's. You cannot imagine how fortunate I was. Can you believe it? I won a hundred and sixty-five guineas! Poor Sir Thomas Roach lost ninety of them: but they say he can afford it very well.

Henry did not play, and seemed very unwell all the time we staid; therefore I left off much sooner than I wished, as the cards ran so much in my favour; and we returned home very early. He was, however, quite well the next morning: yet, I think, that he still sighs for hills and dales, and turtle doves: and so next week, being holiday week, we have accepted a very kind invitation from your old friend Sir Theodore Musgrove, and are going to Blackheath next Thursday.

I hope at our return to find a letter from you or Sir Edmund, and in the mean time I remain

*Comme auparavant,*

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER IV.

*Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.*

My dear Brother,

I ACKNOWLEDGE the justness of your complaints. I have, it is true, been a very negligent correspondent: but, notwithstanding the lucrative advantages of my situation, and the uninterrupted round of amusement in which I am engaged, I am un-

happy. Wherefore should I plague you with murmurs, which appear to be raised without foundation; or on the other hand, why paint to you scenes, which always disgusted your good sense: and in which I mingle without joy. Not so my wife. She enters with a thoughtless gaiety into all the dissipation of *ton*, and finds pleasure every where but at home. I do not mean to reproach her: I believe that my company adds to the pleasure she receives from others; but, she no longer seeks it from myself. I am almost tempted to resign my office, that I may return with her to those happy plains, where our slumbers were undisturbed, and the morning found us happy: But, could I restore her heart to its simplicity? No! The seeds of luxury are sown, and will every where grow rank. The few unpleasant days we passed with Sir Theodore Musgrove convince me that her passions have burst their bounds, and never will return to their pristine channels.

From your friendship and her love, I looked for all my happiness: the one has failed me; but I trust, my dear Edmund, that you never will disappoint the affection

Of your brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

The letter which would have been the fifth, was missing, therefore the next they read must be called

## LETTER VI.

*Mrs. Clifferton to Lady Clifferton.*

It is a matter of concern, and I must say, surprise, to me, that your Ladyship continues to write to me with such grave scraps of advice. When I told you that Sir Thomas Roach had lent me the money I had lost at cards, and which I was unwilling to ask my husband to give me; I did it, in full confidence that I was writing to a friend: But the ungenerous manner in which you informed Mr. Clifferton of what I had done, calls for the highest resentment. I assure you, that notwithstanding what you are pleased to say of his conduct, there is no person in the world to whom I would so willingly apply in any embarrassment, or whose advice I would so soon take, were I in perplexity, as Sir Thomas Roach.

Happily a return of good luck enabled me to repay him before your intelligence arrived; and when Henry offered to discharge the debt, I had settled it myself.

Your Ladyship's letters always convey instruction. From the last I have learned to be very careful for the future in whom I place confidence.

I am your Ladyship's

Obedient Servant,

MARIA CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER VII.

*Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.*

I CANNOT, my dear Brother, follow the advice contained in your last letter; I cannot reproach Maria. I am thoroughly persuaded that she is the dupe of her own artlessness, and that the dissipation into which she enters with such seeming goodwill, still leaves her free from guilt.

As a proof how unconscious she is that she acts indecorously, let me tell you that I met her with Sir Thomas Roach, one day last week. She was hanging on his arm. When she saw me, she did not appear at all confused, nor did she withdraw her arm from him, which she would have done, had she known that she was walking with him improperly. "Hah! Henry," she said, "I am

glad we have met you: we are going to see the beautiful tyger, which Captain Osbourn has brought from Asia. Come, you shall go with us." I would have excused myself, but she caught my arm, and dragged me along: and in that manner she walked, leaning on us both, till we came to a path too narrow for three to walk abreast. She quitted the arm of Sir Thomas, and hung upon mine. I felt the preference, and pressed her hand to my heart. Thus, you see, ignorance of custom, and not levity, is the source of her behaviour. Yet, I think, I can discover, that under the appearance of gaiety, she is not so happy as she was wont to be. I once surprized her in tears. She frequently sighs, nay weeps in her sleep; which she lays to the account of terrible dreams: and always dispels my fears, by thus accounting for what gives them birth.

In the fulness of her heart, she thinks herself so much obliged to Sir Thomas Roach for the money he advanced her, and speaks so highly of the delicate manner in which he did it, that I cannot reprove her, nor reproach him: yet, though I do not think that she is unfaithful to my bed, I feel that she is unmindful of my happiness: and could every thing I possess in the world, restore her to me, tender, peaceful, and simple, as we

first loved, I would gladly give it all, and clasp her as a rich exchange, even in a desert: But I doat ———. The miserable die is cast ———. While I see her on the verge of a precipice, I dare not warn her of her danger.

You, my Edmund, who are united to the worthiest of her sex, can hardly conceive the tenderness of the grief, which, though so strongly felt, cannot be expressed, even by the sufferer.

Would you could come to me! You are the only remaining joy of

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER VIII.

*Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.*

FROM the dreary gloom of a prison, I write to you, my dear Brother, to give you an account of the dreadful events which have led me to its horrors. O Edmund! you know my heart, you will kindly sympathize with my remorse, and do justice to the character of your brother.

My wife ——O heaven! —— my wife, whom I so fondly loved!——My wife, in whom I placed such confidence!——Edmund, I tremble while I

write.——I had occasion to go to Kingston, where I had intended to remain all night.—On the road I met the gentleman to whom I was going, and we returned to town together.

When I reached my house, the servant told me that his mistress was ill, and gone to bed. As I advanced to the stairs, Florence, her maid, stopt me, saying she had just left her lady, who was dropt to sleep, and I should disturb her. I hastily snatched my coat from her grasp, and anxious to see Maria, went quickly to her chamber. — How shall I speak my shame! — When I undrew the curtain — How shall I describe my anguish?—I saw Sir Thomas Roach upon my pillow——My wife shrunk and hid her face—I had a loaded pistol in my hand, which I had brought from the carriage.—In the first phrenzy of my rage, I shot him through the head. The report roused Maria. She leaped from the bed —shrieked—sprang upon me, and fainted in my arms—I carried her to a couch, and while she was still senseless, left the house. I was soon pursued, soon taken, soon confined.

I dare not inquire for my wife—I am ashamed to own what I endure on her account.—Never shall these eyes behold her. — Never shall this heart acknowledge her; — but — let her not be

treated harshly—Gaming has been her ruin. I have been insultingly informed by Sir Thomas Roach's family, that a large sum of money which she had lost to him at cards, was thus paid.—

O Maria! you have destroyed your husband, and are yourself undone.—

Never shall I know peace;—yet—let me hope that I still hold a brother's place in your affection, Edmund;—and—may I not trust, that my penitence will do away my guilt, and that I shall not die unblest.

It would be some comfort to me once more to embrace you; and I must indulge the hope that you will not refuse to cheer the prison of your unhappy brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER IX.

*Mr. Clifferton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.*

WHEN I parted from you and Lady Clifferton, my dear Edmund, I lost every thing, which, in this world, can give comfort to my afflicted heart. I almost lament the justice which acquitted me. Where can I wander?—Here, in Italy, where

nature glows in all her brighest charms, my sorrow desolates the scene.

I have received a letter from my wife—Edmund, Edmund!—The penitence of a broken heart speaks to the soul. She does not ask to see me—she could not stand before me—she only asks forgiveness.—I have written to her—I have forgiven her.—Yet—think not that I do not feel my injury—It sinks deep: it pours poison through my veins, circulating death—Yet—let not—let not despair reach her in the obscurity to which her guilt has hurled her: but pour that balm into her mind which an injured husband must not.

I have taken care to banish want—Peace she must seek herself—I have it not to give. In the grave alone will it be restored to your afflicted brother,

HENRY CLIFFERTON.

## LETTER X.

*Robert Darton to Sir Edmund Clifferton.*

Honoured Sir,

IT is with very great grief that I presume to take the liberty to write to your honour; but I think it right and proper to inform you that my master,

Mr. Clifferton, died yesterday. Poor gentleman! He wasted away by degrees, as I may say, and died, I verily believe, of grief. The last person he mentioned was your honour, and he said he hoped that you would remember him properly.

I am your honour's

Very obedient,

And most humble Servant,

ROBERT DARTON.

When Mr. Pax had concluded the last letter, he looked tenderly at Sophia, pressing her hand between both his; and they all sat silent. He spoke first. "I dare say," he began, "that your own reflections on these letters will anticipate what I can say on the subject: yet, I think, that I should not fulfil my duty to you, Sophia, nor to you, Miss Sunderland, as one of my flock, were I to omit, on the present occasion, to point out to you the danger to which every one is exposed, who has not sufficient good sense and fortitude to resist the allurements not only of vice, but I may add of folly.

Would it were so, that every man, and every woman, possessed every virtue; for the practice

of every virtue is the duty of all: but, chastity is that, which, in all civilized countries, has ever been deemed the highest virtue of a woman; insomuch, that where it is wanting, the possession of every other will never procure her the respect and esteem of the world. It is a virtue from which, if she swerve, she injures every one who should be most dear to her affections, and herself beyond all reparation.

To this most deplorable of all situations, a despised adulteress, nothing is more likely to lead than gaming. It is, in a man, a very degrading vice; but he has the controul of his property, and can, to the last farthing he possesses, discharge the debts he contracts: whereas a woman has no power whatever over the property of her husband; therefore when she has lost more than the portion she can command, she too often compounds the debt by the surrender of her person. While undiscovered, she is in perpetual dread of detection; and when detected, she is hurled from happiness, from joy, from peace, from respect; to misery, to disgrace, to infamy, to shame.

What further wretchedness may attend the crime of adultery, the awful end of Sir Thomas Roach most forcibly proves. Cut off in the very fulness of his sins, and sent to answer for them

while they glowed fresh within his breast. The injured husband a prey to anguish and remorse; the guilty wife, an outcast."

He stopt. Sophia reclined her head upon his shoulder; Juliana rose hastily from her seat; and Mrs. Sunderland heaved a deep sigh: and a melancholy, which could not be overcome, spread a gloom over the remainder of the day.

# INGRATITUDE.

AMONG the playmates of my childhood, was a boy about three or four years younger than myself. Poor fellow! He was unhappily born educated and lost. He was the natural son of a man who had debauched the niece of the person at whose house he lodged; and to conceal her shame her child had been taken from her at the moment of his birth. His father, of whom he was an exact miniature picture, placed him under the care of a labouring man and his wife, with whom it would have been fortunate for him to have been left to till the earth: he would thereby have been spared the consequences which a more refined education, and higher connexions, together with a constant bad example from his father, produced. When he was about five years old he was taken from the humble roof, where he grew a fine sturdy boy, and

was a happy child, and sent to school, where he instantly became one in every bad trick in which so little a fellow could participate: and as he was removed from better school to better school, he continued, as his bodily strength encreased, and the powers of his mind expanded, to be year after year a more vicious youth. He was, however, very clever, and the progress he made in his studies was very rapid: and with that his father seemed to be satisfied.

The connexions of the father had procured for the son a situation in an office under government, and while the licentiousness of his propensities needed a very strong check, he was turned into the world without a curb.

I will not attempt to describe the riots into which he plunged; they are scenes which would disgrace a female pen: it may be sufficient to say that his career was one course of vice, and though the emoluments of his place were large, he involved himself in such distresses that he became absolutely pennyless.

The decorum of my mother's house had no allurements for such a one as young M . . . . . and he had long forborne his visits. I never saw him but once after he became his own master; and then he came to borrow money. What a miser-

able change! The gay, sprightly, witty strippling, was become a down-looking scowling squalid man. He was pale in countenance, moody in behaviour, and shabby in appearance. Though he had not been seen at our house, reports of his conduct, and tales of his goings on often reached us, and his errand was a fruitless one. Unhappy, misguided man! He applied so frequently for pecuniary assistance by visits and by letters to every one whom he had ever known, or of whom he had ever heard his father speak, that at last almost every door was shut against him: and involved in debt, and notorious for crime as well as folly, he absconded in the dusk of evening, and about midnight reached the cottage where he had been fostered, and where he had from time to time called to see his nurse.

When he arrived at the cottage he invented a tale which accounted for his appearance at that unseemly hour, and being extremely fatigued, he accepted the bed from which he had roused the kind cottagers by his violent knocking at the door.

At the usual hour of going to their daily labour they went out without disturbing their guest; who, when he awoke, found himself alone in the house.

When he came down stairs, he saw that his host

had carelessly left the key in his bureau: curiosity prompted him to turn it, and he found twenty-four guineas in one of the drawers. The misery of his situation tempted him to a crime which, it is hoped, few men would have been induced to commit: he robbed his nurse and her husband of the thrifty savings of their hard labour, and walked out of the house during the absence of the owners; taking with him, in addition to the money, the watch he found at the head of the bed.

This action which so completely proves the innate depravity and base ingratitude of his heart, is one among many which his distresses impelled him to commit, and which endangered his life.

To prevent the shame of an ignominious death, his father exerted all his interest; and I believe it was by some contrivance that a flaw was found in the indictment which was filed against him, and a trial prevented. He was afterward sent to India as a private soldier in a regiment then going to the east.

The first intelligence which arrived was that he had been made a sergeant; and the second, that his excesses, added to the torrid climate, had produced a fever of which he had died.

Thus perished when he was not more than twenty-three years of age, a youth who may be called a first-rate genius.

He was a very good Latin and Greek Scholar. He understood the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German Languages; and had read a great deal which had been very judiciously selected by his father: and the office in which he was permanently established, and must have risen by rotation, was, from the very first, the situation of a gentleman.

Memory has many pleasures, but it is surely one of its pains to retrace the life of a companion from crime to crime, from ignominy to ignominy; from affluence and respect, to infamy, degradation, and shame.

His father has been long dead, or I would have spared his old age this recital. May it instruct the young, and teach them that talents misapplied encrease the crimes of the guilty. May they by the example of the lost associate of my early years be warned from folly and from vice, and learn that

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

# THE POST OBIT.

ONE of the most difficult things in the world, is to make a man or a woman perform an action after he or she be dead: and to use a dead hand or a dead tongue, is a very daring attempt. Such things are nevertheless occasionally done. Sometimes with a roguish intention, by a substitution of false wills, and other false deeds: and sometimes in innocent ignorance, in order to preserve peace and good-will among friends and neighbours.

For the last mentioned good purpose, I have heard a little anecdote concerning Miss Wilkes, well known throughout England, as the daughter of the celebrated John Wilkes of political notoriety.

After the death of her father, she continued to dwell in his house in Grosvenor Square, and being

a woman of large fortune, she lived among the Great, in the pompous interchange of balls and parties, and all the grand displays of fashionable hospitality. The guests were all invited: she had prepared the sumptuous gala: the festive board was spread: when, on the morning of the day whose evening close was to have resounded with the shouts of joy, the world was closed upon her darkened sight, and amid the splendid preparations which adorned her chambers, she sunk a lifeless clod.

The consternation occasioned by the awful change filled the house with dismay: and after the feelings, which such events never fail to produce in every mind, were in some degree overcome, and the wailings for a kind mistress were somewhat checked, the domestics were much perplexed to know how they were to inform the invited guests of the dreadful calamity which had happened in the family. After consulting among themselves, it was determined that the properest person to undertake such a task was the lady's own woman: but a still greater perplexity arose in determining how the task was to be executed. For a woman, who was only a waiting-maid, to presume to write to lords and ladies and squires of high degree, was quite out of character; so they at last agreed *nem*;

*con*; that their mistress should speak once more for herself; and they united their inventions, and indited the following card; which, as no time was to be lost, they multiplied for delivery by calling on every one who could guide a pen to copy and recopy.

Miss Wilkes presents her compliments to . . . . . and is very sorry that she cannot have the honour to receive *him*, *her*, or *them*, this evening, having had the misfortune to die at twelve o'clock.

*Grosvenor Square.*

# THE PORTRAIT.

I THINK that I may with truth say, that flattery is one of those pleasing things, which, though not always in the extreme, yet ever in the degree, gratifies every body. Every man and every woman has what is called a weak side: and on that weakness it is that flattery is administered by the skilful flatterer, and is always received by the flattered with complacency.

Women are said to be more susceptible of flattery than men; but that, as a general position, I deny, although the story I am about to relate concerns a lady. Men are as often and as easily cajoled as women; and as frequently the dupes of those who have a point to carry against them. Be the persons played upon men or women they equally sympathize with the adulator, and rarely see through the flimsy veil of his praises: but

when a bungler allows himself to be detected, it is like the citron trees said to grow near the dead-sea, whose beautiful and tempting fruit yields nought but ashes to the taster.

The praise of beauty is the most frequently resorted to, as being the perfection soonest discovered: and the glass, aided by self-love, generally corroborates all that can be said on the subject. Old age can hardly be brought to think it is no longer lovely. The battered beau and the faded belle continue to adorn their decay, and the ogle of the one, and the simper of the other, prove that adulation is still hugged to the heart.

There is a story told of an old lady, who, in the days of her youth, had not only been the admiration of all beholders, but also the theme of the poet's lay. In the pride of beauty she had had a picture painted of her loveliness, and it hung for universal gaze over the mantle in the dining parlour.

Years rolled over the original and the copy; but, alas! while the canvass still displayed all that could charm the eye, the withering form of the model daily became less and less like what represented her in the days which were gone for ever. Nevertheless, she still fancied that she resembled

what she looked at; and nothing pleased her so much as to be told that the picture was like her.

Among the visiters at the old lady's house was another old lady, who found it very agreeable and very convenient to be an always welcome guest at the well furnished board of a friend, and always repaid her hospitable reception by copious flattery. Among other things she never failed to observe while she sat at dinner, the great likeness of the hostess to the picture.

It so happened, that in process of time, the smoke and the dust so changed the hue of the painting, that like the archetype it no longer bloomed. Although the rose and the lily had for ever flown from the living cheek of the matron, they were recoverable on the lifeless cloth; and to be cleaned, and newly varnished, it was sent to a master's hand. In the mean time, not to leave the mantle bare, the picture of a favourite cat was substituted for the absent portrait. The old lady who still continued her visits, declined, like her hostess, fast into the vale of years: like her's, her hair turned grey; like her's, her eyes grew dim: yet she continued to raise them, during the meal, to the chimney-piece; and looking, without discernment at poor puss, exclaimed in the ac-

customed tone of rapture, "that is so like your grace!"

O sad, deluded fair! disappointed belle! The flattery of more than half a century vanished! "I am no longer young—I am no longer lovely—but —can I be like a cat?"

READER; if the cap fit, wear it; and view thyself in the glass while it is on.

# A SUMMER'S EXCURSION.

NOBODY, now-a-days, takes a walk or a ride, without giving an account to the world of whither he goes, and what he sees and observes: and as

"Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sov'reign sway,"

I know no reason why I should not trust to Fashion to make my apology for telling the world that I have travelled about, and seen sights, and made memorandums.

Some few years ago, after a very severe illness, I was advised by the medical gentleman who had attended me, to change the air, and to move frequently from place to place, according as my strength would permit me to bear the fatigue of travelling. The proposed remedy was so very agreeable, that I set off without delay; and with my maid began a journey to Southampton. We pursued our way, changing horses at the accus-

tomed stages, with no object in view but to reach the place of our destination: and thus we proceeded to Winchester. When we were thus far; alas, for speed! no horses could be procured. I had, with sporting ignorance, left home during the Southampton races, and every horse was gone to the course. As the carriage could not go on without being drawn, I had no choice of determination, and was compelled to remain at the White Hart inn, til the next morning.

The pleasure and independence of an english inn, which men find so delightful, had no charms for me. True I was as independent, and as much a queen of the parlour, as any man could be a king of it: but I was dreadfully annoyed by the perpetual ringing of bells, and the noisy cry of, *boots! hostler! waiter!* and though every person who opened the door, and popped in his head, begged pardon for his intrusion, I was foolish enough always to be startled.

A *tête-à-tête* with my waiting woman not being sufficient to cheer the prison which an inn-parlour was to me; for I could not wile away the time in the yard with the jockies, nor in the kitchen with the topers; I went to visit the cathedral.

There is a solemnity in the gloom of such stately buildings which seizes on the mind the moment

they are entered. Thought quits the world, and becomes spontaneously aware that all communion is with the dead. The monuments on which the sun at noon, intercepted by huge pillars, darts not his rays, seem to beckon to contemplation; and, those which catch his splendour, shine with admonition.

When the assenting heart acknowledges the truth of the sweet praise bestowed upon the ashes of the worthy, how quickly the tear trickles down the cheek, and how forcibly the bosom feels the dignity of virtue. But, when the sculptor's art and poet's lay are prostituted in the detail of falsehood, how indignation rises. How far from approbation is the tumult of the breast. The characters so glossed arise to memory, and each crime which charity should forget, stands in full array, challenged by the contraries pourtrayed.

Winchester Cathedral is a magnificent edifice, which having been built at various times, is in various styles of architecture. It has been the burial place of many persons of note: among others of Wickham the founder of Winchester school; and by that foundation his tomb and effigy are kept up in pristine beauty, except that the gold, silver and jewels were seized by Henry VIII. when he suppressed the monasteries, and religious houses

throughout England. Opposite to him lies Bishop Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi College at Oxford. The pontifical robes in which his effigy is arrayed are kept in gaudy splendour by that learned society. In the same cathedral also lies, honored with a sumptuous tomb and effigy, the wretched Cardinal Beaufort, the ambitious crafty priest who murdered Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, commonly called the good Duke Humphrey, who was uncle to Henry VI. and Protector of the Realm during the minority of his nephew. Among the modern monuments is one to the memory of Dr. Lowth, formerly master of Winchester school. The sculptor has represented him in the performance of his duties ex officio. There he is, teaching two lads. I am afraid they were naughty little boys, for they are looking off. As his dress is the Toga magistri, it would have been quite in character if the robe had been accompanied by the appropriate sceptre of birchen sway. Placed against the corresponding pillar, and exactly opposite to Dr. Lowth's monument is a bust of the celebrated Bishop Hoadley; for the reception of which, part of the pillar is cut away. This fact is sarcastically noticed by Dr. Milner, the historian of Winchester, who, alluding to Bishop Hoadley's doctrines, observes that "both living

and dying he *undermined* that church of which he was a prelate." There is also a beautiful modern monument to Mrs. North, wife of Dr. North, late Bishop of the See: erected, as the inscription informs the reader, in memory of her many virtues, and in testimony of his never-to-be-overcome grief.

One thing struck me very forcibly; that was, a collection of bones made at the time of digging for alterations in the cathedral. They are supposed to be those of many Saxon kings, and are put into boxes, termed mortuary chests, which are in the form of coffins, and are deposited in open view on the walls from which the arches spring that support the roof of the choir. Such a collection shews an intention of respect to former greatness: but, as the guide recounts the circumstance, imagination sees the rude spade scatter them irreverently; and the chests, placed aloft with their dry tenantry, tend more to awaken contempt of dignity, than veneration for the dignified.

In an old chancel, which, at the time I visited the cathedral, had been long out of use, was an altar, covered with tattered crimson velvet, at which Mary I., called the Bloody, was married to Philip II. of Spain, called the Cruel. Fit con-

sorts for each other! How happy was it for England that she was childless, as at her death her sister Elizabeth ascended the throne, and raised the country to a higher degree of consequence than it had ever gained in the scale of nations.

Since the period of which I speak the choir has been undergoing a complete repair, during which reparation the old chancel has been used for the performance of divine service.

The next day I pursued my journey to Southampton, through a beautiful part of the New Forest. The post-boy quitted the high road, and drove on the turf beneath the trees, which shaded us from the scorching sun of noon.

Southampton is a very handsome, well-built, ancient town, where I remained a month. The surrounding country is beautiful, and the river at high water delightful and grand.

There is a tradition that formerly a vessel without a compass was tempest-tost upon the stormy sea in a dark winter's night, and at the mercy of the waves; when the crew hearing Holyrood bell tolling, most probably the curfew, they steered into Southampton harbour, guided only by their ear. In commemoration of which in winter, and in summer also, when the curfew never could have been necessary, Holyrood at eight o'clock still tolls the knell of the mariner's safety.

During my stay at Southampton, where I was so fortunate as to meet with many friends, I went to Netley Abbey; situated among embowering trees near the margin of the river. It was so concealed by the surrounding wood, then in full leaf, that when it suddenly met the eye, and the boat passed the magnificent arched window, the bars of which seem to be held together by the clasping ivy, I may truly say that my heart sunk within me. I suppose it is the instantaneous recurrence of memory to the days which are gone, that causes the mind to adopt a feeling of solemnity. Our party was in full chat, and in a moment we were all silent. There was something awful in the gloomy stillness of the scene, for even a boy of nine years old checked his childish prattle.

Netley Abbey was built by Henry III. for a small society of Cistercian monks. Even in decay it bears ample testimony to the magnificence of monastic pomp. The lofty walls, the spacious apartments of Netley, were for the accommodation of the Abbot and twelve monks, who, in the austerity of prayer and silence, relieved by tending their garden, and daily digging in preparation for their own graves, wasted their useless lives.

I also made another excursion with my friends,

and sailed in the packet-boat to the Isle of Wight. We had scarcely passed Calshot Castle, when we saw a grampus. I was the first who perceived him, and I shouted aloud. His form was exactly like that I have seen in prints of a whale. He rose, I was told, to get rid of the water he had inhaled, which he spouted forth with great force; the curve of the emission being in the form of an oval. The master of the packet went below to fetch a musket, but ere he was ready to fire, the huge fish rose entirely to the surface, shaking his tail with a violent splashing, and then plunged and was out of sight in a moment. When I said that I thought he was twenty feet long, the man replied nearer thirty feet than twenty. He added that it was a rare appearance so near the shore, that he had never seen one before, and that if he got under our vessel, he would upset us. Though I must own that I was sadly alarmed when I heard what could so easily befal us, yet I was glad to have seen the rarity, sincerely hoping that I never should behold such another.

As we returned with the packet in the evening, we only had time to extend our rambles to Carisbrook Castle, where King Charles I. was confined. Though the greater part of the building is fallen, and what remains is in ruins, the outward wall of

the chamber in which he was imprisoned, still stands, and the guide never fails to point out the window with its additional bars, from which the captive monarch sought to make his escape.

So many years have elapsed, and so many generations have passed away since his execution, that the animosities of party feeling have subsided: and within the building where he was immured, pity for fallen greatness, and a melancholy sense of the instability of human grandeur, would steal into the heart. My companions plucked some of the weeds from the wall, and I followed their example, and plucked one called *Pellitory of the Wall.* As I sat on the bench of the vessel, in my way home, with the flower in my hand, my fancy indited the following lines:

Poor simple Flow'r! it was no hand profane
Which tore thee from the wall whereon thou grew'st.
Ah no! the children of Britannia weep
As pensively they stray among the walls
Which once confin'd their king! and heave a sigh
Within the chamber, young Elizabeth,
Where thy meek spirit mourn'd a father's fall!
Ill-fated monarch! 'Twas on thy scaffold
The lofty Fane of Liberty was rear'd!
Thy head became the key-stone of the arch
Whereon she stands triumphant! yet, amid
The never-fading laurels which adorn

The brows of Heroes too severely brave,
Freedom herself within the wreath entwines
A sprig of cypress gather'd from thy grave!

From the keep, which is very high, there is an extensive view over the town of Newport; and a great part of the island, which is intersected by the windings of the Medina *.

From Southampton I went to Weymouth, and took up my abode in Clarence Row. The bay at Weymouth forms a beautiful semicircle, and being on all sides protected by the surrounding hills, the sea is as smooth as the unruffled waters of a lake. The Esplanade is a delightful promenade, and the buildings which adorn it, are magnificent.

As I was again so fortunate as to meet with friends, I again made little excursions. My first was to Portland Island. I hired horses for the

* Some few years ago a coffin was found in the Churchyard, at Newport, purporting to be that of King Charles's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth. The insulted, ill-used child, whom the levellers of the day had proposed to apprentice to a button-maker. The place of her interment was unknown til thus accidentally discovered.—Alas! born in a palace, daughter of a king, and buried in an obscure grave, no stone told where she lay!

day, intending to ride there and back, in order to have all my strength for perambulating the island: but when we reached the ferry at Melcombe Regis, there were so many carriages waiting to take their turn to be passed over the Wey, that the driver advised us to alight, go over, and walk slowly on, saying that when his turn came, he should quickly overtake us. It being nearly low water, we did so, and walked to Portland under a bank of pebbles, which rose many feet above our heads, without being overtaken. We had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that there was a carriage coming, and therefore we were in no alarm for our return at night.

On ascending the hill when we reached the island, how great was our astonishment when we beheld the waves rolling to the very verge of the bank under which we had been walking; forming, as it were, another ocean above that whose retiring ebb had left us a dry path.

The face of the country is dreary. There is scarcely such a thing as a tree or a hedge, the lands being divided by stone walls. The quarries of free-stone are immense, and it may be presumed inexhaustible, for the island appears to be stone throughout its whole extent, a circuit of about nine miles. There is not a great deal to

admire there. Bow-and-Arrow Castle was pointed out to us. There is another castle built by Henry VIII. opposite to one at Weymouth, intended to protect the approach to the coast. We passed somewhat unexpectedly a narrow opening, and came abruptly on the ruins of an old church, and church-yard, the yawning graves of which seem to have been rent by an earthquake.

It is said that in former times there was the centre of the island. So much has the sea encroached, that every stone which falls, now rolls into the salt wave. I was unable to ascend the high hill called Fortune's Well, and by my inability to climb, lost, as I was told, a magnificent and extensive view over the island, and the dangerous sea, named Portland Race, in which violent current so many vessels perish.

We loitered about so long, that it was dusk when we returned to the inn. Our driver, who had arrived during our absence, was impatient for our departure, telling us there were quicksands, which he should not know how to avoid in the dark. Either to alarm us, or being himself alarmed, he once got off his horse, and said, that we were near a place of danger, and he must feel about to find where the horses might step. He muttered and grumbled all the way, til we had

repassed the ferry, and then drove us safely home, though it was, as he upbraided us, shamefully and pitch dark.

A few days after our excursion to Portland, we went to Wareham, in order to view Corfe Castle, which has been the scene of two events disgraceful to our history and to human nature. The murder of Edward the Martyr, and the confinement of Edward the Second, preparatory to his subsequent murder in Berkeley Castle.

The superb and tremendous ruins of this ancient castle are on a very steep hill. The scattered fragments lay around in huge masses, which have, in falling, dug for themselves foundations in the earth, and half way down the precipice, threaten destruction to all below. The mutilated edifice, seen at a distance, strikes the beholders with awe; and the tragical stories connected with it, make veneration the feeling with which every one approaches it. It was here the wretched Elfrida dwelt after the death of King Edgar. Here it was the Martyr called to pay his duty to his step-mother: and here, while he was drinking from the goblet he had requested, he was stabbed in the back by her order. As I passed beneath a tottering archway, I fancied it was there he halted when the blow was struck: and so powerful were

were the workings of imagination, that I turned to trace the bleeding monarch as he was dragged by his courser down the steep. Cruel! cruel Elfrida! so blinded by ambition thus to slay your youthful sovereign! your husband's son! O! though she thus opened a path to the throne for her own son Ethelred, who was declared king on the death of his brother; yet she procured nothing for him but unhappiness by his exaltation: and for herself she prepared anguish which never ceased. The state of the King's mother, and the royal dignity of Ethelred were inefficacious to quiet the stings of her own reproach. Unable to endure the greatness which she had gained by crimes, she fled from earthly splendour, and sought to expiate her guilt by the austere penances of the monastery to which she retired; and which, with the same expiatory hope, she had previously erected and endowed. Let us hope she made her peace with heaven; but here infamy shall brand her name for ever!

Having long remained within the desolated walls of this once gay fortress, where grass now grows in the chambers, we pensively descended the hill on which it stood. Arrived at the bottom, we all, as by agreement, turned to take a last view, and the solemn silence in which we retreated, proved how deeply we were impressed by the

horrid enormity of the crimes which we had contemplated on the spot where they had been committed.

I bade adieu to Weymouth after having passed three very agreeable weeks there, and proceeded to Lyme Regis, a place which stands on such a steep acclivity that the foot-way is relieved every here and there by steps. It has the appearance of a very old town, and most of the houses are thatched. There is little at Lyme to amuse the traveller, although the surrounding country is very romantic: but the expanse of the wide extending ocean is superb. What most astonished me, was what the inhabitants call the cob. It is a wall extending into the sea, constructed of rough stones, broad enough to admit of a walk on the top. I cannot say much in praise of the footing; it is however delightful to stand at the extremity, and contemplate the roaring waters, whose rude billows it defies. It is a proof of the inventive ingenuity of man; there being no natural harbour here, the natives threw up this irregular pile, and have thus formed a secure bason for the reception of vessels.

Having remained a week in Lyme, I set forward for the lovely county of Devon, and fixed myself at Sidmouth, a beautiful little town situated

in a vale between two very high rocks. It is a very delightful part of Devonshire; warm, fruitful, verdant, and full of trees, even to the edge of the sea. The view from the signal house, which stands on the summit of one of the rocks, extends from Portland island to Torbay.

There are no sands at Sidmouth on which it is agreeable to walk, the shore consisting of loose stones; but there is a very pleasant artificial promenade on the beach between the hills, which is kept up by subscriptions from the more opulent inhabitants, and from the visiters. I put down my name, and money, and had the full advantage of my contribution, for I was a frequent loiterer on the walk, where the company resort to enjoy the refreshing breezes from the sea.

These beauties of scenery, and charms of sea and land, were however nothing to the delight of finding the family of an old friend settled there: an old gentleman I had known in my very childhood; with whose children I had often played: who were now married and had children of their own. We met. We rejoiced to meet. My venerable friend resided with his eldest daughter, who was a young widow with two lovely children: a little boy, and a little girl. His youngest daughter was married and settled in the neigh-

bourhood, and came to Sidmouth with her eldest girl.

"This is the lady of whom you have heard me say so and so," she said to the little darling as I kissed her.

"Do you remember such a thing?" said the one; and "do you remember such a thing?" said the other.

O! it was ecstacy. We were all children again together, and the recital of childish frolics amused us anew, while a new progeny frolicked around us. I was so happy—I thought no place in the whole world was so lovely as Sidmouth. Alas! evanescent was the joy of our meeting. While I was luxuriating in social friendship, I received a letter calling me imperiously home. I bade an abrupt farewell to my friends, and made the best of my way back, by the direct road, never stopping but for refreshment and change of horses. This cordial meeting with friends from whom I had been long separated, was the first absolute pleasure I had enjoyed since the death of my mother. I have not experienced many more. I buz in the world like the fly on the chariot wheel, and I am to the world amid its rotations, as insignificant as the fly was, when he said, WHAT A DUST WE MAKE.

# THE BILLET-DOUX.

WHEN a man writes a Billet-doux he has two points to gain. The first to convince his beloved of his passion: the second to awaken a reciprocal one in her. Many are the tender epistles which have been handed down to us from our forefathers, all proving the influence of female loveliness, and the universal power of Love. It warms the shivering inhabitants near the Pole amid their eternal frosts: and glows with ardour in the panting natives near the Line. All climates engender it, and all ages glory in it. No doubt all my readers stand convicted. Though more feel it in the extreme than in the degree; yet, I concede that all are not equally rapturous. An old and a young lover cannot be equally ardent: an aged and a youthful mistress cannot kindle equal flames: but, in every case a man pours forth, either to the ear

or to the eye, the effusions of his sufferings, hoping by those means to gain access to her heart. A billet-doux has the advantage over a tender speech inasmuch as the speech may slip from the memory, but written tenderness remains, and may be read and re-read over and over again. Every man is on that occasion poetical. *Darts*, and *arrows*, and *quivers*, and *stings*, and *wounds* prove how inadequate common phrases are to express his feelings; and allegory always helps out reality.

In proof of what I say many authors of great celebrity have not disdained to transcribe such pathetic pleadings; and therefore I trust that I shall be pardoned for inserting among the selections from my Scrinium a copy of an original love-letter found by a relation of mine many years ago among his father's papers. The lady to whom it is addressed was somehow allied to the family, which accounts for the confidence which led her to deposit with him the declaration therein made: and the reader will perceive that such a billet-doux was not likely to be destroyed.

*Broomsgrove, y^e 20^th^ of y^e 1^st^ month.*

Respected Friend and Mrs. Lowe,

NOT having opportunity with thee, as I have

sometime desired, I hope thee woult not take it ill at my freedom and boldness to thee, it is the Love of God which engageth my heart, to recommend a few lines unto thee, The first is this, thee art sensible that I have lost an Honest and loving wife, a tender, and Loving mother. She would often say that it was not a shew of religion or outward ceremonys that brought people to Christ, but an inward work in the heart and taking up their daily Cross, to those things that too many take pleasure in; The Cross of Christ which Loads to the Crown of life, which I have reason to hope she is arrived to. Abraham married and wept for Sarah his wife, yet we find he desired a buriall place to bury his dead out of his sight yet we find he soon took another wife when he was of a great ago, after he had given all that he had to his son Isaac. as Abraham's servant reported it to Rebecca's friend, Rebecca was willing to go along with him because it was ordered by the Lord—Now thee art the Rebecca that I should be glad to see thee at my house. The Lord has a regard to the Righteous In all ages. It is my desire that both thee and my offspring may be all of the number that we may all have a resting place with the Lord when Time to us shall be no more. I have much more in my mind but as Christ said to his disciples

thee canst not hear them now. If I have sayd any evil, judge me according to thy law, if not let me find favour in thy sight, I court nothing that is thine or thy childrens.

*This From

Thy Friend and neighbour,

JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

* The misplacing of CAPITAL LETTERS, the mis-spelling of a few words, and also the inaccuracy of the stops, are in conformity with the original Billet-doux.

# THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

PERHAPS when I speak of the Ancients, and draw any comparison between them and the Moderns, I shall be scorned as an impertinent meddler with matters beyond a woman's ken. It is therefore with somewhat like dread that I venture to speak on such high themes: chiefly as what leads me to the observations I make, is warfare.

When the Ancients made war, the aggrandisement, the glory, and the weal of their country, were the objects for which they fought. Their devotion of themselves and their dearest kindred ties was so total, that we are lost in the contemplation of heroism so entirely patriotic. Yet, while they forgot as citizens all personal feeling, they also forgot as men all feeling of humanity. They were not satisfied with conquest, they also sought to destroy. The most amiable of their

warriors were as warriors ferocious, and as victors barbarous.

With few exceptions, modern war is by comparison gentle. Harsh and ruinous as war must be in every degree, the conqueror now softens its evils, and spares the vanquished.

I am led to these remarks by a circumstance related to me by my very respectable and worthy old friend, the late Mr. Hull of the theatre royal Covent Garden; and told to him by an officer serving at Gibraltar at the time it occurred.

It was when General Elliot, afterward Lord Heathfield, commanded there, and during the bombardment of the garrison by the Spaniards, that a wounded british officer fell from the works upon the glacis. Some of his brother officers immediately presented themselves upon the ramparts, took off their hats to the besiegers, who were close enough to see what was passing, and pointed to the man below. The spanish commander advanced on the deck of his vessel, and returned the obeisance by taking off his hat, in token of recognition. The bombardment instantly ceased. Some of the besieged made a sortie, placed their dead companion on a bier, and bore him in. It was not til the Spaniards could reasonably presume that he was deposited in a place of respect, and that the besieged

could return as soldiers to their duty, that another shot was fired.

May I be allowed to say that there is not on record a more noble instance of generous valour? May I lament that hearts, which on the one hand, could expect such forbearance in a foe, and on the other hand could thus forbear, should nevertheless be stimulated to risk the lives of thousands, while they evinced tenderness for the loss of a single man.

Not to defend himself: not to defend his country, is a reproach which must stamp every one a coward: but the individual, or the state offensively invading another man or another power with the sword, murders. The potentate who sends an offensive army into the dominions of another, is answerable for all the lives he sacrifices: and is, in my estimation, as culpable as the man who challenges another, and slays him in single combat.

I am not, however, surprized that a young man, in the rapture and vigour of youth, should feel a warlike impulse; and be dazzled by the blaze of battle and the fame of glory: but, I often wonder when I hear a father predetermine that his son shall pursue the trade of blood, and teach an infant that when he becomes a man he must be

a homicide: while at the same time he tells him that it is cruel to kill a fly. Strange contradiction!

"Tom, my man, you will kill the French, hey, my little fellow?"

"Aye, that I will!"

"Well said, my brave manikin." Five minutes afterward he says, "You naughty child! do you think a fly has no feeling?"

"Has a fly more feeling than a french-man, Father?"

What will father reply to that?

He will perhaps tell him that "Nero began his cruelties by killing flies."

To what will the imbibed intention of killing men tend?

To all the modern honors which modern times bestow. To stars and ribbands; to titles, and monuments.

Let humanity reflect that while one is called a hero, and decorated with all the appendages of victory, thousands die forgotten, whose valour and whose lives purchased the fame which crowns one with laurel. The wars of antiquity and the battles of modern times record the names of a few commanders, and the almost incredible number of

nameless victims to individual greatness: and among all the inhabitants of the earth, nearly half those who attain maturity are driven to the universal penalty—DEATH—by their fellow mortals.

# THE FUGITIVES.

AMONG the calamities which afflict mankind, pestilence and war are assuredly the greatest. The first desolates the earth, and man becomes its prey, and knoweth not whence it proceeds. It is from a cause inscrutable, from a source beyond his ken. He inhales it with the air he breathes; he swallows it in the waters of the spring; he feeds upon it in the herbs of the field. The cattle are also stricken and perish: But war is the mischief of man. His visible hand deals forth its direful effects; his turbulent passions originate its disastrous causes. The ruin of empires, the depopulation of cities, the dispersion of families, and all the horrors in the rout of war, are trained to destruction by man.

The most baneful of its woes are those of civil war. Then the rage of anarchy infuriates the father against the son; and the son, become a

parricide, slays his sire; brother destroys brother; and friends are mutually betrayed. All ranks are clashed in undistinguished havoc, and reek with the blood of their countrymen.

During those troubles which in the aggregate are denominated the French Revolution, a young Frenchman took refuge in England, under circumstances the most painful and distressing that could agonize the virtuous heart of honor and integrity.

His father was a gentleman of Paris, well descended and nobly allied; and attached by principle as well as interest to the royal cause; therefore marked out for vengeance. He had a young friend, whom I shall call *la Raudière*, who by visiting frequently at his father's house had become enamoured of his sister, and she returned his love: but, by joining the opposite party he gave such offence, that *Monsieur de St. Cyr*, as I will name the worthy man, forbad his visits, and Rosalie was never to behold him more.

In the mean time *St. Cyr* became so obnoxious to the ruling powers, that he was compelled to quit the capital. In the dead of night he secretly left Paris, accompanied by his son and Rosalie. It was their intention to go to England, and they pursued their way toward the coast, sometimes

travelling rapidly, and sometimes concealing themselves in woods and ruins. They were on foot, not daring to hire horses, lest they should raise suspicions. Travelling thus, it chanced one night in the recesses of a forest, that the young man struck his foot against the projecting root of a tree, and fell. Rosalie was leaning on his arm, when he arose he would have offered it to her again, but she stood not by him. Alarmed, he exclaimed, "Father, where is Rosalie?"

"Is she not with you?" said his father.

"Rosalie!" each cried. Alas! vain cry. No voice was heard in answer.

The moon shone so faintly through the thick foliage, that she deceived their search; and more than once they fancied that they saw the maiden gliding among the trees, and they pursued the glimmering deception. Thus they wandered unconsciously from the spot, and could not retrace their path among the tangling shrubs. Distracted by fear and anxiety, while they thought that they were hovering about the place where he had fallen, they drew near the confines of the wood.

Wretched beyond expression, the old man lost all fear for his personal safety, and refused to quit the country which still held his child. It was in

vain that his son remonstrated, he was resolute in his determination, and they remained.

For ever seeking Rosalie, listening to every voice, and not daring to inquire, they led a life of perpetual apprehension, and unceasing dread. Rarely did *Pierre de St. Cyr* leave his father: yet, one day he strayed alone, in the melancholy hope of hearing some tidings of his beloved Rosalie; when coming abruptly to a wretched hovel, he found his sister seated at the door, and, O distracting sight! *la Raudière* seated beside her.

He was always armed, and rushing furiously forward, he drew a pistol from its concealment, and exclaiming, "Villain, meet your fate;" fired —— O fatal impetuosity! O calamitous revenge! The pistol was ill-aimed; it missed *la Raudière*, and the gentle Rosalie fell lifeless at her brother's feet. The ball had reached her heart.

"*O Pierre! O St. Cyr!*" said *la Raudière*; "Rash unfortunate friend! Behold what you have done. I would to heaven that your wish had been accomplished, that so my death might have saved my love. O beloved Rosalie! would I might join you whither you are flown: Pure, spotless maid! Little did you know my heart, *St. Cyr:* Ah! you

know not how all your own best hopes are blasted. When I heard that you had fled from Paris, I pursued to save. To me it was intrusted to overtake you.

"While I followed, I found my Rosalie alone within a wood. I bore her here in safety. Here I concealed my treasure: watched over her with a brother's care, nor would have violated the sacred trust consigned to me, to have gained a crown. Let thy blest shade attest the truth of what I say," he cried, as he dropt in tears over her pale corse.

The distracted *Pierre* raised the pallid form of his sister, and assisted by *la Raudière*, bore her within the hut. He stood over her in speechless agony. At length he exclaimed, "My father! O my father! How will you hear this tale!"—— *la Raudière* undertook to be the messenger of woe. "Hence!" said *St. Cyr* as he approached, "Or, base and ungrateful as you are, bear back in triumph to your lawless masters, the aged friend whom you have betrayed." *La Raudière* took his hand, "My much respected friend," he cried, "You do not know the man you thus accuse. The cause we each have joined we will not argue now. I follow, not in perfidy but love. I came to save: alas! friendship is vain! In an adjoining

wood I found the lovely Rosalie wandering without her guides. She had fallen, and in falling, fainted. Awakened from her swoon, she called upon her father, she called upon her brother: they were gone. Blessing the happy chance which led my steps to her protection, I took her as a sacred pledge from heaven, and regarded her as something holy. I watched her path; I led her on; I hid her from observation; I stood centinel to guard her. As thus we journeyed, we rested at a forsaken hovel, where your son unexpectedly discovering us"..... At that moment *Piérre* rushed in. He showed his hands stained with the blood which he had shed. "Father," he cried, "'Tis Rosalie's." *St. Cyr* gazed on his son; then on *la Raudière*. "He is innocent," said *Piérre*, "Behold in me the murderer of my sister."

The old man dropt on his knees. He raised his eyes to heaven—Did he pray? did he curse his son?—He raised his hands—he could not weep—He died.

*La Raudière* and his friend dug a deep grave, and deposited within it the cold remains of the venerable *St. Cyr*, and close beside him the lifeless corse of the young, the beauteous Rosalie.

No bell tolled the knell of their departure; no

priest blessed the earth which covered them. The tears of faithful love bedewed the sod; and the prayers of penitence wafted them to heaven.

La Raudiére conducted his friend to the coast, and saw him embark for England; where, about two years after his arrival, he died, absolutely of a broken heart.

# THE FLIGHT OF MONTALBINO AND HIS FAMILY.

In the delightful vicinity of Naples, dwelt Antonio di Strazzo, Marquis of Montalbino: a nobleman whose life was one uninterrupted course of virtue, honour, and integrity. At an early age he had married Aminta di Vincezzi, heiress to the Duke so named: and in a palace, which he inherited from his ancestors, he passed his days with his beloved wife, and the children of their union.

His palace was situated on a hill near the sea, the murmur of whose waves was heard from the summit. The surrounding prospect displayed the island of Capri, and the mountains of Salerno; the city of Naples, and the lofty and mighty Vesuvius filling the vault of heaven with its flames, and mixing its smoke with the clouds.

The Marquis superintended the education of his eldest child Geraldo, and the Marchioness with the tenderest assiduity educated the lovely young Rosina. Oft did his breast glow with pride, when he contemplated the expanding reason of his son; and often would Aminta even weep with ecstacy as she gazed on her daughter, beauteous as a blossom glittering with dew.

Geraldo was three years older than his sister, and he already thought himself the guardian of her youth. They were almost always together: in their little rambles, if he found a pretty flower or a delicious fruit, it was always for her that he gathered it; and the nosegays which she formed were always for her dear Geraldo. The dazzling clear unclouded sky displayed in vain its charms for him, til it had been admired by his sister: and the wild song of the grove pleased not Rosina unless her brother listened with her to the woodland harmony. Even the blazing mountain scared not the one, unless the other trembled at its roarings.

She struck the harp with exquisite taste, and often accompanied it with her voice: and often in the lovely spring-time of the year, she would dance with graceful sprightliness upon the flowery lawn, to the pleasing music of her brother's flute.

Delightful as these accomplishments were, the Marquis prized them not too highly; he considered them as elegant recreations, which amused their youth, and occupied their leisure; but he had more exalted views for the education of a son, born to the honours of Montalbino, and a daughter who inherited the virtues and the beauty of his Aminta.

By a properly selected course of reading, and by well directed conversation, he sought to raise their minds above the frivolous pleasures whose blandishments are so often baneful to the young; and to inspire them with a degree of heroism, which the unhappy period in which they lived might render indispensable.

The study of history appeared to him most suited to that end; and within a bower of orange trees, whose flowers perfumed the air, he led them to receive his instructions. There he would read aloud, the Marchioness also often shared the pleasing task, and sometimes the children, quite proud of the indulgence, read to their parents.

The Marquis during those lectures would point out such actions as he deemed most worthy of their observation; and direct their attention to all that was great and noble in the various characters.

"My children," he would say, "we live in calamitous times; we have seen kingdoms change their rulers; and sovereigns expire on the scaffold: we have beheld the altars abused and profaned; and the despoiled nobles wandering from clime to clime. Whither war may hereafter extend her horrors and her devastations, we cannot now foresee. Should they reach Naples we must submit. Let us then not only emulate those heroes who met adversity with fortitude; but let us submit, as knowing that all the events and changes of this transitory world are ordered by omnipotent wisdom, which oftentimes permits tyranny to over-ruh the earth, as the terrible instrument of its vengeance; and not unoften punishes in mercy. Let us remember that all misfortunes terminate in the grave, where also the happiness of this life shall end. Let us then in such wise endure the miseries and the joys, the depressions and the elevations of the world, that at the end of our lives we may hope to partake in the happiness of a better state, where the tear shall be wiped from the eye of virtue, and everlasting joy shall reign. However high, or however lowly our degree, we shall strut but for a few short years, and then vanish as though we had never been. The monarch who expires in the

palace of his ancestors, and the slave who perishes in a dungeon, are equal before Him who furnishes the bee with honey, and builds a nest for the turtle."

Thus, surrounded by his family, the seasons as they rolled, ever found him happy. Joy was inmate of his dwelling, and every day was a day of pleasure. Not but there were certain times more gay and joyous than ordinary. The birth-day, or, I should better say, the name day, of the marchioness was one of those distinguished periods; when all the neighbourhood partook of the festive hospitality of Montalbino. It occurred in the month of May, when Nature's self seemed desirous to share the jubilee; the magnificence of which could not be surpassed.

Geraldo and his sister agreed to meet in the bower at the dawn of day, to prepare garlands and chaplets of flowers to grace the festival. At the first peep of morn the mounting lark awakened Rosina with his shrill call. Impatient to begin her gentle task, she hastened to the bower; Geraldo was not slow to join her. Never had the surrounding country appeared so lovely. The birth-day of their mother added a charm to all that they beheld, and they began their little toils with inexpressible delight. They had scarcely com-

pleated the decorations of the bower, when they saw the Marquis with the Marchioness approaching. They ran joyously to meet them, saluted them endearingly, and led them to view the preparations they had been making for breakfasting beneath the orange trees. They had placed ewers of milk, and flasks of wine upon the table; baskets of fruits and cakes, and bunches of flowers: and from tree to tree they had suspended the wreathes which they had industriously twined.

The Marchioness was seated at the upper end of the bower, while the children, standing behind her, and crowning her with roses, sang a duet which they had learned for the occasion. It was the most delightful attention she received, though all the friends of Montalbino and of Vincezzi assembled at the palace in the evening to pay their compliments, and participate in the rejoicings of the feast.

In the middle of the extensive gardens a large tent was erected, and furnished with every delicacy. The exquisite wines of the rich south gave a delicious zest to the viands; and refreshing ices cooled the heated palate. The beauteous queen of night shone resplendent in the east; lamps of various colours glittered among the trees, and shot a tremulous light, while the elegant youth of

Naples danced beneath the spreading branches: Musicians were placed here and there in the woods, who sometimes played such jocund airs as would have suited Pan; and at other times breathed sounds so tender, that they would have soothed beauty's lovely goddess when she wept Adonis. At intervals the nightingale chaunted his plaintive tale, and trilled his melodious song.

The whole night was passed in this abode of bliss: the ruddy morn appeared, and the guests were still within the gardons. Scarcely could they be induced to separate, when the dazzling sun shone in full lustre.

How charming is the world dressed in the hue of spring! How sweet the song of birds prompted by love!

Rejoice therein, O innocent youth! Rejoice in the smiling season whose beauty represents your own! Rejoice, ere yet misfortune crush you.

How many whose cradles have been decked with flowers, have become the sport of every wind, and perished beneath the storm!

Rosina entered with her whole heart in all those joys which were to her enchanting. She sang, she danced like a new Terpsichore, and pleased with the roses scattered in her path, was

unconscious of the thorns with which they were surrounded.

Poor child! Thy last hour of happiness approaches. With the birth-day guests, joy disappeared, and gladness departed with thy comrades.

A few days after the last festival, the Marquis had again assembled his family beneath the orange trees: they were enjoying by recapitulation the pleasure it had afforded, and Rosina in the gaiety of her heart, was diverting them with her innocent sprightliness, when they perceived a servant in one of the walks, followed by a gentleman whose silver hairs flowed round his venerable countenance. He had a noble mein, although he walked supported by a staff. The Marquis went forward to meet him, and having saluted him with respect, and sent back the servant, the Marchioness was surprized to see them enter the woods, and disappear beneath their umbrageous thickness. After expecting their return for nearly an hour, Aminta, taking her children by the hand, returned to the palace. She placed herself near the window which looked toward the woods, but she saw not her husband. After a long delay he entered, accompanied by the ancient Lord of Dilatranzo;

he introduced him to the Marchioness as the old friend of his father, who was come to apprize him of what was passing at court. Dilatranzo took his seat at the table, and the family placed themselves round the board. The repast was a silent one, and hastily concluded. The Marquis and Dilatranzo then quitted the palace, and went again to wander in the woods. They did not return til supper time. Silence prevailed as at dinner; and the Marchioness to dissipate the melancholy of the meeting, requested Rosina to sing to her harp. She took her instrument with grace, and began a lively air; but perceiving that her light notes gave no pleasure to her father, she suddenly changed her tone, and in a lofty style chaunted the song of battle, her eyes constantly fixed on him, who appeared unmoved by her accents. Quitting then the haughty strain she had assumed, and gradually preluding, she led to soothing harmony. She sang a plaintive monody, which pierced the heart of Montalbino: who, with eyes suffused in tears, clasped her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom. The Marchioness perceiving that the intelligence of Dilatranzo had greatly agitated her husband, made a sign to Rosina to cease. The harp was laid aside, and the Marquis, ordering an apartment to be prepared for his friend, pro-

posed at an early hour to conduct him to his chamber.

The next morning Dilatranzo went away. He had been long absent from Naples, and had been called home by the alarming state of affairs in that kingdom. The unbounded ambition of the enemy, who had already overrun great part of Italy, made the southern Monarch tremble on his throne. "We are ready," said Dilatranzo, "for revolt. Nobles who are not in power wish a change, that they may gratify their own ambitious views: Intriguing knaves, and men of ruined fortunes desire it, that they may snatch something from the general wreck: and the voluptuous pusillanimity of the country at large, will betray the patriot who would firmly stand the champion of his King, and guardian of his fellow-citizens. Amid the horrors which subvert a government, the conqueror will condemn all who have opposed him; unmindful of the truth of loyalty, and the honest feeling which led the troops to battle. Like an overwhelming torrent he will rush down, and with destructive force lay low the royal honors, and the sacred fane. No one shall be safe. To appear in arms will be deemed culpable, and to hail the foe will be to stoop the neck beneath the victor's foot."

Montalbino had long foreseen, and dreaded the



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sad hour which now seemed near at hand; but he had concealed the extent of his fears, that he might not be the first to sound the tocsin of alarm throughout his domains. The representations of his friend had their full weight, and convinced him that if he remained in Italy, he must take a decided part, and openly avow his principles. Painful alternative! He must either oppose the court, or in arms support the crown.

From that hour all was changed within the walls where happiness and peace had reigned. The Marquis no longer joined his family in the bower; Geraldo and his sister no longer received the instructions of their parents. Often would the Marchioness pace in solitary sadness the large apartments of the palace; or range the woods alone. If by chance she strayed into the orange bower she would sigh deeply: and if she met her children, whom she seemed to shun, she would strain them to her heart, and weep as she embraced them.

The disconsolate Marquis hid himself from all the world. Shut up within his chamber, he would pace its length for hours; or, if he went out, he always chose the least frequented path.

In the woods of Montalbino mouldered the ruins of an ancient building. In the days of hap-

piness they had been admired with a degree of pleasure arising from the comparison the heart made with its own state of prosperity: but now, in the hour of adversity, the sight of them awakened sadness.

One day as the Marquis was contemplating the fragments which from time to time fell around, he was as it were lost in thought. Of a sudden, starting from a stone on which he had been sitting, he rushed in through an opening in the wall. The faint light which glimmered through the clefts enabled him to proceed, which he did with difficulty, for within it was filled with heaps of fallen bricks and stones, as without it was surrounded.

Having climbed a long time from mass to mass, he reached some broken steps. He descended and found himself at the entrance of a vault. He dared not venture further on account of the darkness of the way: but he resolved to return with a torch, and to penetrate to its utmost extent.

The glorious battle of the Nile, wherein Admiral Nelson gained the most complete victory ever recorded, broke the measures, and weakened the strength of the universal foe; and raised the spirits, and revived the hopes of the desponding Neapolitans.

The triumphant return of the conqueror, and

the demonstrations of joy displayed by every rank, while it made all Naples happy, dispelled for a short time the alarm of Montalbino: and the security he felt in the protection of the british squadron in the bay, almost made him think that his country was delivered. Alas! notwithstanding the assistance of british valour, the miserable Neapolitans fled before inferior armies, while one of the generals traitorously deserted with his troops. It was said that one of his men levelled a musket at him, but did not reach his heart: the ball lodged in his arm. Base miscreant! His wound was insufficient to prevent him from joining with the enemy in pursuit of his countrymen.

A succession of calamitous defeats left the royal family without support, and the general who led their army told them that they must provide for their personal safety, for there was no prospect of stopping the progress of the enemy. Therefore they prepared for flight.

A second visit from Dilutranzo determined the still wavering Montalbino. Too virtuous for a degenerate court, he had not meddled with its intrigues; too generous to join with a corrupted faction, his integrity was a reproach to his ignoble peers, and he was not beloved. When the king prepared to quit the nation, when the throne

would become vacant, he decided to leave his palace.

He informed the Marchioness of the vault beneath the ruins, and not daring to confide in any but each other, she accompanied her husband to the dreary cave. They did not light their torches til they were within the ruin. Montalbino assisted the trembling Aminta to descend the steps, and leaning on his arm she entered the vault. There was much rubbish to remove before they could proceed, and they renewed their toils for many days ere they reached the mouth. How great was then their surprize to find themselves close to the sea shore.

They immediately began to prepare for their departure. Under various pretences they discharged all their servants except one who had been brought up in the Duke of Vincezzi's family. To him, to the faithful Anselmo, they imparted the plan they had formed, and with the assistance of this old domestic, by little and little they deposited in the ruinous vault the necessaries for their flight.

Toward the end of November every thing was in readiness. They had secreted all the jewels and the trinkets belonging to the Marchioness, together with what money they had been able to

collect without suspicion, a few books, and such effects as could easily be removed. Anselmo undertook to procure a vessel, and in the last month of the year the wretched Montalbino revealed to his children the plan he had arranged.

"Geraldo," he said, "and you, my dear Rosina, attend. The time is come to put your firmness to the test. Our country, our palace, the possessions of our forefathers must be abandoned. Scarcely does there remain the choice of an asylum." Sobs suffocated his utterance, and he turned away his head that he might conceal his tears; while the Marchioness wept aloud. At the sight of their grief the children were lost in conjectures which they were unable to express, and not daring to utter a word, they stood gazing on their parents.

After a short silence the Marquis said, "To-morrow—to-morrow we must quit this place so dear to our affections: to-morrow we must seek another country."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Geraldo.

"To-morrow!" repeated Rosina. "O must we quit our groves and gardens? Shall we never sit beneath the orange trees?"

"Without preparation!" said Geraldo.

"My son," said the marquis, "all is prepared.

Come! follow me," he continued, and walked toward the ruins, leading the Marchioness by the hand. The children followed in silence.

" Enter!" said the Marquis.

The timid Rosina uttered a piercing shriek. " Not here," she said, " Let us not enter these dark ruins! O, I dare not!"

" How Rosina! think you that your father would lead you into danger?"

" My dear father," she replied, " forgive me. I will follow you. Any where with you and with my mother, I and Geraldo shall be happy. Shall we not, Geraldo?"

" Any where," replied the youth.

" Here, my children," said the Marquis, giving each of them a torch, " we have concealed all that will be needful for our voyage. I am going to shew you our stores, and to make known to you our intentions."

After a minute examination they returned for the last time to the palace, and on the evening of the following day they mournfully resought the ruins, where they found Anselmo in attendance. He had already placed all things in a shallop, wherein every one was now seated in silence. The sail was instantly unfurled, and shortly the little bark floated in the midst of the sea. About

the middle of the night the clouds began to gather, the moon was obscured by a thick mist, and the stars were lost in darkness. The wind blew violently from the east. The sails were lowered. Anselmo could no longer steer. Driven by the storm the vessel went rapidly on the tempestuous waves. The wretched family could no longer distinguish each other; but each strove to console the other, and they all joined in prayer.

The storm encreased; the thunder roared in repeated claps, and the flashing of the lightning discovered rocks, among which a tremendous shock threw the weak vessel, and the unfortunate fugitives were precipitated, during the obscurity of a boisterous night, upon the stony crags of a rugged shore.

After a few moments of terrible silence, "Antonio, my dear Antonio," said the Marchioness, "are you wrecked with the unfortunate Aminta?"

"My best beloved," replied Montalbino, "how it rejoices me to hear your voice: but where are our children?"

"Geraldo! Rosina!" they both exclaimed.

Geraldo answered quickly when he was called upon, but Rosina heard not the cry of her parents.

Through the whole night they repeated, almost without ceasing, the name of Rosina, which the

winds gave again to the storm: and the dawn of day confirmed to the miserable pair the loss of their darling child.

"O calamitous day," exclaimed the Marchioness, "why did we not remain in Italy? what could have been torn from us so dear as our child!"

"Be comforted, Aminta," said the Marquis, "she cannot be far distant. She will not wander away alone."

"Ah! speak not of comfort," replied the Marchioness, "the pitiless sea has overwhelmed our child, and we never shall behold her more."

They had been thrown on the island of Ischia opposite to Naples. Amid the ruggedness of the rocks are a few fertile spots, and some handsome country seats: but the beauty of the scenery was spread in vain before the hapless family, whose longing eyes sought nothing but Rosina.

The grief and anguish of her mother cannot be expressed. She gave herself up to despair, and was unconscious of the tenderness of the Marquis, the solicitude of her son, and the fears of Anselmo. She was so lost to recollection, and so ill through the whole day, that she could not be left even for a single moment: and she was too weak to go

farther on the island to seek and to inquire for her daughter.

The sun sank below the horizon, the day was lost in shade, and the unhappy Montalbino and his family, had not stirred from the spot where they had been wrecked. There, extended on the earth, and resting on the arm of her husband, the marchioness passed the second night of her exile in tears. When day again dawned, she said, "O Antonio! listen to the voice of my distress. If my girl be sunk in the deep wave, never again shall I know joy: each day will be a day of anguish.——But—yet—it may be that in the darkness of the night she has been carried by the fury of the tempest to some other rock, where she calls on us in vain. Let us then set out, let us search every where. Let us traverse this island on which we have been thrown, from end to end, and never let us be weary untill we shall have found her."

"O," cried Geraldo, "I will search each nook and corner of the island; I will enter every cavity; and examine every bush." And he begun his march.

"Stop," said the Marquis. "Let us arrange our proceedings. We must separate. I with your mother will go one way, you shall go the other way with Anselmo."

"Ah no!" said the Marchioness, "do not divide me from Geraldo! Let me not lose my son, as I have lost my daughter!"

"Aminta! love!" said Montalbino, "listen to me. Separating you for a short time from Geraldo, is to double the means of recovering Rosina. Will you be separated from me? O no! with me your sorrows will be lessened, and our son will be in safety with Anselmo."

The Marchioness sunk her head upon the bosom of her lord, and taking his hand, which she pressed to her heart, replied, "be it as you see fit."

The Marquis kissed the forehead of his submissive wife, and proposed that they should not wander far from the shore, but that they should coast the island; enter every cave and grot which might be found on the way; call every where on the name of Rosina, inquire concerning her in every cottage, and speak of her to every one they met.

"Sir," said Anselmo, "forgive me if I presume to speak to you of delay. In leaving our shallop it may be that some one may rob us of the cargo. Suffer me, before I depart to unload her, and to conceal the freight within the cavities of the shore."

"No, no!" said Geraldo, "let us not lose time

which is so precious. Perhaps at this very moment my sister may elude our search."

"Geraldo," said the Marquis, "the good old man is right. Stay with him, and assist him to disembark, and to hide our effects: then pursue your way. Aminta and I will go without delay the way which we have chosen." Then seizing the hand of the Marchioness, he dragged her hastily away, to spare her the pain of saying *farewell* to her son.

On the north side of the island stands the town of Ischia, and the castle built on a rude rock. Geraldo and Anselmo went in that direction.

According to the advice of the Marquis, they entered, as they journeyed, into every little hut, where they recounted the circumstances of their wreck, and inquired concerning Rosina: and as they proceeded, they climbed to every point where she also might have climbed to make herself conspicuous; and explored every cave wherein she might have sought shelter. Though in some places the heights were extremely rugged, and almost perpendicular, Geraldo climbed without fear, perpetually calling on the name of his sister. Night overtook them, and they had not found the object of their solicitude, the sun disappeared, and dark clouds again overshadowed the moon, when the

travellers, still far from the town, fatigued, and complaining of their disappointment, threw themselves among the furze, to pass without a shelter the dismal hours of their tedious expectation.

Sleepest thou, young man, upon thy grassy couch? Sleepest thou, while the wind growls, and the sea roars? Aye—Thy heart still pure, thy soul without a crime, and thy simple manners, bring peace amid the tempest, and innocence lulls thee in the midst of storms!

The Marquis and Aminta walking in the contrary direction arrived toward evening at a cottage. "Open, and admit us," said the Marquis, "give some refreshment to my sinking wife, and allow us to pass the night beneath your roof."

"Come in, come in," said the soft voice of a young woman.

"Enter and be welcome," said a man who was seated by her side. Ewe milk and brown bread were all the peasant had to offer.

Aminta, who had been bred in luxury, and accustomed to delicacies, now steeped a hard crust, and moistened her coarse supper with maternal tears. "We are sheltered from the chill of night," she said, "but where is our darling child? where is Rosina?"

The Marquis fearing that she would betray their

flight, said gently, "be comforted: fear nothing: he who guides the swallow shall watch over our child." Then turning to the peasants, he said to them, "We have been wrecked in the storm, and the foaming waves have thrown us upon Ischia. Had we lost our cargo; had we lost our vessel, O it would have been as nothing! The loss which rends our hearts, the loss which afflicts our souls, it is our daughter, whom we seek in vain!" Overcome by his emotions, his voice faltered, and he turned away his head as if ashamed of his weakness. Leo, and his gentle Bianca, strove to cheer their guests, but the afflicted parents could not be comforted, and they retired to their couch without being able to sleep. Their bed was scattered straw, their covering the shepherd's cloak.

"The unhappy Marchioness passed the night in such extreme agony that it produced a great degree of fever, which encreased every hour, and before morning she became delirious. Her delirium continued four days. At the expiration of that time she became sensible, but it was only to be more conscious of the misery of her situation, and the bitterness of her loss. The first indication she gave of recovery, was by asking when they should resume their search? "To-morrow," she

said, " we may once more set off." But a long continued weakness was the consequence of her severe illness, and it was a long time ere she could quit the hospitable cottage of Leo.

The Marquis in the mean while took several walks in every direction, in order to soften the sorrowful confinement of the Marchioness with the faint hope of finding Rosina, or at least of meeting Geraldo.

After having often returned alone, he came home one night accompanied by his son, and Anselmo. At the sight of Geraldo, the Marchioness was overcome by joy, and threw herself into his extended arms. " Where is your sister? where, where is my child?" She felt her loss in his silence, and disappointment succeeded joy.

Geraldo told his parents that wherever they had been, nothing was talked of but the woes of Naples, and the entry of the enemy. In the fortifications where we have dared to introduce ourselves, in the houses of the nobility where we hoped Rosina might have found an asylum; even in convents where we were spoken to at the grate, the dreadful intelligence had arrived. The very night on which we left our palace, the King and his court fled; and the tempest in which we were wrecked, threatened the destruction of the royal family.

The fears of the Marquis encreased with these accounts, and he agreed with his wife and son to change their names, in order to conceal themselves from the knowledge of those with whom they might chance to meet. "I will call myself," said he, "Gaettane di Valdi; my Aminta shall be called Angelina; you Geraldo shall take the name of Carlo; and Anselmo shall assume a new character: He shall pass for my uncle, and we will call him Gaspero Stracchetto." Under these feigned names he proposed to remain some time longer in Ischia, partly with the hope of gaining some intelligence concerning their country, but chiefly to continue their search for Rosina.

The inquiries of the Marquis were very confined, because the Marchioness could not accompany him on account of her extreme weakness, and he always returned at night to the cottage: but Geraldo and Anselmo renewed their excursions. Instead of coasting as before, they crossed the middle of the island, still without hearing any tidings of Rosina. They then returned to the spot where they had been wrecked. There they found their little bark still fastened to the shore. "Anselmo," said Geraldo, "do not oppose my purpose, I will go to Montalbino. I will once more behold the place of my birth. I will visit

the groves of my ancestors; and water with my tears the bower where, with my sister, I passed the years of infancy, and received the instructions of my parents." It was in vain that Anselmo pointed out the danger of such an undertaking, and that he exaggerated every obstacle: Geraldo was unalterably fixed on his project, and said, "if you will not accompany me, if you will not steer the vessel, I will go alone. I will spread the sail myself; I will myself direct the rudder. I know that is my course," said he, turning toward the coast of Italy, "and I shall find my way. The sea is now as smooth as glass, and there is no danger." So saying, he jumped into the shallop. "If you will attend me, enter: if not, remain where you are; go not to alarm my parents with the recital of my voyage, for that will not diminish the risk, though it may encrease their fears." Anselmo perceiving that his young master was determined to venture, was compelled, against his will, to follow him. He loosened the little vessel, unfurled the sail, and committed himself with him to the mercy of the winds and waves.

According to the time when they quitted Ischia, they reckoned that they should cast anchor at the ruin in the woods, when the darkness of the night would screen them from observation.

As they had expected, they reached the little port of the ruin about six o'clock. There was no moon, she was in the wane, and would not appear til morning.

Having entered by the low arch from which they had embarked on the night in which they fled, they lit the torches which Anselmo had taken from their hoards, and began to scramble among the fragments which surrounded them: and not without fear of meeting some one who might seize them, they found themselves near the other entrance, when they heard voices. Instantly, as if by agreement, they extinguished their torches, and stopped to listen. They understood from the conversation of the passers by, that they were officers of the enemy's army, and they shuddered while they listened. Nevertheless, Geraldo was resolved to prosecute his intentions, and quitted the ruins, leaning on the arm of Anselmo. "Let us walk without uttering a word," said the old man. "Whatever we may see, whatever we may hear, let us be mute." In silence they walked through the woods and gardens. All seemed forsaken. They heard nought, but the murmur of the waves, or sometimes the voices of the two officers, who, as they proceeded slowly, talked of the massacres and the devastations of Naples. Then stopping;

or fearing to be discovered, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, they plunged deeper into the closeness of the most gloomy recesses.

The feelings of Geraldo while thus traversing the domain of Montalbino, cannot be described. Tender and bitter reflections were awakened at every step; and when he came within view of the palace glittering with lamps, where spoilers occupied his father's halls, he could not restrain his tears.

"O inheritance of my forefathers! O beloved abode of my infancy! how have you changed your masters."

The bursts of laughter which he heard from time to time pierced his heart: and Anselmo, who was almost choaked with anguish, said to him, "Come, let us return to our vessel!"

"No," replied Geraldo, "I will remain all night within these gardens; at the dawn of day I will seek the bower, and sit once more beneath the orange trees." Anselmo would no longer contradict him, but stood by his side, til the lights were extinguished, and the gates of the palace were closed. Then turning away with horror, they renewed their walks, Geraldo dragging Anselmo with hasty strides. From end to end they again traversed the gardens, and when the

moon arose, and their path was in a small degree illumined by her feeble rays, he hied toward the bower. There, dropping on his knees, he kissed the earth and the chair on which his mother sat to be crowned with roses on the morning of her birth-day. "O pleasures which I shall taste no more! O happiness fled for ever! how sweet is your recollection to my heart!" Then cutting branches from the trees, "you shall accompany me, beloved trees of the bower," he said; "I will plant you wherever I shall wander, dear fruits of Montalbino! Take, take!" said he to Anselmo, "we will present them to the marquis; we will give them to my mother." Then bursting again into tears, he seized the arm of his guide, and before the usurpers of the palace awoke, the two unhappy travellers regained their shallop, spread the sail, and steered again for Ischia.

They performed near half the voyage in silence. Geraldo sat leaning his head on his hands which rested on his knees.

"My child!" said Anselmo, "do not thus give yourself up to grief, I foresaw the consequences of this voyage, and therefore I opposed it. If you had listened to my advice, this sorrow would have been spared you."

"Anselmo," answered the youth, "though this last visit which I have paid my country causes a keener grief than I can express, I do not repent me of having accomplished it. I am now assured of my fate. I know that hope is lost for ever; and that we are banished from our beloved Italy, through life to wander, unknowing where we may find a refuge. I doubted the reports which we heard in Ischia. I still said to myself, we shall again dwell in the palace of Montalbino, we shall dance again upon the lawns, we shall walk again among the groves, we shall meet again beneath the orange trees; but never shall we gather their fruits; never shall we bless the land of our inheritance! Happy is my sister not to survive the disgrace of our exile; happy to have died without experiencing our sufferings!"

About noon they reached Ischia in safety, and proceeded without delay to the cottage.

How many tears were shed at the recital of Geraldo! How did they weep over the remarks of Anselmo!

"My boy," said the marquis, "great are our misfortunes, but greater are those of our country. The accounts we have heard since you left the cottage, rend every heart. After we quitted Naples, the mob, and particularly the lazzaroni,

who were attached to the royal cause, armed themselves. Several persons fell sacrifices to their fury. They formed themselves into troops, invoking as they marched the names of the king and of St. Januarius."

"Ah, cries of fidelity!" exclaimed Geraldo. "Ah, invocations of attachment! O citizens deserving victory! those for whom ye combat have forsaken you! The blood ye shed flows beneath the feet of your conquerors!"

"The viceroy had orders," resumed the marquis, "to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria: but, he capitulated, and gave up the greater part to the enemy. A cession which led to the loss of the whole. Even then the lazzaroni met the foe, and bravely defended Naples, unmindful of the murderous defeat they suffered. Unable to withstand their force, the crafty enemy counteracted their loyalty by their devotion; and they yielded to their saint; the priests affirming that St. Januarius had declared in favour of the revolution. Thus they did not yield because they were afraid to die, nor because that they were overcome; they stipulated for the honor of their Saint, and relied on the promises of the enemy. Alas! vain reliance! useless stipulation! Though the word for the army was, *Respect for St.*

*Januarius*, they violated his sanctuary; and our wretched country experienced all the horrors which rage, avarice, and licentiousness could inflict. Massacres, expulsions, proscriptions! all which renders war terrible; all which makes ambition cruel!"

"Why did we not remain?" exclaimed Geraldo. "O father, father! had the nobles united in defence of their country as heroically as the poor, strangers would not have seized the royal palace! strangers would not now dwell in the mansion of Montalbino!"

The Marquis blushed. The reproof of his son pierced his heart, and he could not proceed.

Geraldo, who was unconscious of the severity of his remarks, continued. "O! had there been one patriot to have guided their enthusiasm, Italy would now be free! But none was found to lead their bravery or to direct their zeal. The king abandoned his throne; the nobles deserted their country; and the priests belied their Saints."

Every thing they heard encreased the unhappiness and the alarm of the fugitive family of Montalbino, who remained during the dreary months of winter beneath the shepherd's hospitable roof: But when the spring returned, and nature spread her beauties over the earth, they

began to think of leaving Ischia, and of bidding farewell to the peasants who had been prodigal of kindness and attention.

The Marchioness in quitting the rocks whereon she had been wrecked, seemed once more to quit the abode of her family; for there she lost Rosina, there it was that her daughter perished.

Anselmo, who had taken the masts from the little vessel, and had concealed her in a creek, recommenced his preparations for their departure.

One day as he was at his secret occupation, he heard people above his hiding place speak of his master's family.

"The Marquis di Montalbino," said they, "is most unfortunate to be thus marked out. He is sought for every where."

Anselmo almost stopt his breath lest he should be discovered: but the travellers passed on, and he heard no more. He knew not how to act. He dared not quit the creek which concealed him, and how might he save his master if he remained. He advanced toward the opening, and with fear and trembling looked each way, when a man suddenly turning the point, struck him on the shoulder, and said to him, "good man, are you not Anselmo, servant to the Marquis di Montalbino?"

"No, sir."

"How now, you will perhaps deny the light of the sun!"

"Sir," said Anselmo, "you are assuredly deceived; my name is Gaspero Stracchetto, and I live with my nephew Gaettano di Valdi. He has passed the winter in this island, and he is now going to sail with his merchandize to Sicily."

"Good," said the stranger, "you are faithful, but we shall see."

"Sir," said Anselmo, "he is not now at home, he is gone in search of game."

"Good again," said the other, "but my good old man, fear nothing. I am your master's friend. He will recollect me, although you do not. Come! let us be going."

"I have not done what I have to do here," said Anselmo, "I have still much to do before I can go home."

"As you please; I will find the Marquis di Montalbino; you shall not prevent me; I shall remain here til you return, and I shall walk by your side, though you make the circuit of the island. If you see him again, I will see him also. Go on with what you are about—Come!—I will assist you."

Anselmo, thus pressed, fell at the feet of the

stranger, and said to him, "Sir, I perceive that it is not possible to elude you. I am Anselmo; bred up in the family of Vincezzi, and since the marriage of the heiress of that ancient house, servant to the Marquis of Montalbino. I lay down my life at your feet: let me die. You will take from me but a few years, for I am already old: but I will not betray my master. He is not here. He is far away. Neither the wheel nor the guillotine shall make me speak further. If then you will remain by my side, stay here. In this nook I will starve with pleasure, rejoicing that I can by death preserve the Marquis to his family."

"O faithful servant!" said the stranger, "your fidelity makes me weep. I swear to you by all that is sacred both in heaven and in earth, that I do not wish to betray the Marquis of Montalbino. Ah no!——'tis I who brought him up; I am become grey in the interests of his family: I am Jeronimo."

"O blessed be the mercy of Providence!" said Anselmo, kissing his hand, and embracing his knees, "Come, O come to the cottage which shrouds the Marquis."

They set off immediately, and as they went on, Anselmo related to the good father the manner of their departure from Naples: their wreck on the

rocks of Ischia, and the melancholy loss of the lovely daughter of the family.

"Holy father!" said the Marquis, as he entered the chamber, "what happy chance has brought you hither? Why came you to the isle of Ischia?"

"My son," replied Jeronimo, "speak not of happiness, she has fled the earth. I have traversed half the globe since our separation. In every quarter war, or rumours of war, shake the nations, and terrify the people. In Asia what alarm! In Africa what havoc! Overland from India I advanced to Europe. As I came on, what devastation! In Italy, in the palace of Montalbino what desolation! what distress! You are sought for every where. I also seek you. Your enemies to ensnare you: I to save. Anselmo has informed me of your intention to take your family to Sicily, and the melancholy cause of your stay in this little island: but we must not dwell on sorrow. Time presses—hasten then to sail away; already the place of your retreat is suspected. Ansolmo in the creek where he was at work, heard the voice of him who pursues you. I on the shores behold the enemy who would seize you."

"Miserable wretched man that I am," said the Marquis, "how have the times changed, holy

father, since the day when you united me to my Aminta. Behold, behold how we are depressed. You will scarcely know the Marchioness. Grief destroys her. The loss of our child has broken her heart; and she declines visibly."

While he was speaking the Marchioness entered. When she beheld the venerable Jeronimo, she shrieked with joy.

"Daughter," he said, "how I rejoice to see you."

"Whence came you," asked the Marchioness.

"I came lastly from Montalbino," he replied.

"Ah! you there heard of our misfortunes! of the desolation of our country! We fly—holy father, we fly! O stay with us—comfort us, for our hearts are broken."

"Yes, O yes, I will remain," said Jeronimo, "never again will I quit the Marquis of Montalbino: never will I forsake the family of my patron. I have partaken of its prosperity, I will partake also of its adversity. I will accompany you whithersoever you go. I will comfort you, I will mitigate your sufferings. I will pray with you, I will pray for you."

At that instant Geraldo appeared. The Marquis said to him, "My son, behold in this venerable man, the holy father Jeronimo; him of whom

you have so often heard me speak. It was he who reared your father. It was he who blessed the nuptials of your mother. "Jeronimo," he continued, "embrace my son; the heir of my misfortunes, the eldest" .... he stopped. The Marchioness, bursting into tears, and falling on the neck of her son, said, "the only child of our family." "It is on him," rejoined the Marquis, "that we rest our hopes for our daughter has been snatched away."

A few days after the arrival of Jeronimo, every thing was in readiness for quitting the island: and the family of Montalbino proceeded to the coast accompanied by Leo and his good little wife Bianca. Their farewell was mournful. They launched into the sea, and every one stood on deck making signals with their hands and handkerchiefs to the kind peasants, who did not quit the shore while they could distinguish the bark.

The unfortunate family began their voyage early in the morning, while the soft tints of dawn shone on the dancing waves. The sun soon rose, and rode majestic amid the cloudless azure. A light breeze scarcely fanned the sails: and the deep calm stopped the vessel in her course: she seemed to rest on the smooth waters. Day again disappeared, again the sun sunk below the horizon, and

the moon moved slowly toward the west, glittering with silver light, and they were far from Sicily.

When the second day dawned upon the fugitives, the Marquis said to his wife, "O my beloved Aminta, the night gone by is the last which I shall pass on earth. My sorrows are near their close. But you!—— what grief, what troubles remain for you to suffer! Heaven which foresaw your loss, has in its mercy sent the excellent Jeronimo, who will be your friend and your support, when your husband shall be taken from you. Confide in his advice: trust to him the guardianship of our son. Be to Geraldo both father and mother, and preserve in his heart a tender remembrance of the parent whom he shall never more behold. The lamentable scream which the Marchioness uttered, brought every one round the couch of the Marquis. Jeronimo sunk on his knees, and raising his eyes, strove to pray, but his voice failed. He seized the hand of his pupil, and pressed it in silence. "Father," said the Marquis, "do not give way to grief. I have long expected the catastrophe which will deprive my wife of my care and protection. I have concealed my fears in order to spare my Aminta additional anxiety. It may be that I have hastened my death by exertions beyond my strength. Pardon me, sweet love; pardon my

tenderness. I hoped I should have reached Palermo, but here shall close the life of your husband. Jeronimo, protect my family: comfort the Marchioness: have the same care for my son which you have had for me, and lead him on to virtue. For you my Aminta, I can with truth assert that I owe all the happiness of my life to you. Never, never once, my best beloved, have I received ought from you but proofs of tenderness and love. You have never afflicted my heart; nor caused me one moment's uneasiness. The calamities of our country are the only woes we have endured, and beneath them I sink. The strength which should encrease to uphold your weakness, and the youth of Geraldo, fails me at the moment when I need it most; and I leave you in the hour of danger. Have pity on her, merciful providence! and comfort her! comfort the widow and the fatherless!—— My son, my dear Geraldo, I commit you to the guardianship of the good Jeronimo. Remember it was he who brought up your father: and whatever good qualities have been his, he owes them to the instructions and the example of that excellent man. Hearken to his voice. Obey your mother; repay by dutifulness and love the care which she has taken of your childhood. The expectations of your birth, have vanished like a

dream. Your riches have passed into the hands of strangers, and your dependants have changed their master. From the uncertainty of human greatness learn to appreciate the nothingness of its value. Give not yourself up to vain glory; but by a life useful to mankind, and by unrepining submission to the will of him who regulates every event, prepare for the awful moment to which you see me arrived. Again I recommend you to the care of your mother, and Jeronimo, and once more I exhort you to be obedient to them. For you, faithful old man," said he to Anselmo, "let me do justice to your integrity and to your services. My wife, my son, respect and protect the old age of a domestic, whose fidelity has been long proved. Of a friend, I may say, who has followed our distresses." He could no more; he gave one hand to the Marchioness and the other to his son, and drew them united to his heart. He appeared to continue speaking, but his voice was no longer audible. A dreadful silence ensued. Aminta, herself almost dead, leaned upon the breast of her husband, and Geraldo almost suffocated with sobs, looked steadfastly on his father without being able to shed a tear, while Jeronimo remained on his knees overcome by grief, and the aged Anselmo hid his face in his hands. Few were the refresh-

ments which they had to offer. Some dried fruit and a little wine. He refused all they offered him, and in the course of an hour convulsions began to change his countenance: and after violent struggles, uttering a deep groan, he expired.

The Marchioness, who, when she lost her daughter, thought there could be no greater sorrow, seemed at the moment when her husband died, never to have known grief before.

O! detestable ambition! O! murderous war! what sorrows have ye caused. How many families have ye destroyed. How many widows groan beneath your cruelty. How many orphans mourn your devastation! Ravagers of the earth, be not ye proud of your conquests. In the twinkling of an eye ye may be precipitated into the grave, and all your sanguinary projects may be checked, then when ye think that they shall be accomplished: for as the cedar on the mountain top falls when stricken by the thunder-bolt, so falls the power of man beneath the stroke of omnipotence!

Anselmo threw a cloak over the corse, and returned to the rudder, which he had neglected. He was not a very experienced seaman, and the wind being contrary, he could not steer the vessel, and instead of going to Palermo, driven by the wind to the east, and then drawn by the current

toward the south, the old man after several hours of fruitless exertion, cast anchor in the port of Messina.

The Messinians were at first unwilling to let them come on shore because of the dead body, but the entreaties of Anselmo, and the explanation of Jeronimo prevailed, and the two venerable men were permitted to enter the town to begin the preparations for the funeral. The old servant undertook to procure a bier, and Jeronimo took charge of the obsequies, and the sacred rites of the church.

Every thing being arranged, the unhappy family of Montalbino disembarked at night, and proceeded slowly to the humble retreat which had been selected by Jeronimo.

The Marchioness covered herself with her veil, and crossing her hands on her bosom, followed the corse, at her right hand walked Geraldo. His eyes were fixed on the ground, and he hid his face with his hat.

Next morning they proceeded to the Madre Chiesa. It was a long march: and the procession was grave, and the pomp solemn. The priests and monks walked two and two, preceded by the choristers who chaunted hymns and prayers. The bier went next after the religious train; after

that the fatherless Geraldo, supported by Jeronimo. Behind them walked Anselmo, and then a multitude of spectators who followed without order, and occasionally joined their voices to the pathetic songs of the choir.

When they reached the church the Pontif of the Madre Chiesa met the procession, accompanied by the several members of the community. The chaunting was renewed. The organ with its plaintive notes softened to sadness every heart; and made every aisle and every tower of the edifice resound with its powerful and solemn chords. The bier was placed before the altar, and every one prostrated himself overcome by pity, grief, and contrition. The funeral service was then performed, every one fulfilling his sacred office with extreme devotion. The lifeless remains of the Marquis were then carried to the grave. When they had lowered him into the pit, thrown the consecrated earth upon his coffin, and accomplished all the ceremonies, a mournful silence succeeded to the voice which had blessed the departed: and the returning procession was more melancholy than the first.

The Marchioness had retired to her oratory. The moment when they bore away her husband, had been more painful to her than that which saw

him expire. Concealed, without observers, she wept, she prayed, and poured forth orisons for his departed soul: and just when by melancholy calculation, imagination beheld him committed to the grave, and buried in everlasting oblivion, she experienced a shock more terrible than death; she endured an agony more poignant than her loss.

Geraldo and his mother were long lost in grief, notwithstanding the kind and friendly endeavours of Jeronimo to comfort them. But time gradually softened their sorrow, and the young Marquis began to resume his accustomed exercises and amusements; and the Marchioness to join in conversation, and to talk of the preparations for the voyage to Palermo. In the meanwhile Jeronimo, who thought that the inspection of the beauties and the wonders of Sicily would be pleasing as well as instructive to Geraldo, requested his mother to allow him to visit them. She consented more readily than he had expected, and they began by examining the city of Messina, and its environs. They visited the churches and the monasteries, particularly those of St. Placido and St. Gregory, built in the surrounding woods. The noise of the waters of the Pharos, which they had not noticed on the night of their entrance, astonished and alarmed Geraldo, for at the moment

they reached it, they saw a vessel lost in the turbulence of the whirlpool.

After having examined every thing remarkable in and about Messina, they set off for the little town of Tauromina, built on a high rock near the sea.

On account of the exceeding heat they travelled in the night. The evening of their departure was delightful. The air was perfumed with violets, hyacinths, and roses, all was still, they heard nought but the gentle murmur of the waves, on which they could distinguish the white sails of the fishermen, whose song sometimes floated on the breeze.

Though Tauromina be now unimportant, proofs of its ancient greatness are to be seen every where. The theatre is supposed to be the largest in the world; in which were assembled in the time of the Romans, an immense concourse of many thousand spectators. Jeronimo made his young companion also observe the ruins of a prodigious Naumachy. "In the midst of this vast amphitheatre," said he, "on canals which were as large as rivers, the ancient Romans had games and naval fights. It was here, that they learned to manage their vessels, and it was here that they gained the experience which enabled them not only to repulse,

but to attack and conquer the Carthagenians. The institution of those games was merely to teach the soldiers how to fight upon the water. They were afterward introduced among the pompous shows of the great men who courted the applause of the populace."

"It has always appeared to me" said Geraldo, that the games of the ancient Romans betrayed a barbarity disgraceful to a nation which affected to call all other nations barbarous. Can any one believe, without shuddering, that it was for amusement that the Emperor Claudius sunk in the shows of the Naumachy, the bravest and the most experienced of his marines." "You have the start of me," said Jeronimo, "I was going to make the same observation. It is in nations as among individuals, there is always much to admire, and often much more to reprehend. The use of history is to mark out the degrees, and to distinguish what is noble from what is culpable; to the end that men may form to themselves models worthy of imitation; and that statesmen may avoid the errors and the crimes which have ruined so many empires. Without such an appreciation, the most trifling romances would be as beneficial as the best narrated facts; and the libraries of the learned would be on a level with a ballad writer's desk."

When they returned home, Geraldo entertained his mother with the account of his little journey, and his remarks on what he had seen in the course of it. "I would willingly," said he to Jeronimo, "extend my travels as you have extended yours."

"In regard to the wish you express to extend your travels, it cannot now be gratified: for almost all Europe is embroiled in the calamities and the tumults of war. No place remains for us to ramble in but this little island of Sicily; and if the Marchioness will permit us, we will go on board our vessel, and with the assistance of Anselmo, we will coast it round."

"My dear mother," said Geraldo, "you will not deprive me of so much pleasure."

"I never will deprive you of any pleasure," replied the Marchioness, "I would it were in my power to procure you every pleasure, and every happiness on earth."

Geraldo, taking his mother's hand, said, "Thank you, thank you. When shall we sail?"

"We will consult with Anselmo," replied Jeronimo.

"Come, come," said the youth, "let us not lose a moment, let us seek Anselmo."

"Be not impatient," said Jeronimo, "we will

prepare with all convenient expedition, and to-morrow—"

"Yes, yes, to-morrow," said Geraldo, "and I will help Anselmo to get ready." So saying he left the room, with the sprightliness of a bird who wings his way among the clouds.

"My dear young master," said Anselmo, "let us no longer use our little inconvenient shallop. She answered the purpose of our flight, because we were afraid to trust ourselves to any one: but here we are in safety, therefore purchase a felucca, and let us sail under the direction of those who understand the navigation of Sicilian seas."

"You speak like a wise man," said Geraldo, "and I commission you to procure every thing that we shall need. To-morrow, at day break, we must be on board."

Geraldo rose indeed at the dawn of day, and roused his aged companion. "Adieu! farewell!" said he to his mother, "we shall not leave you long."

The first place where they disembarked was Catania. They did not hire apartments, but Jeronimo took his young charge to a convent of Benedictines, where they were received with great hospitality.

Jeronimo related to them the history of the

flight of the family of Montalbino, the wreck upon Ischia, the loss of Rosina, and the death of the Marquis.

"It was I," said he, "who brought up the father of this youth; and it was to my care that when he died he committed his son."

"Young man," said the superior, "the Marquis of Montalbino is not unknown in Sicily. His fame has reached the shores of our island. In all circumstances, in every transaction of your life, remember your father, and emulate his virtues; for good deeds ascend to heaven like incense from the holy censer!"

The praise of his father touched the heart of Geraldo. "O Jeronimo," he said, pressing the hand of his tutor, "how proud am I of my parents! Though war deprive me of my patrimony; though the enemy seize my palace; though the name of Montalbino be no longer known in Italy; yet the pure source from which I draw my life, remains to be the glory of my youth and the comfort of my declining age. The integrity of my father and the virtue of my mother, are sacred inheritances which cannot be taken from me."

His energetic warmth astonished the monks, and they augured favourably on his future conduct. "You have a proper degree of estimation for the

riches of this world," said the superior. "True it is, all that we possess is nothing. Nothing of which to boast: But virtue, which is our best wealth on earth, will constitute our riches through all the ranges of eternity."

A long silence followed: none could refrain from looking inward to examine his own heart, and proving it by the test of conviction. At length one of the monks said, "the loss of a father is certainly the greatest loss we can experience, as my misfortunes have too cruelly evinced. All that I have suffered has had its source from that calamity."

"You have long promised," said the superior, "to relate your adventures to us, begin them now."

"The task which you impose on me," said the monk, "is painful, but I will endeavour to obey you. I have often wished to make known to this community the cause of the sorrow which consumes my days, and of the melancholy which pursues me for ever: but grief chouks my utterance, and shame stops my voice. You, holy father, you, O Spisani, know; and my brethren also know that I am a Spaniard. O! must I confess that a Spanish nobleman has been compelled to quit his country, and to deny his name! To hide himself within a foreign monastery!

"My grandfather, Don Gabriel de Castillo Pardo, was a nobleman of an ancient and honorable family in the province of Aragon. He kept up in his castle the magnificence which should ever distinguish a grandee: and his hospitality and his charity made him the delight of all his vassals and dependants. He had two sons: the eldest was called Matthias, and the youngest Roderigo. The aged Gabriel had been a soldier in his youth, which induced him to breed his eldest son to arms. The youngest, Roderigo, by his father's interest at court, had an appointment in Mexico, and while he might yet be called a child, was sent to America to take possession of a situation, which, by the rotation of office, would lead to riches and renown.

"Don Matthias, my father, previous to the death of Don Gabriel, had married the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman, and in the most perfect domestic happiness, remained with his family in Castillo Pardo. The first circumstance which interrupted their felicity, was the death of Don Gabriel. His son lamented his loss with the most sincere sorrow; but his grief was soon softened by the cares of a new duty: for shortly after the funeral of the old Marquis, I was born.——My birth—the birth of the heir of Castillo Pardo, was

celebrated with great rejoicings, which were continued for many days. To pay respect to the memory of a father whom he had loved tenderly, I received the name of Gabriel.—Yes, the miserable brother Gonsalvez is proud once more to declare himself Gabriel de Castillo Pardo.—Unhappy, wretched Gabriel! thou art for ever banished from thy country! thou art for ever lost to thy family! How often has my father said, that with the name of Gabriel, he hoped I should inherit the virtues of my grandsire. What to me has been his name? what his virtues? The first has been snatched from me! the second are forgotten!"

"My son," said the superior, "the virtues which we practice here below, shall follow us to heaven. Ever remember that virtue is the only thing we carry to the grave. *It is like an obelisk which, though its foundation be in the earth, has a spire which reaches to the skies.*"

The monk bowed his head in token of acquiescence, and after a short pause resumed his narrative.

"My father became my preceptor, and he so softened the tutor's severity by the tenderness of a parent, that my lessons were my delight. Instruction flowed from his lips like honey. Every

object which surrounded us; every circumstance which occurred to us, furnished subjects for instruction. My mother assisted him in his tender care, and I became under their tutelage the delight and pride of their love. With what avidity did I listen to their precepts; and with what ecstacy did they gratify my inquisitive curiosity! I remember well the hours, the days they spent in storing my mind with wisdom. O days for ever flown! O pleasures which died almost as soon as born! No vestige remains of your existence: Memory alone recalls your transitory bliss; and this too sensible heart dwells on your fleeting shade!

"Young man," said he to Geraldo, "you have lost your father; I also have lost mine. You quit your country; I have fled from mine:—but, mark the difference of our fate.—You bear the name of your father; you are the acknowledged son of Montalbino. A public calamity is your ruin. A public calamity tears you from your rank, your honors! but not from the respect which is your due. Thousands suffer with you. Thousands suffer as you suffer; and the public misery shields you from contempt: but, I am a wretched outcast. I have no home! no name! I am no longer known! I have been maltreated! in-

sulted! persecuted!" Here he became so strongly agitated, that sobs which were almost convulsive prevented him from going on. When he was somewhat recovered, he rose, and bowing to the superior and to the two strangers, he "begged that they would forgive his weakness, and said he hoped that he should be able by the next day to continue his story." So saying he quitted the room and retired to his cell.

"Our brother Gonsalvez, or as he calls himself in his story, Gabriel, is the gravest among the brotherhood," said Spisani. "An unconquerable melancholy preys upon him. Yet, notwithstanding his reserve, I am willing to believe that his unhappiness arises from his sufferings, and that he is free from guilt."

"I am never inclined," replied Jeronimo, "to suspect any one."

"We shall be assured to-morrow," said Geraldo. "It is impossible to feel more interested than I do, in his story; for the love his father bore him, and the instructions which he received from his parents are so similar to the enjoyments of Montalbino, that I could listen untired to what he relates from morn til night, and even through all the hours of darkness."

When they met next day, Gabriel resumed, as

follows. " I have remained within my cell, in order to retrace the misfortunes of my life, and to place in their due course the circumstances which have compelled me to quit Aragon, and Spain, and to take refuge in a Sicilian monastery.

" I was near fourteen years of age when one day while I was walking with my father in the woods which surround Castillo Pardo, a stranger accosted us, and making a low bow, requested us to tell him where he might meet with Don Matthias de Castillo Pardo. His countenance was greatly disguised and concealed by a large black patch which he had on his left eye, and by a bandage which tied it on, and covered his forehead. My father said that he was Don Matthias. The stranger made us a second low bow and went away. We were surprized at his sudden departure; and my mother was much alarmed when we recounted our adventure: and she persuaded my father not to leave the castle for several days: til at length he thought that it was a weak avowal of fear, and began again to walk in the woods and groves of our domains. He consented however, at the earnest entreaty of my mother to be attended by some of his domestics. We walked about thus a long time, without seeing any one whom we did not know; when one evening as my

father was entering an arbour, a hand from among the bushes struck him with a poignard in the back. He fell instantly. The servants who followed him ran to support him, and in their anxiety to succour their master, gave the assassin time to escape.

"My father was so beloved in his neighbourhood, that we could not suspect any one of wishing to do him harm: so that suspicion fell on the stranger who had inquired for Don Matthias; and he was sought for every where, but not found. My beloved father lived only a week after this dreadful accident. The wound appeared to have been given with a poisoned weapon, for it became gangrened, and never could be healed.

"As soon as my mother could bear to speak on the subject of her loss, and the arrangement of our affairs, she thought that it was an indispensable duty to inform her husband's brother Don Roderigo of what had happened. She therefore sent him an account of her irreparable loss, and with the utmost expedition that an answer could arrive from Mexico we received the most affectionate letter from my uncle, in which he deplored the tragical death of Don Matthias, and said that he was determined to return to Spain, in order to discover and to punish the wretch who had taken

away his life. Several kind and friendly letters passed between us, and at the expiration of three years after the death of my father, my uncle came from America. With what kindness he behaved to us! with what tenderness he soothed my mother! and with what generosity he animated me to overcome my grief, and to assume my dignities. I was however so greatly shocked by the dreadful event, that even at that distance of time, I was incapable of acting as became the heir of Castillo Pardo: for I had beheld the hand which struck the blow, though the assassin was concealed by the thick foliage. My uncle superintended our concerns, and proposed that I should travel through the different provinces of Spain, as a means to dissipate my grief, by the new objects with which I should perpetually meet during the journey. Having obtained my mother's consent, I set off, accompanied by three servants. One of them, named Vasco, had been valet to my father, and would not suffer me to go without him. Another, named Pedrillo, had also been my father's servant, and the third came from Mexico with my uncle. We took the road to Saragossa, and after having seen all that was remarkable in that city, I expressed a great desire to behold the sea, and I determined to go to the shores of the

Mediterranean: for which purpose we followed the Ebro for many miles, and quitted her banks to go to Tarragona. The vast expanse of Ocean, which I had been unable to imagine, astonished me so greatly, that I may say it terrified me. I stood for hours to contemplate it: and the pleasure it afforded me determined me to go along the coast to Malaga. In the city of Garena, Vasco became ill, and though he accompanied me for several stages, I was at length obliged to leave him at an inn, with orders to return to Castillo Pardo as soon as he should be in a condition to travel. I gave him letters for my mother and my uncle, and charged him moreover with the tenderest remembrances to the beloved parent who sighed for my return. Having taken leave of the sick old man, we took the road to Murviedro, and thence to Valencia. On our arrival at Alicant, Basil, my uncle's servant, proposed that I should hire another valet, for I found him very awkward, and Pedrillo was fully occupied by the care of our horses and mules. I consented, and a man about thirty years of age was introduced to replace my faithful Vasco. The moment he spoke I shuddered; the voice of him who had met my father and me in the woods of Castillo Pardo, and had inquired for Don Matthias, struck me...I sud-

denly turned round to examine him: he reddened and turned away from my scrutinizing observation. I did not know him, and I blamed my unjust suspicion. Basil spoke highly of him, and said that he had known him in Aragon; and persuaded me to hire him. Off we set again with our new companion, and I found him very handy, and attentive to his business.

"The magnificent view of the ocean became so frequent that it ceased to astonish me, and I strayed out of the road whenever any thing curious was to be found. I climbed the mountains, I descended into the valleys, without having any decided course. One evening we strayed far into a thick wood, and were benighted. Having wandered a long time, we came to the ruins of an ancient building, where Basil proposed that we should remain til morning, telling us we had a long way to go ere we should reach a town or a village, and that perhaps we should not find such another convenient lodging. Fabian my new valet remarking that travellers should not be dainty, helped me to alight, and led me into an old tower: and as great part of the roof remained, I thought myself happy in our shelter. Basil told me that having foreseen that we should be obliged to stay in the wood, though he did not expect to find such

a magnificent inn, he had brought every thing which we should need at supper. He quickly opened a large sack, with which one of the mules had been loaded, and lighted a torch, and produced some cold meats and a bottle of wine; they spread for me upon a great stone, and when I had finished my supper, they proposed that I should retire into an inner chamber, where Fabian said that they would lay all the cloaks to make my bed, and that they would sup when I was gone to rest. So saying he lighted a taper which he found in the sack, and conducted me to my couch, on which I threw myself in my cloaths. When I was lain down he wrapped me in the cloaks, and taking the taper left me alone. I was surprized to hear him say to Basil, as plainly as if I had been in the room with them, 'my master lays very snug there;' and turning, I perceived an opening in the wall, through which I could distinguish all that was going on, while the darkness of my apartment concealed me from view. 'Where is Pedrillo?' said Fabian. 'Gone to see to the beasts,' answered Basil. 'We must give the rogue some supper, and then a little of this powder in his wine will make him sleep like a dormouse.' I was much alarmed at this conversation, and began to fear for my own life. When Pedrillo came to them,

they gave him half a partridge, and a cup of wine; and ordering him to call them early in the morning, they bade him to go to rest directly, for they were much fatigued and wanted to go to sleep. When they were again alone, they began to consult about what they had to perform. 'It will not be very difficult to kill Don Gabriel, we can manage it while he is asleep,' said Fabian: 'But Don Roderigo told us.....'"

"Don Roderigo! your uncle!" exclaimed Geraldo. "Impossible!"

"Be silent, my son," said Spisani. "Go on," said he to Don Gabriel.

"I shuddered, when I heard them mention my uncle," said Gabriel, "and was so violently agitated, that I lost a part of their discourse; when I could again attend, I heard Basil say, 'if Pedrillo is to be spared, so much the better. The fewer murders we commit, the less we shall have on our consciences.' 'When we shall have slain Don Gabriel, who now snores in the next chamber,' said Fabian, 'we must wrap him in one of the cloaks on which he lays, and throw him on one of the mules, and take him into the deep recesses of the wood, where we must bury him.' 'We must take all the mules but one,' said Basil, 'and to that we must tie a letter for Pedrillo to say

that we could not waken him, and to order him to follow us on a road which we shall not take: and as we are not to return to Castillo Pardo, but await Don Roderigo where we are to receive our hire, the absence of all three will awaken no suspicion of what has occurred, when Pedrillo relates his marvellous story.' 'You are right,' said Fabian: 'but come, let us raise our courage to the true pitch; I must be well warmed ere I can kill the son, as I have already slain the sire.' Fabian was seated on a bench, with his elbow on the stone which held the wine; his hand covered half his face. I instantly recognized the man who had inquired for Don Matthias, and who had now confessed himself to be his murderer. They opened another bottle of wine and began to drink; but they talked so much that they were not likely to empty it quickly; I therefore rose, and gliding toward a door which I had observed opposite to that by which I had entered, I quitted the ruins by another avenue, and regained the wood. I was totally unacquainted with that part of the country, and was without a guide till the sun rose in the east, and glimmered through the thickness of the trees. Having walked the whole day without seeing any one, I assured myself that I had not taken the same road as those who sought my life, and I

ventured to lay down on the grass; where from my great fatigue I fell asleep, notwithstanding my danger and my fears. Imagine, Spisani, the terror I must have felt when awaking, I began to reflect on my situation. I dared not take the road to my castle, lest I should meet the assassins. I waited til my uncle should have seen the wretches who were to have murdered me, supposing that they would tell him that I was dead, in order to receive the wages of their iniquity. It was my intention, after it was likely that they had met, to proceed to Castillo Pardo, to reclaim my rights and to expose Don Roderigo. I travelled as chance directed, until I reached Carthagena; and not being destitute of money, I ordered a good supper, for I had fasted two days; also a good bed; and there I passed the second night of my wanderings. The country about Carthagena is barren: I travelled over an extensive plain, dry and withered like the desarts of Arabia; and surrounded by mountains. For many miles I saw neither tree, nor hut, nor peasant. At length I reached a little village, where at a miserable inn I asked for a cup of wine. I arrived there at night, and I determined to sleep there, and set forward in the morning. I was meditating how I should proceed against my uncle, when a calamity befell

me infinitely more dreadful than death itself. Two Corsairs, powerfully armed, arrived at midnight, and carried away the greatest part of the simple inhabitants of the village. My poor host's family was among the number; and with them I was enslaved.——My brethren, there are perhaps among you those who have known misfortune: but, if ye never have been slaves, ye have never known sorrow which is without hope: ye have never endured the extremity of human misery!

"For eleven years I worked beneath the ardent sun of Algiers. In the fields, in the gardens: Ploughing the earth; watering the plants; and often among the rowers. My nourishment the coarsest food; my bed a plank! my master severe; his officers implacable! I was ill treated: flogged; scourged: my strength exhausted; my spirit broken; my health destroyed. My life became a burden to me; and I lamented that I had escaped from the dagger of my assassins. During the whole term of my slavery never did one person arrive from Aragon: never one who knew Castillo Pardo. How often have I wished that the strokes which I received might end my being. Often have I served among the sailors: more than once I fought against my countrymen! More than once have I assisted in the captivity

of my fellow Spaniards! One day that we were in quest of prey, we perceived a spanish vessel coming toward us under full sail. Our captain Bulsazy hoisted the black flag. We met and fought. Bulsazy was seen every where, a drawn sabre in his hand, threatening every one who should not do his duty. We were engaged three hours. After incredible proofs of valour, Bulsazy was slain; the next in command was wounded; and the dead and dying fell on all sides. We could no longer defend ourselves. The Spaniards boarded us, and remained within our vessel. We were put on board the Santa Cruz; and sent to Malaga. The Algerines were sent on to Carthagena, where they became slaves, and suffered in their turn the hardships they had inflicted. The Spaniards were liberated. For me, I was so very ill, that I was sent to a monastery; and the charitable Captain, Nicolas de Santarosa, gave me a sum of money to carry me to my province. I remained six months with the holy Fathers before I was able to travel. They treated me with the utmost kindness; healed my wounds; and soothed my melancholy. As I recovered my health, I began once more to form projects for the recovery of my inheritance; and to make preparations for my journey. Without revealing to the monks that

I was Don Gabriel de Castillo Pardo, I told them that having been so long in slavery, it was probable that I should have many difficulties to overcome; and that it was my intention to go to Madrid, that I might be acknowledged among my peers: and that after my reception there, I meant to go to my castle and to my family. I told the superior of the money I had received from Nicolas de Santarosa, to which he added another sum to render my journey comfortable. I bade farewell to the monks who had treated me with so much kindness and charity; and alone and without parade I once more set forward. I had travelled three or four days, when arriving at an inn where I intended to pass the night, as I dismounted from my mule I beheld Fabian. I hoped that by time, misery and sickness I was so much altered, that he would not recollect me. I was deceived. His eyes sparkled when he saw me. He reddened, then turned pale, and again a deep blush overspread his visage. He let me enter however without speaking to me: but when my host brought in my supper, he said there was a person in the inn who was desirous of supping with me. Fabian followed him closely, and without giving me time to make an answer, he said, 'do not be surprized, Sir, at the liberty I take in requesting

such an honor, I have something to say to you which concerns your life.' He immediately placed himself at table with me, and the instant we were alone, he said, 'Don Gabriel, it is not necessary to attempt to deny the intention I had to murder you. It is known to you too well already. When I drew near your bed, which I did without a light, I perceived the opening through which you heard the conversation between me and Basil, and your flight convinced us that you had taken advantage of what you overheard. You may well imagine that it was not from ill will that we sought your death, or that of your father. No—It was for the reward which your uncle Don Roderigo promised us. One half we had received in Mexico; where we had carried the news of the death of Don Matthias long before your letters reached America. You may be sure that we did not let Don Roderigo know that you had escaped us. We risked your return to Castillo Pardo, and telling him that he was obeyed, he gave us the pistoles for which we had bargained. Where you have concealed yourself is no concern of mine.—But—listen to me—your mother died of grief shortly after the return of Pedrillo. Your uncle has been acknowledged Marquis de Castillo Pardo. He is married, and has already two sons: conse-

quently, you may be sure, that I will not allow you to make yourself known in Aragon. You are now in my power: to save myself I must get rid of you. But if life be desirable: if you prefer living far from your country, without dignity, without honors, to the fate which awaits you here, and from which no power can snatch you: save yourself. Swear by every thing you hold most sacred, that you never will return to Spain, that you will change your name, and that you will pass the remainder of your days within a convent, and I will spare you. I do not wish your death, but your uncle must never know that you are alive.' ———O! we cling to life!——The sorrows, the afflictions of the world, are nothing to those we fear in death!——This existence, which I had so oft deplored; this life, which henceforth would be void of joy; I could not relinquish it! I consented to my exile: I consented in shallow fear to the requisitions of a murderer!—I consented to deny my father; and swore as I was required.

"'Don Gabriel,' said Fabian, 'I know that I may trust the oath which you have sworn: I know that I may rely upon your honor: but I will risk nothing. I shall never leave you untill you leave Spain. During the day, during the night, at table, in your chamber, I shall be always at your

elbow. The moment which separates us will be that when you depart for another country.'——. Alas! he kept his word. He followed me; he watched me every where. I never was alone. Never did he allow me to speak to any one without hearing what I said! After being long undecided on the place which I should select for my banishment, I consented to pass over into Sicily. Fabian made me repeat my oath before he quitted me, and took leave of me at a little port not far from Valencia; where I embarked for this island. He remained on the beach till we weighed anchor, and as he turned away he brandished his poignard in the air, as if to say to me, *remember*. I had a prosperous voyage, and I arrived at Palermo in safety. There I was again ill. When I recovered, I once more went on board a vessel, and sailed to Messina. Thence I came here, and after remaining some time in the town, I fulfilled my oath, by entering this monastery, where, in the name of Gonsalvez de Toledo, I have taken the cowl. How I have conducted myself during the years I have been within these walls, you all know. You know, my brethren, that in the ceremonies and the ordinances of the order, I consume my days; and that since my entrance I have

never quitted the monastery. For me the world has now no charms. Here I shall live and die. My grave shall be beneath your roof."

He bowed his head as he finished his story, pressed his hand upon his breast, and heaved a deep sigh.

"My son," said Spisani, "your story has greatly interested me; but it has also gratified me much. I rejoice that your misfortunes have not been brought upon you by your crimes; and I exhort you no longer to be unhappy. Your sorrows are transient, but your hopes eternal."

Don Gabriel bowed again to the superior, and retired to weep alone.

"O!" exclaimed Geraldo, "I was sure that he was innocent! But, what must we say of his uncle?"

"My child," replied Spisani, "the time will come when that miserable wretch will feel the sting of his crimes. There are hardened men who in defiance of all laws both human and divine, live fearless in the commission of sin, as if they never expected retribution: but behold their death. The viper's tooth is not so sharp as their remorse! the storm of the desart is less terrible than their despair!"

No one could reply. The misfortunes of Don Gabriel seemed to reach every heart, and a silent melancholy overspread the company.

Geraldo had risen from his seat, and had paced the chamber two or three times with hasty strides. He stopped opposite to the superior; then turning to Jeronimo, he said to him, "my friend, can it be possible? If the widow and her son are thus treated by him who should protect them, in whom shall we confide? If the uncle, who hires a bravo to assassinate the nephew, may thus enjoy his estates, what will become of society! O! Spisani! talk not of his death. If Don Roderigo enjoy the domains of his brother, and transmit to his sons the inheritance of Gabriel, what is justice!"

"My son," replied Spisani, "I admire your warmth. I love the enthusiasm, which springs from the goodness of your heart: but, I repeat that the day of punishment shall arrive. Never yet has a wicked man been happy. Never shall he be so. The smile he wears on his visage belies his feelings; and the terror which haunts him, leaves him not night nor day. For all the treasures of the East I would not die his death."

They now separated for the night, and before he retired to rest, Geraldo wrote a letter to his

mother, in which he recounted the story of Don Gabriel.

The next day Jeronimo and his young charge quitted the convent. Having thanked the superior for his hospitality, they took leave of Don Gabriel; and Geraldo said to him, "you shall be informed of our adventures."

Every town in Sicily is adorned with superb buildings, which though in ruins bear testimony to the greatness and the magnificence of the ancients. Catania contains many baths, aqueducts, and theatres, which Jeronimo pointed out to the observation of Geraldo, and after having examined them all, they went again on board their feluoca, and spread the sail for Syracuse.

Although Geraldo was accustomed to behold Vesuvius, the appearance of the barren and dismal coast, blackened by the lava of mount Etna, astonished him, and awakened a desire to examine its wonders. "Let us go," said he, "to the stupendous summit."

"Not without consulting the Marchioness," replied Jeronimo.

"We must not too far lengthen our absence. Remember that she is left alone."

"Well then," said Geraldo, "after having viewed Syracuse, we will return to Messina; and

then, with my mother's permission, we will go thither."

"Be it so," said Jeronimo.

When they left the ship and landed at Syracuse, how were they shocked and astonished to find nothing but ruins. "Here, as elsewhere," said Jeronimo, "we may remark the nothingness of man, and the instability of his works. This city, once so powerful! The people so warlike! The tyrants so formidable! The buildings so magnificent! What is become of them? For fifty years the two tyrants named Dionysius reigned in Syracuse. Of all their pride; of all their pomp; their palaces; their temples; what remains! Nought which may designate the use to which they have been put, except the extensive cave which served them for a prison. While their grandeur has passed away, the prison still remains a perpetual memorial of their tyranny and cruelty, to render for ever odious the character and the name of Dionysius!"

After having examined the curiosities of this fallen city, they again entered their little bark to return to Messina, passing along the same shores they had already passed in going. The same astonishment seized upon Geraldo. The ef-

fects of the eruptions of Etna are to be seen for nearly thirty miles, forming black promontories which extend into the sea, and defy its waves. While the sublime mountain continually emits its flames, and is a terrific spectacle to all around.

In passing Catania they recollected the unhappy Gabriel; and Geraldo fired a small gun which was on board, to betoken to the convent that he was near the port, though he could not hope to make himself heard, and was sure that he could not be understood.

The Marchioness, who had received several letters from her son and Jeronimo in the course of their short voyage, counted the hours, nay even the minutes til their arrival; for the wind being contrary they did not reach home at the time which they had fixed for their return.

When she saw them enter she sprang forward, and embracing Geraldo, she said, "Do I once more behold you!"

Geraldo had so much to tell his mother, that he talked nearly the whole night. The observations which he had made, and the maxims which he had imbibed, proved him to possess an excellent understanding, and a more excellent heart. He could hardly forbear saying how much he wished

to ascend to the top of Etna: but Jeronimo had told him to desist that he might not damp the pleasure of their return.

The next day the Marchioness herself led the way to the voyage of Palermo. To which place she said that she should prefer to retire, on account of some friends whom she hoped to find there, who had like her selected that city for their retreat. Then it was that Geraldo requested her to allow him to visit Etna. "We will talk of it at Palermo," she replied; "do not so quickly leave me again alone."

He was somewhat disappointed by his mother's answer; but Jeronimo said to him, "it will be easier to ascend the other side."

Before her departure, the Marchioness wished to visit the grave of her husband: Jeronimo could not dissuade her.

She wished to go unobserved by the Messinians, and proposed to go at the dawn of day; but the distance being great, Geraldo recommended that they should go during the night, in order to present themselves and offer up their prayers in the Madre Chiosa at the hour of matins. "You are in the right," said the Marchioness, "and we will go at the time you advise."

They waited to avail themselves of the full moon, which retarded the pious pilgrimage for several days. At length about eleven o'clock at night, the Marchioness, supported by her son and the venerable Jeronimo, began her march to visit the sepulchre of the Marquis, and bid an eternal farewell to the ashes of her beloved husband, who lay unknown far from his family, in a strange cemetry.

By order of Jeronimo, a plain monument of grey marble had been placed over his grave; on which was written the name of Montalbino, and the story of his death at sea, while flying with his family from the outrageous ferocity of the barbarians who despoiled Italy.

When the Marchioness reached the spot which contained the mouldering remains of him whom she had most loved on earth, she dropt on her knees, and offered up her prayers for her family, and for the husband whom she had lost for ever. Jeronimo withdrew with Geraldo, to give free scope to her tears and her orisons. Having long remained in prayer at the grave, she arose and sought her companions, who had joined their vows with hers. She spoke not; and they walked in melancholy silence toward the church, while the

bell summoned to matins. There they all three renewed their pious invocations, and then returned to Messina, comforted by their holy offerings.

Having gratified the tenderness and the grief of conjugal affection, and performed the sacred ceremonies of religion by their sad pilgrimage to the Madre Chiesa, they began to think of their departure. Again they ordered Anselmo to procure a felucca, and all being in readiness once more they committed themselves to the waves.

The Marchioness, on entering the vessel, felt all the bitterness of her grief return by the forcible recollection of the sufferings and the death of Montalbino. She watched her son as if she dreaded that he would not reach Palermo alive; and the voyage, though safe and beautiful, appeared to her painful and frightful. The felucca reached the port just as the sun sunk beneath the western wave, skirting the clouds with gold. The Marchioness was much fatigued by the voyage, therefore they retired immediately to the inn to enjoy the refreshment and the repose needful after being long on board.

As it was the intention of the unhappy widow of Montalbino to fix her residence at Palermo, Jeronimo provided such apartments for her as

were suitable to her real rank, and at the same time fit for the state to which the misfortunes of her country had reduced her.

Although they came from the luxuriant vicinity of Naples, and had been accustomed to the sublime view of that beautiful part of Italy, they were astonished at the uncommon fertility, and the striking objects which mark the country about Palermo. Rugged romantic hills, woods and groves, gardens and orchards in pleasing succession delight the eye: and the profusion of aromatic shrubs which grow every where by the road side, charmed even Italians. Nature here diffuses her bounties with a lavish hand. The encrease of the harvest outstrips the labourer's hopes, and one year's produce is a rich supply for many. The superabundance of Sicilian fruits supplies half Europe with delicious delicacies. The oranges, lemons, bergamots, figs, almonds, and nuts which deck the tables of northern epicures gain in the genial south their luscious flavours: and the honey-yielding flowers feed the industrious bees with the purest sweets.

The city itself is beautiful. The streets are handsome, and adorned with many elegant buildings; and the pomp, the parade, the pride, and

the revelry of the inhabitants would lead one to suppose that Luxury had here erected her throne, and established her dominion.

The feelings of the Marchioness did not accord with the surrounding scene; she retired from the sound of joy, and shunned the house of festivity. Yet she sought not to check the ardour of her boy, nor to restrain the pursuits of his amusements; she therefore soon gave her consent to the proposed journey to Mount Etna, and saw him depart with Jeronimo without betraying her regret.

The intermixture of barren rocks and roads formed by the lava of the mountain, by diversifying the scene made the beauty of the cultivated parts of their journey appear more lovely; and the difficulties they encountered endeared the pleasures they enjoyed.

After a long and tedious journey of many days, which they performed on mules, they reached that part of the mountain whence they could climb the steep ascent.

Those who have visited Mount Etna commonly divide it into three distinct parts, which they denominate regions. The ascent of the lower region is very gentle. The destructive lava spreads its sterile hardness in extensive fields, intermixed with which, the harvests wave their plenty, the

fruit trees blossom, and the gayest flowers display their various hues, and perfume the air; and scattered round the base and up the sides are many villages, where the fearless peasant dwells in peace, unconscious that the fiery torrent may destroy his cottage, and heedless that the volcano smokes above him, and roars beneath his habitation.

The second is called the woody region. In it grow cork trees, ever-green oaks, and chesnuts; with a variety of other trees useful as well as beautiful; among which the warbling birds pour forth their native songs, and the wild game build their nests: here too the fawn skips playfully, and the stag ranges in freedom. The climate is changed. The sultry air which oppressed the two travellers as they proceeded through the lower region, now became cool and temperate. Here they halted by the advice of their guides, and beneath the spreading branches of the forest they opened a basket with which they had charged one of the attendants, and seated on the grass they refreshed themselves with a comfortable meal. They hung their basket with what remained upon one of the boughs, and proceeded toward the summit.

On quitting the woody region they found great difficulty in passing over the snow and ice, which

always surrounds the top. Snow which never melts, but accumulates for ages. Wonderful transition! The sun rose and scorched them with his ardent ray; and when he set, they were exposed to cold, keen as the sharp air which freezes in Siberia.

Having with extreme fatigue passed these heaps of everlasting ice, they began to climb up the great crater, which is in the form of a sugar loaf, and composed of the ashes which fall from the mouth of the volcano; and which are perpetually rising from its burning centre. They reached the summit in the darkness of the night, and the vivid flashes of fire appeared with double horror as they spread themselves in the deep gloom. They stood for a long time in silent awe, til the sun began to rise, and gradually enlightened the horizon with his orient beams. Then were their fatigues rewarded. The prospect they beheld appeared to be almost boundless. The vast expanse of the Mediterranean lay before them; they saw the whole extent of Sicily, and many of the neighbouring islands: and while standing on the brink of the sulphureous gulf on the utmost point of Etna, they beheld the fiery summits of Strombolo and Volcano smoking under their feet.

After having long contemplated the varied

scene below him, Geraldo exclaimed "How wonderful! how awful! how sublime! How small in the scale of the universe is one country! what an atom in the mighty creation is man!" "Yet," said Jeronimo, "deck him with authority, and how great his power! How do his armies desolate the earth! How do his myrmidons destroy the people!"

The guides reminded them more than once that it was time they should descend, before they could quit a spot which filled them with such exceeding admiration. They found it more perilous to go down the cone of ashes than it had been to climb up, and the cold as they repassed the ice seemed more intense than in the night. Their return to the woody region was a matter of great joy, and the basket which still hung on the tree yielded them another plentiful regale. They sat a long time beneath the thick foliage, and then began to wander in the shade. They found many caverns wherein the peasants had collected the snow, and they quenched their thirst from the frozen store. In the cool of the evening they repassed the first region, and regaining the plain, pushed on their mules at their utmost speed, to reach the inn and seek the repose they needed after their toilsome march.

In order to see more of the island, Jeronimo returned to Palermo by a new road.

They had not been long at home, as the Marchioness had begun to call her new habitation, when one day their conversation was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Dilatranzo, the old nobleman who had been the first cause of the removal from Montalbino. His reception was melancholy; he knew not that the Marquis was no more. The dress of the Marchioness revealed to him the loss she had sustained, and he feared to name his friend, or to inquire for the absent Rosina. He looked at every one, silently imploring the information he was unwilling to request: but every tongue faltered when attempting to tell the fatal occurrences of their flight. At length the Marchioness said, "my Lord, the widow of Montalbino offers a mournful welcome to the friend of her husband." Dilatranzo took her hand, and dropped a tear as he bowed over it. "My son," she continued, "will supply the place of his father to all the world but me. Dutiful and amiable, dearer to my heart than all beside most valuable, he inherits his father's virtues: his honours are gone for ever!" She then spoke to Geraldo. "My son, receive as is befitting the friend of Montalbino; the friend of your father's father." She then made a graceful obeisance, and quitted the room.

It was the first time that Geraldo had been called upon to come forward as the head of his family: he was abashed by the unexpected appeal; which Jeronimo perceiving, he made himself known to Dilatranzo, who soon recognised the friend of his youth. Jeronimo then recounted all the sad events which had occurred since they left Italy, and informed him of their intention to remain in Sicily. Dilatranzo in return said that he had remained in Naples some time after the Marquis had embarked: that he had taken the first opportunity to retire secretly, and that he believed his old age had been his protection, and saved the few remaining days of his life: that when he arrived at Palermo, and could neither find his friend nor discover any traces of his proceedings, he began to be greatly alarmed lest he had been pursued and overtaken: that fearful of betraying him and his intentions, he had forborn his inquiries, and was much surprized when by chance he saw Geraldo in the street. "I came indeed," he continued, "to seek the Marquis, but I shall be happy if I can serve his son; and proud if three generations of Montalbino may call me friend. We know," said he, "how Italy has been betrayed, and overrun. Her new rulers wait but the favourable moment and Sicily will fall before them. I

therefore meant to have advised the Marquis to leave the island, while it can be done with safety. How willing his widow may be to quit these shores without a husband's care, I dare not presume to say. If you will undertake to speak my mind to her, or if you, young man, will offer my opinion to your mother, perhaps she will permit me to visit her again, and will give ear to those arrangements I should have proposed to your father. I will not now intrude upon her grief, but hereafter, with permission, I will offer my advice, to which the observations and experience of a long life may give some value." He then took his leave, and the Marchioness not returning to them at the supper hour, they separated for the night.

Dilatranzo frequently renewed his visits, and when at length the Marchioness heard his plans, and his arguments, she thought that he looked too far into the events of time; and she seemed determined to remain there where her husband was hastening when he expired in the vessel.

"The day must come," said the venerable Dilatranzo, "when tyrannical usurpation shall extend to this gay city, and the thoughtless inhabitants shall be trodden by the foot of the victor. Let us, while yet we may, peaceably quit Palermo.

Let us flee the strong pounced eagle, who pursues on daring wing, nor wait til we become his prey. The only place in Europe where we can be perfectly secure is England. Thither it is my intention to retire, and thither let me entreat you to accompany me. Rely on the fidelity of an old friend who boasts the long attachment of his family to yours. Believe me it is the only means to insure your own comfort, and to snatch your son from the inert obscurity wherein the heir of Montalbino must not linger." Dilatranzo knew the human heart. He was well aware that the interest of her son was the first and dearest solicitude of his mother: and when he found her resolution begin to waver, he entered fully into the plan he had formed for her future course, and strove to convince her how advantageous it would be for the welfare of Geraldo.

"I have," he said, "a sister who was married many years ago to a Spanish Nobleman near Antiquera; she has been long a widow, and resides with her son, who now occupies his father's castle. Ere I depart for ever from my native seas, I must visit her. With her I shall deposit the valuables which no longer gratify the pride or the vanity of their master. That last duty fulfilled, I shall seek the land of happiness and freedom, and bid an

everlasting farewell to the continent. My nephew waits impatiently for my arrival at Antiquera, and I am equally impatient to depart; I stay but your determination. If you are resolutely fixed to remain til tyranny may spurn you, I shall have one other grief added to the many which embitter my latter days; but if the peace and safety which you will find in England, have any allurements which can induce you to remove, I will meet you at Gibraltar, and we will continue our voyage together."

It was a point of such delicate discussion that Jeronimo gave no opinion, which might influence the Marchioness in her election. The forlorn Aminta therefore remained so long undecided, that the day was at length fixed for the departure of her old friend, and she had not consented to quit Sicily. When Dilatranzo called on her to say that all was ready for his voyage, he brought with him a letter from his nephew, strongly inviting the Marchioness and her family to Spain. The wish Geraldo had to travel in different countries, induced him to urge his mother to accept the invitation, and her wish to indulge her son, induced her to accede to the plan proposed: but her unwillingness to depart was evident from her frequent delays. When no one plea for continuing

in Sicily remained, the consenting, though unconvinced Marchioness, went on board a vessel bound for Malaga, accompanied by her son, her adviser Dilatranzo, Jeronimo, and Anselmo.

When they reached Malaga they were met by Mr. Falkland, an English merchant, who had been long settled there, with whom they remained til they were sufficiently recovered to cross the high wild mountains beyond which is Antiquera. Dilatranzo's anxiety to see his sister hastened their departure; and when they reached the castle they were hospitably and magnificently received by Don Dunas Ximenes de Murviedro: but how great was Aminta's surprize to find that he was married to Laurentina Bergatelli, daughter to the most intimate visiter at Montalbino: a circumstance which Dilatranzo had kept secret. The Marchioness and her young Italian friend mutually rejoiced in meeting thus unexpectedly with each other: and when Aminta had told her sad tale, she requested from Laurentina the history of her adventures, which she related as follows.

"Few are the events which have attended my flight from my native land, and O how thankful am I, when I say that those few have been prosperous: yet, it was not without a sigh that I quitted the scenes of all my youthful joys, and the

peaceful abode of my childhood. It was not without a pang that I sailed from all my loved companions, perhaps never to behold them more: but, my sufferings were light when compared to those of my parents. They wept, not only over what they were compelled to quit, but they shed tears as they hung over me, unconscious if they might lead me to a place of safety. I will not dwell upon the subject; you also fled: you know how painful it is to say farewell to all, and to seek another country and another home.

"Not many days after you had quitted Montalbino, my father, my mother, and myself sailed from our delightful retreat near Portici. We went immediately to Palermo, where we remained five months. It happened at that time that Don Dunas was in that city, waiting the arrival of his uncle the Marquis di Dilatranzo. A vessel from Naples brought him to the shore, and he attended upon our landing. He afterward called on us to inquire concerning his relation. When he discovered that he was our good friend, his visits were frequent, and we became more and more intimate daily. When he beheld a noble family exiled, when he saw parents trembling for the fate of their child, and that child anxious for the happiness of those who gave her being, he felt

the generous sympathy of a truly benevolent heart; and while pity drew him to the dwelling of the unhappy, a tenderer feeling took possession of his bosom; and when his uncle Dilatranzo reached the shores of Sicily, he declared the passion which our intimacy had inspired, and with the full approbation of our families, we were united in the chapel of St. Rosalia. When the marriage ceremony was solemnized, my father blessed us at the foot of the altar, and after a short continuance in Palermo, I set sail for Spain with my husband Don Dunas Ximenes de Murviedro, accompanied by my dear father and mother. Here I have dwelt in happiness and peace, undisturbed by any care but the fate of Naples. My husband's mother, Donna Colomba, only sister to the Marquis di Dilatranzo, is a most amiable woman, and though long resident in Spain, had not forgotten the friends of her youth. 'May I,' she said, 'call the daughter of Francisco Bergatelli mine? Is the child of my dear Angelina the wife of my son? But, where is Dilatranzo? the kind brother who protected my childhood, and supplied the place of a father to my youth?' When we informed her that he had remained in Sicily, anxious for the fate of a friend, who like him had fled from Naples: 'Excellent Dilatranzo,' she exclaimed,

"faithful to every duty, he who rests on thy friendship, leans on a rock.' "

Nothing could have occurred which so much contributed to soothe the sorrow of the Marchioness, as the renewal of her friendship with the family of Bergatelli. Their mutual love of their country, and interest in its fate, together with their mutual exile, produced a sympathy which rendered their re-union a reciprocal blessing, and the happiness of Laurentina lessened the grief of Aminta: and she was easily prevailed on to prolong her stay in Spain beyond the time originally fixed for the voyage to England.

" Now we are in that part of the world," said Geraldo, " whence Don Gabriel is for ever banished, let us visit Castillo Pardo: let us as nearly as may be, retrace his steps, and gain the seat of his ancestors by the road he followed when he was betrayed."

It was always with reluctance that the Marchioness gave her consent when her son proposed an excursion, nevertheless she always acquiesced, and concealed as much as possible the fear with which she bade him farewell: and the day of his departure from the castle of Don Dunas, she strove with more exertion than usual to hide her anxiety; and she recommended him to the care of

Jeronimo, and the fidelity of Anselmo, with more firmness than she had ever before evinced.

"I will write to you every day," said Geraldo, "for as you know the route and the story of Don Gabriel, every circumstance will be important."

Though the travellers knew the succession of posts in going from place to place, they were unacquainted with the direct road; therefore Don Dunas added two of his domestics to the little company, and the young Marquis set off better attended than he had ever been since he quitted the plains of Montalbino.

To retrace the road, followed by the wretched Gabriel, was the chief object of the enthusiastic Geraldo. The curiosity of a traveller, which had hitherto been the stimulus of all his journeys, now gave place to the melancholy wish of treading the very steps of the exiled monk. For that purpose they crossed Grenada, entered Mercia, and proceeded to Carthagena.

"It was to Carthagena," said Geraldo, "they sent the Africans taken by the Santa-Cruz. Let us view their sufferings, that we may understand the sorrows of Gabriel."

When they reached the place of bondage, Geraldo and his companion were shocked at the misery which they beheld. Half cloathed, the

over-laboured slaves sweated beneath the heat of noon, and lay exposed to the chilling air of night. Chained together, or to the oar, they toiled perpetually, without friends to cheer or comfort their calamity.

"O! of all the most unhappy," exclaimed Geraldo, "how may we alleviate their wretchedness?"

"Alas!" replied Jeronimo, "alleviation is not in our power. Their sufferings never can be mitigated til they are free: and who can pay their ransom! As Gabriel emphatically expressed it, *their torments are extreme, for they are without hope.*"

They turned from this sad scene of woe, and travelled on to Alicant, where Fabian had succeeded Vasco. They then proceeded to Valencia, where they purposed to remain some time to refresh themselves after the expeditious manner in which they had thus far proceeded.

"Here it was," Geraldo observed, "the Marquis of Castillo Pardo had embarked for Sicily: here he bade adieu for ever to his native land, and like us, the exiled family of Montalbino, sighed a sad farewell to the companions of his happier hours, and quitted the shores of his ancestors!"

According to the custom which he usually adopted, Jeronimo introduced himself and the companions of his journey, to the superior of the most esteemed convent in the town; to whom his sacred character was always a sufficient introduction.

They had partaken of the frugal hospitality of the fathers, and had retired to the humble cells of the convent, when they were disturbed by the groans of a person who seemed to be in great agony. Geraldo rose, quitted his gloomy chamber, and called loudly on Jeronimo. Scarcely had he uttered his name, when a loud ringing at the outward gate alarmed the whole fraternity. The superior ordered two monks to inquire into the business, who returned aghast, saying that they feared there had been murder. They were followed by two men leading a third. His garments were stained with blood, and pale was his squalid visage.

"Who is it you thus bear?" said Father Iago the superior.

"Our master, who is, I fear, wounded to death."

"Who is your master?" asked Iago.

"O! I am a wretch caught in my own toils! a miserable sinner, slain by own hireling. O! there is, there is a Power which overtakes the guilty;

and retributive justice measures to us by the measure with which we mete."

He was proceeding when a repetition of the groans which had aroused Geraldo, made them all start.

"There is more mischief," said Iago.

The monks went again to the gate, and there found a miserable and expiring man convulsed by the agonies of approaching death. They raised him from the earth, and bore him in: and led him to the wounded stranger, who had fallen from the supporting arms of his domestics, and lay extended on the floor. At the sight of each both started.

"Are you not he," said the elder of the servants, "who hath slain our master?"

The expiring man raised his sunken eyes, and faintly said, "I am."

"Bring restoratives," said the superior, "and let this matter be explained."

"It is too late," replied the sufferer. "I die. O! I die in the full commission of my crimes. O Father! O ye reverend Monks! quickly pray for my departing soul! O invocate for mercy! O save me! save me!"

It was with violent struggles that he uttered these few words: but here his speech failed,

though sensibility continued to make his end more wretched. The ghastly terrors of despair were marked in strong characters upon his distorted countenance, and the last groan he uttered pierced the hearts of all; chiefly of the man who, wounded, lay beside him.

"Stay—stay, Fabian!" he exclaimed. "Stay—speak!"—He seized his dead hand and shook it with all the strength that he could muster. It was in vain. Death mocked him, and all that remained for earthly observation was a senseless clod.

"Fabian!" reiterated Geraldo. "Fabian! the murderer of Don Matthias!"

"Who names Matthias? who knew the Marquis?" said the wounded stranger. Surprize, terror, and dismay kept all silent. "Speak," he continued, "who is he who named Matthias?"

Jeronimo, recovering from his astonishment, came forward. "If I may venture to surmise on circumstances," he said, "you, miserable wounded man! are Roderigo de Castillo Pardo."

"Aye," he replied.

"Wounded, it seems," continued Jeronimo, "by the same hand you hired to slay your brother."

"Aye, aye: even so. I gave my gold to purchase death; and now I yield my life to save my

gold. The wretch whose poverty I paid, whose wants I bribed to execute my crimes, by crimes led on again to want, demanded further pay. Refusal brought on threats. 'Relieve me, instantly relieve me,' said he, 'or I will reveal your guilt.' To save my fame; to skreen my guilt from the world's knowledge, I drew my sword, and thrust it to the hilt in his base heart. With a convulsive grasp he seized my arm, and pulled me to him. He plunged a dagger in my breast, and said, 'It was with this I murdered Don Matthias: it is poisoned, and has done its duty.' Beneath these walls I left him, and walking from him, fell from loss of blood. My servants who had waited near our place of parley, ran to my assistance, and brought me here. Now ye sacred ministers of consolation, soothe me; cleanse me! make me whole!"

Jeronimo took his hand. "Don Roderigo," he said, "small I fear is the consolation you now are fit to prove. In the few remaining painful moments of a wicked life, atonement is beyond your reach. Yet, we banish despair even from the bed of death: and presume to bid repentance hope at the last hour: But though the voice of comfort, and our holy unction may assuage your pangs, you cannot now atone unto the injured. Matthias

cannot be recalled from the mouldering tomb; nor Gabriel from the convent where he pines."

"Doth Gabriel live!" He sprang forward with such eagerness to hear his nephew lived, that a copious stream of blood gushed from his wound. His soul issued with it.——He fell prone, and breathed no more.

The exceeding consternation of the monks was such, that they stood gazing on the breathless bodies which lay extended at their feet in silent awe. To them the short confession they had made was unintelligible. In their still retirement they knew not the Marquis. They had never heard of Castillo Pardo: but Jeronimo, who from Don Gabriel, knew the story of their various crimes, said, "Father Iago, I marvel not that you, and these surrounding holy men are struck with horror at this spectacle. Two murderers, murdered by each other! Their implicated guilt is so involved in mutual crime, that each may be denominated the avenger of the other. I am acquainted with the story of the Marquis, and the fate of Castillo Pardo. To your astonished ears I will relate the tale. You therein will observe that riches cannot make their owner happy, if they be gained by crime. O tempting gold! alluring greatness! Wherefore do ye dazzle to betray? To gain

you, Roderigo shrunk not when a brother died, nor when a nephew perished! Surely his coronet was lined with thorns! his bloody robes were like the shirt of Nessus! His widow shall lament that she ever was his wife: and his sons shall blush to own their father!"

"Alas! good Sir," replied the elder of the servants, "you are not yet acquainted with the sorrows of the wretched Marquis. His wife, who was the only thing on earth he seemed to love, was suddenly torn from him. As they sat together in the garden, the hand of death arrested her. 'I am sick at heart,' she cried, and fell a corse. From that hour he never has known peace. Suspicion that she was poisoned took possession of his mind; and fear that he should share her fate, haunted him night and day. His sons are also dead——By violent deaths both died——The eldest fell from his mule on the summit of a high rock, and in his father's sight was dashed to pieces as he went headlong to the depth below. More dreadful still! the youngest, whom he had named Matthias, he shot with his own hand by the unexpected discharge of a loaded blunderbuss which he was conveying to his carriage, and shivered his head into a thousand atoms."

Geraldo, who had stood a terrified and silent

auditor, suddenly exclaimed, " blood will have blood! Punishment and vengeance ever will pursue the guilty; though often in the punishment the innocent receive their doom!——O! ye hapless children of a wicked sire, so early snatched from all your honors, ye are thereby spared the pain of this transcendent woe! Ye have unpolluted passed to bliss, freed from your father's crime! O Jeronimo," he continued, " how proudly may I name my father! How fondly boast, I am the son of Montalbino!"

He paused——All were again silent——At length the superior said, " let such ceremonies as are allowed be performed, and let us all join in prayers for the departed."

The attending monks bowed in silent obeisance, and the bodies were borne in. The dreadful catastrophe they had witnessed so powerfully seized the feelings of all whom the alarm had assembled, that after the performance of the midnight orisons, and prayers for the dead, they returned to the refectory, unable again to seek their cells. Jeronimo communicated to Iago and his brethren the story he had heard from Gabriel, and said, " O that through the world it were proclaimed, that all might know how incompatible are happiness and guilt. Although each

criminal doth not always find like Roderigo his punishment in the very way he sinned, yet will it ever be equivalent, ever commensurate to his offence. Greatness thus gained, although it reach a throne; riches thus acquired, although *beyond the power of numbers to compute,* shall ever bring a sting, whose venom shall corrode the joy of their possession!"

Geraldo wrote to his mother, giving an account of the sad events which had occurred in the monastery, and requesting that information might be sent to the unfortunate monk in Sicily of the unhappy end of his enemies.

The kind, the excellent Dilatranzo, who never thought that he had fulfilled his duty while one good act remained to be performed, undertook the voyage to Catania.

On his arrival at the monastery, where the Marquis de Castillo Pardo, under the humble name of Gonsalvez de Toledo, had for many years shrouded himself and concealed his woes, he sought an audience with Spisani, to whom he communicated the scene of death which had occurred at Valencia, and requested him to make the sad events known to the much injured Gabriel. The aged father clasped his hands, and pressed them to his bosom, and stood silent many minutes; then turning his

eyes toward a figure of the tutelary saint of his society, as if renewing his invocations for protection, he exclaimed, "It is ever thus. The end of the wicked cannot be in peace! Where the dagger of the assassin slays not the body, the stings of conscience, which convulse the mind, pierce with a tenfold sharpness. The terrors of despair! The agonies of remorse! O! who can endure."

The heart of Gabriel had been so softened by sorrow, that when he heard the dreadful fate of his uncle he burst into tears. Let no one call him weak. He contemplated a relation lost to affection, a nobleman lost to honor, and a human being expiring without hope. Exquisite tribulation!

Having recovered his composure, he spoke on his present situation and future determinations in the following words: "I am, by the vows I have taken, excluded from the world, and debarred of domestic joy. In exile and in slavery my youth has passed unknown, and my old age shall be childless. I shall perish from the face of the earth; no son shall build my name! Let then the castle of my ancestors be kept up for my distant heirs; let the vassals of my father remain in happiness on the domain, and let the rents during my life be remitted to this convent wherein I shall die. The sight of Castillo Pardo would awaken regret,

therefore I will not visit it. My native groves would renew my grief, therefore never will I walk beneath their shade."

The fate of Don Roderigo, and the determination of Don Gabriel to remain in Sicily, repressed in the travellers all desire to visit Castillo Pardo, and therefore, after a few excursions in the neighbourhood of Valencia, round which the fertile country appears like one continued garden, they bade farewell to the holy fathers, who had received them so kindly, and returned to the mansion of Don Dunas, where the Marchioness of Montalbino awaited anxiously the arrival of her son.

The magnificent hospitality of the Lord of the castle, and the tender assiduity of Laurentina, did not however prevent the voyage to England.

Dilatranzo took an affectionate leave of his sister, and Aminta tore herself from the embraces of the friends of her native Italy: while Geraldo, with the ardour of youthful hope, looked forward to the shores of Albion, to the sea-girt land of freedom.

At Malaga they were again received by the English merchant, Mr. Falkland, and they remained at his house awaiting the return of a vessel to Falmouth, in which he meant to accompany them.

All being at length arranged, Dilatranzo, the Marchioness and her son, attended by the veneable Jeronimo, and their faithful old domestic Anselmo, went with Mr. Falkland on board The Enterprize, and once more launched on the Mediterranean waves. When they had passed the strait of Gibraltar, the Marchioness felt that she had indeed abandoned her own home. Though she had long been exiled from her native plains, the countries she had visited were washed by the same sea; but when she entered the Atlantic, she left all affinity to Italy, and the expansive watery waste seemed, like her own hopes, without a spot to rest on.

Favourable winds brought them expeditiously to Falmouth. They arrived there during the night, and when they went on shore next morning it was high water. When the tide ebbed, and the sands were left dry, the astonishment of Geraldo was exceeding great. For ever accustomed to behold the full waters of the Mediterranean sea, retiring waves were what he could not imagine, and to pursue the water as it left the shore, and stand on the shallow margin, seemed almost to realize the tales of old, and to give existence to the playful Nereides.

To the natives of luxuriant Italy, the county of

Cornwall, devoid of trees and hedges, was an unfortunate introduction to England. A barren country, a foggy atmosphere, and a rough miner, gave them an idea of desolation and ferocity; but as they travelled on, by the softer scenes and milder climate of Devonshire, where the apple trees were in full blossom, and the unsheltered myrtle flourished in every cottage garden, they were reminded of the genial South.

The pride which glowed in the breast of Mr. Falkland, and the satisfaction with which he introduced his guests to the dock at Plymouth, recommended him strongly to the respect and esteem of Jeronimo. Geraldo was too young to appreciate his honest character, and transferred all his admiration to the full harbour and the busy yard.

Mr. Falkland, who had many commercial concerns to arrange, was thereby compelled to deviate from the direct road, and to travel by a circuitous rout. Among the places to which he was necessitated to go, was Weymouth: and his health having materially suffered by a long residence in Spain, he was desirous to enjoy the benefit of sea-bathing, and proposed to his companions that they should remain for that purpose on this pleasant part of the coast. They readily acquiesced; and Geraldo was much gratified by being allowed

to ramble on the shores and cliffs, and delighted to range at large.

One day as he was walking on the esplanade, he was agreeably amused by the sound of a pianoforte and a harp in the drawing room of one of the houses. Ever fond of music, he loitered under the window listening to the sweet sounds, til the harp alone played the air which he and Rosina had sung to their mother in the orange bower on the morning of the last festive day at Montalbino. His heart instantly throbbed as though it would have burst his bosom. He flew to the door at which he rapped violently. When the servant opened it, without asking any questions, he rushed by him, and ran up stairs, exclaiming, "O the harp, the harp! the song, the song!" He burst into the room, where, in the minstrel who had awakened the tenderest emotions of his soul, he beheld the long lost object of regret, his dear beloved sister. He clasped her in his arms, and while he pressed her forcibly to his bosom, hung over her in silence.

She clung to his breast with rapture, and at length said, "my beloved Geraldo, how I rejoice to see you—so unexpected! so long deplored! Where is my father? Where is my mother?

"Rosina," he replied, "our mother is in

Weymouth: but our father"——He could not proceed.

"What of our father!" she exclaimed.

"My sweet sister! must I embitter the joy of our meeting by the melancholy recital of our father's death!"

She threw herself a second time on the bosom of her brother, and burst into tears.

In the room whereinto Geraldo had so unceremoniously entered, there were seated a gentleman and lady, and a young girl, their daughter. They had remained silent spectators of this scene, unwilling to interrupt the rapture of the meeting. The lady now rose, and taking Rosina's hand said, "my child, do not give way to grief. Remember it is the melancholy lot of all to lose their friends. Be thankful that one parent is yet spared."

Rosina raised her head, looked mournfully at the speaker, and then sunk again on her brother's bosom. "Lead me, O lead me to my mother," she said.

"Let us go together," said Geraldo.

"You shall," said Lady Lacy. "Do not, however, precipitate yourself too suddenly into your mother's presence. Let your brother announce your arrival: and, young gentleman, do it tenderly. I will shortly follow, and I trust that

this meeting will restore happiness to your family."

Geraldo took his sister's hand, and they walked to the residence of the Marchioness. They agreed that she should remain in the anti-chamber, while he prepared his mother to receive her long lost child. Accordingly, on their arrival, he entered his mother's apartment alone. He stood before her, not knowing how to communicate the glad tidings which he brought. At length he said, "My dear mother, I think I have met with an adventure this morning which will greatly soothe your sorrows."

"Alas!" said his mother, "the only joy I have on earth, centres in you. What gives you pleasure, cheers for a moment; but my sorrow can never be soothed: for never shall I behold my husband, never shall I find my child."

Geraldo asked, "would you be glad to find her?"

The Marchioness looked earnestly at him and heaved a deep sigh.

"What would you give to him," he continued, "who should lead her to your presence?"

"My life, if he demanded it," replied the Marchioness.

Geraldo was alarmed by her emotion; he sprang

suddenly to the door; the eyes of the Marchioness followed him. "Mother," he said, be firm: meet joy without perturbation." So saying, he rushed forward and led in his sister. He had been somewhat aukward and embarrassed in what he had said to his mother, yet he had in a small degree anticipated the recovery of Rosina: nevertheless, when she appeared, the Marchioness was so overcome that she stood motionless. When her exceeding surprize had subsided, she clasped her child to her heart, and in accents of enthusiastic joy exclaimed, "My girl! my daughter! my delight! saved, preserved, restored!"

While she thus hung in rapture over her child, Dilatranzo and Jeronimo entered the apartment, Before Rosina could be made known, Lady Lacy arrived. When she was announced, Rosina led her to her mother, and said, "My dear mother, to the kindness, the care, and the benevolence of this excellent lady, I am indebted for all the comfort I have enjoyed since the miserable night when our bark was wrecked upon the rocks of Ischia: but for her I had been forlorn and helpless.

The Marchioness advanced to Lady Lacy, "Madam," she said; but unable to proceed, she

pressed the hand of her child's guardian to her heart, and bent forward in silence.

"Another time shall serve for explanations," said Lady Lacy.

The conversation was broken and abrupt; no one was able to pay attention to any thing but Rosina. After a very short visit, Lady Lacy took her leave, saying, that she would soon return. The Marchioness retained her daughter, for neither was willing to be again separated.

Lady Lacy was well aware, that her visits would just now be intrusive; and therefore, although she had said that she would soon return, she forbore to do so untill she thought that an interchange of communication might have satisfied the impatient inquiries of them both.

The anxious desire each had to be informed of the various calamities which had befallen them since their departure from Montalbino, prevented them from being able to go on with any continued conversation: but when their mutual emotion was somewhat calmed, and some few hurried questions on both sides had been answered, Rosina, at the request of her mother and of all the friendly party, recounted her adventures as follows:

"You can well remember that wretched night on which we had for ever bidden adieu to Montal-

bino, how the thunder roared, and how the wind blew upon our little bark. You also can remember when she struck upon the rocks, and we were thrown upon the isle of Ischia: but you know not, O my mother! the agony which rent my heart when I thought that the pitiless sea had overwhelmed all those whom I had ever loved, and spared me in cruel mercy. Spared me to weep forlorn, an unprotected orphan, driven from my native plains, from Italy, from Montalbino.

"The tempest died away; the morning rose, and I awoke in the small boat of a fisherman. I lay extended at the bottom, and a little boy was watching over me. When I looked up, with artless joy he exclaimed, 'O Lorenzo, she is alive!' So saying, dear innocent child, he encircled me with his gentle arms, and wept upon my bosom. At the call, Lorenzo came toward me. 'Young lady,' he said, 'you have had a narrow escape. We found you floating among the breakers; and almost fearing that you were dead, we took you into our boat. The night has been too rough for us to tend you duly. For many hours you lay unheeded; while all our care was how to keep our bark afloat. At the first dawn, when the turmoil ceased, Lucio took his seat beside you, watch-

ing when you should revive.' Here the child took my hand, and began to sing the matin hymn, in which he was instantly joined by Lorenzo. I strove to add my voice to theirs, but my tongue denied its office, and my heart in silence offered up its praises for returning day. When the hymn was ended, I asked whither we were going? 'To Naples,' said Lorenzo. 'O do not go to Naples,' I exclaimed, 'do not go to Naples!' 'Not go to Naples, Lady! we live there,' said Lorenzo, 'with our good old father Carlo, and our mother Fioretta.' 'O,' I said, 'seek the rock, on which my father has been wrecked, that I may be restored to him and to my mother.' 'It cannot be,' said Lorenzo, 'we must go home; my father and Fioretta will be uneasy if we do not return. I and this manikin are all the children they have, and they cannot go on without us.' 'Aye,' said little Lucio, 'we must indeed go home, but after that we will go to the rock. Shall we not, Lorenzo?' 'That as hereafter may suit,' he replied. Alas! it never suited. When I reached Naples, what a change! Scourged by a cruel conqueror, and a victorious army, massacres and all the savage devastations of inhuman war despoiled our devoted city. The lowliness of the aged Carlo was his protection; and in his cabin I found a

humble place of refuge. None of the valuables which you had contrived to take from Montalbino were about my person, and I had very little money.' When I produced my last ducat, and said I had no more; 'Poor child!' said the benevolent old man, 'these are not times to turn your youth adrift: stay and share our pittance: but wear our humble garb, it will be a security.' Part of the ducat purchased me a jacket fit for their station, and I remained with them a month: during which time I never dared to seek the path which led to Montalbino. I never revealed to Carlo who I was. He only knew me by my name Rosina: and the generous old man never inquired farther.

"One day as I was walking near the sea with Lucio, a gentleman looking at me with extreme surprizé, said, 'Rosina!' Unwilling to betray myself or my kind host, I hastily passed on: but he put his hand on my shoulder, and again said, 'Rosina! Thus disguised! Where is the Marquis? where the Marchioness of Montalbino?' 'O lost! for ever lost!' I answered, 'sunk beneath the stormy waves.' I had scarcely replied, when a lady approached us, to whom he said, 'Behold, Lady Lacy, in this child behold one instance among thousands, of the

dreadful state of Naples. This child, the daughter of a nobleman, trained up in affluence and splendour, now bereft of her parents, and disguised among the peasantry.' It was the Signor Rubino di Ruperati who was speaking. 'My family dispersed like hers,' he continued, 'affords no shelter to the wretched. Like her I walk about these unfrequented quarters, seeking the moment when I may flee away.' 'That moment is at hand,' said Lady Lacy. 'We have by means of gold bribed one in power to favour our escape, and this night we sail for Sicily. I am, by Sir Richard's desire, seeking you, in order to inform you that all is fixed, to the end that you may, according to our plan, go with us as our servant.'

"It was to Sicily, I said, that we were sailing when we were cast away: when our vessel struck against a rock, and all on board, except myself, found death beneath the waves near Ischia. I have been saved by the brother of the boy now playing on the margin, and dipping his little hands into the sea. Beneath the hospitable roof of their venerable father I have been sheltered; but, O! I continued, bursting into tears, I hang a heavy clog upon his poverty, for I cannot pay his bounty. I have no means of remuneration! I hung on the arm of Ruperati: I seized the hand of Lady Lacy.

In silent agony I pulled her to me. 'I feel,' she said, 'the strong appeal. Bring her with you, Ruperati; she shall go with us to Palermo. Inform your host of what has chanced,' she said to me, 'and trust yourself to the care of my friend.' I called Lucio from his childish sport, and hastily catching his hand, I ran, I almost flew to Carlo. Signor Ruperati followed me: we explained what had occurred to the good old man; who, blessing the name of his tutelary saint, gave me his benediction; and putting a rosary into my hand, said, 'Accept this small token of my affection for you, and when you tell the beads, think of Carlo and Fioretta, and offer up a prayer for them, and for the boys who saved your life.'"

Here Rosina opened a small box, which contained the old man's gift, and presenting it to her mother, said, "more highly do I prize this holy token than if it were a string of pearls."

"I will tell them at vespers," said the Marchioness, retaining the beads; "a mother's prayers shall draw a double blessing on the hoary head which craved a prayer from you."

"My separation from my charitable hosts," continued Rosina, "was very painful to me; and I bade a sorrowful farewell to Carlo and the gentle Fioretta, to Lorenzo, and to little Lucio,

who clung round me, and said that I should never go away.

"All being arranged, I launched once more upon the sea, and in the silent hour of night, I sailed a second time from the beloved shores of Italy. The moon shone in silver brightness, and the stars glittered in the cloudless sky. O! I almost wished another storm would carry us again to Ischia, that, if I did not find you living, I might mourn you dead upon the spot where you had died: But no—a breeze gentle as summer wafted us forward; no sound interrupting the fearful anxiety which kept all hush.

"When we reached Palermo, Signor Ruperati, pining for the friends whom he had left, became so ill that he declined accompanying us to England, saying that he did not know til he had quitted them, what it was to leave his family; and that he would return and share their fate, though it should be the block. As soon as he found himself able to undertake the voyage back to Naples, he bade us all adieu, and among the numbers who fell victims to the lawless innovators of our country, lost his life.

"We remained in Sicily til April, and during our abode there, notwithstanding the various allurements of Palermo, the first wish of my benc-

factors, was to see their native home; for dear as Italy and Montalbino were to me, so dear were Harefield and England to Sir Richard and Lady Lacy. Yet, freed from apprehension, they entered into all the gaiety of that luxurious city. I could not mingle in the cheerful scene; nor share the joy of safety: my aching heart still sighed for Ischia: and the rocks on which I thought you had perished were dearer to me than the gay court, where nought was heard but revelry."

"Our detention on those rocks," observed Geraldo, "prevented us from meeting you in Sicily. For all the wintry months which kept Sir Richard and his Lady from their country, we passed in grief where we had been wrecked: and when they upon the wings of hope were seeking comfort and happiness with the domestic circle which awaited them, we landed in the depth of wretchedness and woe, to deposit in an unknown grave the cold remains of our dear father: and we remained in Messina til you had sailed for England."

This sudden recurrence to the loss they had so long deplored, checked Rosina in her tale. After a pause, Jeronimo said, "Had you a prosperous voyage?"

"Most prosperous," she replied. "In any

other circumstances I should have thought it charming: But, absorbed in grief, the sea, the sky, the busy mariner, and the kind friend, were all unheeded, and one continued sadness made all around me noxious."

Again she became silent, and Jeronimo, desirous to lead her back to her adventures, said, "How long were you on the seas?"

"We reached England," she replied, "in the month of June. We landed at Falmouth, and posted on to Exeter, where by appointment we were met by their only daughter, the lovely, the amiable Eliza Lacy, who had been left at home under the care, and at the particular desire of her grandmother, the Lady Viscountess Doringdale."

"The Lady Viscountess Doringdale!" exclaimed Dilatranzo, starting from his seat. "Lady Doringdale!" repeated he, pacing the room. Then, turning to Rosina, "I beg pardon he said for my interruption," and instantly quitted the company.

This sudden break again stopt Rosina's tale. Jeronimo said to her, "Rosina, you struck a chord which, I should have thought, had long ceased to vibrate. How many years have passed away since Lady Doringdale, in the pride of beauty's bloom, captivated the heart of Dilatranzo. It was his fate in early life to accompany the Ambas-

sador from Naples to the court of England. The boast of all the fair was Emma Woodville. The boast of Italy was Dilatranzo. He saw, he loved: he sued and was rejected. The summit of her father's high ambition was an English peer; and Emma's beauty gained one. She shone in splendour, she lived in luxury, she paraded in pomp, she sighed in secret. Lady Doringdale, the envy of half the court, insensible to all the state around her, found not the joy in greatness which her father sought: but dutiful to him and to her lord, without repining she submitted to her exaltation, and forbore from seeing Dilatranzo more. He quitted England, and since that time they have never met. To be so unexpectedly brought acquainted with her family, has, you perceive, renewed feelings which he thought he had overcome. Let us spare him on the subject, and unless he advert to it, never let it be mentioned."

The Marchioness acquiesced in the propriety of Jeronimo's injunctions, and said to Rosina, "As all you have now to recount must be connected with Lady Doringdale and her family, go on during his absence."

"I have not much more to tell you," said Rosina. "From Exeter we travelled without delay til we reached the dwelling of the Viscountess, not

far from the ancient city of Winchester. There we remained til Christmas, when we went to Sir Richard's mansion in the neighbourhood of Harefield, a village not far from the metropolis, the celebrated city of London. I cannot find words which may express to you, the kindness I have experienced from the excellent family under whose care I had almost learned to forget the sorrows I had known. After you, no one is so amiable as Lady Lacy, none so estimable as Lady Doringdale; and in my dear Eliza I shall present to you the best pattern of female loveliness, and the brightest example of female perfection. Sir Richard Lacy you will find a most valuable character, and I shall have infinite satisfaction in introducing Geraldo to a friend who has treated me with a degree of affection equal to that of a father It is much the custom of the English gentry to frequent, in the summer, places of public resort: no other inducement brought us to Weymouth. Perhaps an over-ruling destiny made the election as a means of restoring me to my beloved mother, and my dear Geraldo." So saying, she threw herself into her mother's arms, who pressing her to her bosom, dropt a tear as she folded her to her heart.

"Now I have recounted all my sad distresses

after the wreck, and my happiness since I reached England, let me, my dear mother, hear your adventures since our separation."

"My child," replied the Marchioness, "the various misfortunes of our disastrous flight from Montalbino, are more than I can relate. My illness and your father's death you know already. The detail Geraldo will inform you."

"At some future period," said he, "as we walk together, I will tell you every circumstance that has occurred: but at present I would rather hear you speak. I long to know more about the good old Carlo, and the pretty little boy Lucio."

"I can only tell you," said Rosina, "that they were people of the simplest manners: that they gained their livelihood by fishing, and were more industrious than the generality of that occupation: and that they never joined with their riotous brethren, who added to the horrors of invasion by the violence of domestic outrage."

When Lady Lacy fulfilled the promise she had made of returning to visit the Marchioness, Dilatranzo could not meet her without emotions which surprized her exceedingly. At length he said with some hesitation, "I understand, Lady Lacy, that you are the daughter of

Lady Doringdale; did you ever hear her name the Marquis di Dilatranzo?"

"Never," said Lady Lacy.

He was somewhat astounded by her laconic reply. "Will you have the goodness," he said, "when you write the account of the accidental meeting with Rosina's family, to say that one of its oldest friends is among the Neapolitans who have accompanied the widow and the heir of Montalbino to England; and say that oldest friend is Dilatranzo. Ask if he may presume to appear before her. If not, far be it from me to intrude."

"I will obey you, Sir," replied Lady Lacy.

No more was at that time said; the conversation became general, and rambled from subject to subject til they separated.

Some days after Lady Lacy called again, and said that "she had written to her mother, giving an account of the various circumstances which had occurred; and I have been desired," she continued, "to request that all the party will visit High Place with me. You, Sir," she said, turning abruptly to Dilatranzo, "are particularly included. She has not forgotten, she says, your appearance at the English court. In the lapse of years which, since that period, have rolled away, the changes which have taken place in her family,

have effaced the feelings, the hopes, and the disappointments of earlier life, and she begs me to assure you that she shall ever retain a sincere friendship for one who always held a high place in her esteem."

"There are," said Dilatranzo, "no friendships, no intimacies so dear to the heart as those formed in our youth, when hope is lively, imagination warm, and affection ardent. No time, no absence, no change of place or situation can obliterate them. They cling to life; nay, they are a part of existence; and the fond remembrance of them, though oftentimes accompanied by severe regret, constitutes the most pleasing solace which our old age can enjoy." "How incumbent then is it on the young," said Jeronimo, "to be careful in the choice they make of companions, that virtuous habits may be gained by virtuous examples, and that the blandishments of the worthless may not lead them into snares. So shall the understanding of ripor years sanction the election of youth, and the reflexions of old age be unembittered by remorse." "I believe," said Dilatranzo, "that I have so selected, and I trust that I may venture to assert that so unembittered are my reflexions."

"It is our intention," said Lady Lacy, resuming the first subject of the conversation, "to quit

Weymouth in the course of a week; may I hope in the interim to see you, Madam, and your son and daughter, and all this friendly circle at our house on the Esplanade?" "Since the miserable day on which I became a widow," replied the Marchioness, "I have withdrawn myself from social intercourse, and from scenes of mirth. To refuse an invitation from you, who have supplied my place to my child, may perhaps appear ungrateful, and subject me to the suspicion, of not having a due sense of your great and almost unparalleled kindness. Impute not to me such insensibility. In a strange country, with whose customs I am unacquainted; and while still arrayed in the garb which marks my state, I cannot mingle in society to which I am unknown, without reverting so acutely to that which I have lost for ever, as to become painful: therefore for the present spare me from the external forms of acknowledgment, resting assured that your benevolence is registered in my heart, where it will remain til it ceases to throb in my bosom." "I will not urge my suit," said Lady Lacy. "May I be permitted to bring Sir Richard to pay his respects, and to introduce him to your son?" "I shall be happy and proud to receive him," said the Marchioness. "O!" said Geraldo, "there is nothing

in the world that will give me so much pleasure." Sir Richard accompanied his lady the next day. Geraldo flew impatiently to meet him, took his hand, and expressed such infinite delight in seeing him, that all introduction was unnecessary, for, Sir Richard, charmed with the youth's ardour, already felt that he was Rosina's brother.

Rosina then introduced her young friend Eliza to her mother; calling her the sister of her love. The Marchioness drew them toward her, and encircling them with her embrace, pressed them together to her bosom.

In the course of the morning their departure from Weymouth was arranged, and within a week the whole party accompanied Sir Richard and Lady Lacy to High Place; where they were introduced to the Dowager Lady Doringdale.

Notwithstanding the lapse of time, and the advance of years, Dilatranzo could not meet the object of his first affections without visible emotion. He felt how dear she had been to his heart, and he envied every one who had for so many years enjoyed the pleasure of her society; while he had lived unknown; and perhaps unthought of by her.

The Italian visitors remained at High Place a month, during which time the relation of one cir-

cumstance led to another, til at last the two old friends gave each other the history of their lives.

Lady Doringdale had little to communicate. She had married, when a very young woman, to gratify her father's ambition, who had considered nothing so little as his daughter's inclination. Her husband had lived but three years after their marriage, and she had since his death devoted her time to the care and education of her eldest child, the present Lady Lacy. Her youngest child was a boy, who while in arms had inherited his father's dignities and fortune; and was become an ornament to the high station he had thus early been called upon to fill. Since the marriage of her daughter she had retired to High Place, a mansion which had been bequeathed to her by her father. Her retirement was enlivened by frequent visits from her son and daughter, and their children, and by the resort of all the worthy and respectable gentry of the neighbourhood.

Dilatranzo's account of his adventures, was, like that of Lady Doringdale, quite domestic. "After I left England," he said, "and returned to Italy, I found myself an altered being. My gaiety forsook me, and my love of what the world calls pleasure ceased: and I should have sunk in

apathy, had not the friendship of the Marquis di Montalbino, your grandfather" he said, addressing Geraldo, "roused me from my melancholy. To him I owe that I recovered to a due sense of the duties I relatively owed society; and by his encouragement and example I was enabled to fulfill them. My father often urged me to marry, but too faithful to a passion which never could be gratified, I declined every proposal that he made to me, and I have ever remained a bachelor. He died about five years after my return to Italy, and to my care he left a young sister, only ten years of age, the offspring of his second marriage. Seven years she was the comfort and the darling of my life: at the expiration of that time she married a Spanish grandee, and she has since that period constantly resided in Spain. After the marriage of my sister, having no tie at home, I travelled into many countries, and strove by change of scene to divert the melancholy which, in spite of all my efforts, would too frequently overpower me.

When the troubles which have desolated Italy, began to threaten my native country, I returned home, and collected without noise or consultation the valuables which I had inherited from my father, such as jewels which I could bear about my person, and they were numerous; and turning by slow

degrees the remainder of my property into money, which I sent here to England, as a land of safety, I communicated my intended departure from Naples, and gave my reasons for that intention to the son of my beloved and lamented Montalbino. You may remember, madam," he said to the Marchioness, "the visit I paid you, and the change it made in all the views and plans you had marked out for your family." The Marchioness bowed her head, and a trickling tear declared her mournful recollection. "I had always been in the confidence of the court, and therefore knew how to time the hour of departure. By my directions my friend's family quitted Naples, and I prepared to follow. The circumstances which attended our flight, separation and reunion, Geraldo has already related, therefore I will not tire you by the repetition. The failure of all the efforts of the King, who went himself to join his army, and the desertion of his generals to the enemy, made me tremble for Sicily, and I again proposed removal: my arguments again prevailed, and the Marchioness with her family consented to accompany me to England. I gave my jewels to my dear sister, as being no longer necessary to my state; and when I had her farewell, I left all which attached me to the continent. The property which I have

here, I most humbly and most respectfully solicit to be allowed to divide at my death between the Marchioness of Montalbino and Lady Lacy." "We will talk of that at some future time," said Lady Doringdale, "let us not now speak of wills, bequests, and death."

When the time of their intended stay at High Place was expired, Sir Richard requested that the Marchioness and her friends would honor him by visiting Harefield, and remaining there untill the season returned when the great world resort to the metropolis; when, he said, it would give him infinite satisfaction to introduce her and her family to the circle in which they ought to move.

So cordial, so flattering, and so friendly an invitation could not but be most gladly accepted: and they all in terms of gratitude seemed to vie with each other in expressing their sense of the unbounded kindness of the friends who had protected Rosina, and now extended their benevolence to her nearest and dearest connexions.

Mr. Falkland did not continue in Hampshire so long as the rest of the party. The Italians having found an escort in Sir Richard Lacy, he took his leave after a week's residence at High Place, and proceeded to London, where the arrangement of various mercantile concerns had

been the principal cause of his return to England.

"Harefield," said Sir Richard, "is a very pleasant village not far from an old town called Uxbridge, memorable as the place where the commissioners from King Charles the First and from the Parliament met to treat of peace. Thence called the treaty of Uxbridge. The house wherein the commissioners met has since been called the Treaty House. It was once a palace. A very small part of the building now remains, which is converted into warehouses: and the extensive gardens into wharfs. There where the fate of nations was debated, the petty crafts of traffic are transacted; and the lodge which guarded the gates of royal residence is become the abode of poverty, wretchedness, and want."

"The instability said Jeronimo, of all mundane greatness should speak forcibly to our hearts, and mark its transitory value. Empires, kingdoms, and families pass away, and leave no trace of their existence. So shall the globe itself. Then the diadem no longer shall protect the impious, nor rags disgrace the virtuous. Pre-eminence of happiness shall be his portion who is pre-eminently good, whether he play his part upon a throne or in a hovel."

The day of separation arrived, all bad adieu to the Viscountess, and set off for Harefield. When they reached the high ground on Uxbridge Common, Sir Richard bad Geraldo look around, and pointed out to him, the turrets of Windsor Castle, telling him that it was the only castle in England, now inhabited by the royal family. The spire in the opposite direction, he said, is on Harrow Hill. It belongs to the parish church of Harrow, where we have a public school at which many of the first rank are educated, and whence many great characters have adorned society, and done honor to the nation."

"You boast in England, said Jeronimo, of many nobly endowed public places of education, which have all fostered men of genius, whose fame is spread throughout the world. In my long peregrinations, in the course of which I have almost made the circuit of the globe, few are the places where the talents, the wisdom, and the enterprize of the English were unknown."

"I feel an Englishman's pride," said Sir Richard, pressing the hand of Jeronimo, "in thanking you for the tribute of acknowledgment which you pay my country. I glory in the praise of Britain, and I trust her sons will ever remember that they are Britons, and support with integrity and honor,

maugre all the world, the consequence, the power, the virtue and the fame of their native land."

When they reached Harefield, "even this village has its pride" said Sir Richard. "We boast that it was the residence of that Lady Derby whose early patronage of our great Poet MILTON, introduced him and his works to public notice. At her mansion his first dramatic performance, called ARCADIA was represented, which led the way to the production of COMUS, one of the best dramas in the English language; greatly and most justly admired for the beauty of the poetry, and the excellent instruction of the moral."

At the close of the day, the Baronet and his family, with the addition of the Neapolitans reached the mansion where they had been anxiously expected to arrive many hours earlier in the evening.

The introduction, so soon after their arrival, to such amiable connexions, gave the Marchioness and her friends a most pleasing idea of English hospitality, elegance, and decorum; and reconciled them to the fate which had driven them to seek a new country, and a new home.

# THE OLD MAID.

It happens not unfrequently that people are ridiculed for circumstances and situations in life, which perhaps, if investigated, would redound to the credit and honor of those on whom they draw down, I may almost say, contempt.

Among the number of those thus marked out for derision, a woman who has passed the bloom of youth without forming a matrimonial alliance, is assuredly one. With many ungentle upbraidings, she is stigmatized with the appellation of *old maid*, and as such, sneered at by the matronly dames who have escaped the opprobrium, and by the younger fair ones, who look forward with better hopes. Various observations are made, and many surmises suggested, to find reasons which may have caused the spinster to be so long overlooked by all the beaux who have for so many years surrounded her.

"She always carried her head so high," says one, "that she thought nobody good enough for her."

"I suppose she required a king's son," says another.

"O, she was never handsome," says a third.

"Then her grandfather was this, and her great-grandfather was that," says a fourth: and so on.

But the attachment which parental authority may have forbidden, and the intended union which death may have stopt for ever, are not taken into the catalogue of preventives: and while the single heart, faithful to the ashes of the promised bridegroom, with widowed feelings, shrinks from new connexions, and clings with conjugal affection to the urn of him who should have led her to the altar, her fidelity is termed preposterous, and her constancy absurd; and the reproachful name *old maid*, rancorously degrades, under all circumstances, her whose hand is ungraced by a golden chain.

Sir Edward Castleton and Mr. Montjoy were near neighbours and intimate friends in Leicestershire: each had an *only* child: Montjoy had one son, and Lady Castleton had blessed Sir Edward with a little daughter. It was the wish of the parents on both sides that their friendship should

be cemented by an union between the children but they forbore to mention their wishes, unwilling to propose what might not be agreeable to the young members of their families; and fearing to implant notions which would check genuine feelings and affections.

Orlando Montjoy was four years older than Emily Castleton, which, as they grew together, gave him an air of superiority that induced her always to fly to him for protection, and led him always to come forward as her champion.

The first sorrow which affected the heart of little Emily was when Orlando Montjoy was sent to school. When they had each other farewell, she could not help crying.

"Do not cry, Emily," said Orlando, "I begin to-day to be a man; and when I come home at Christmas, I shall be better able to take care of you."

Away went the little man, elate with the proud hope of his encreasing consequence; but Emily drooped when he was gone: she could not learn her lessons, she could not play with her doll. Sir Edward and his lady did not reprove her; they allowed this infantine proof of the regard she had for Orlando to pass away without observation; and it may well be supposed that her grief was

ot of long duration. She soon recovered her heerfulness, and resumed her little occupations nd sports: but she often said, "I wish Christas was come, that I might see Orlando."

At length Christmas arrived, and Orlando came ue. The young coquette, instead of running meet him, ran behind the window curtain. Orlando had hardly been welcomed by his fond xpecting friends, when with eagerness he exlaimed, "Where is Emily?"

"Hoop," said a little voice.

"O you cunning little rogue," said he, "I shall find you:" so saying, he looked behind the curtain, and led forth his delighted little playfellow.

There never had been such doings at the Hall, as were prepared for the first Christmas holidays that Orlando came home from school. They began on St. Thomas's day, when four oxen were killed and divided among the poor of the neighbourhood. On Christmas-day a feast was given in the servant's hall, whereto the *betterly* lowly inhabitants of the district were invited: and on New-year's-day a ball was given to all the surrounding gentry; and Orlando with Emily for his partner led off the first dance. Yet, after all this, the day of all days was Twelfth-day. Three admirable large cakes

were sent down from London. One, the largest, was divided into many slices, and a slice with a bottle of housekeeper's wine sent to every poor family: another was given into the servant's hall where all who had partaken of the Christmas dinner were again invited to make merry: and the third, brightly iced, and decorated with all manner of fanciful gay devices, was placed in the centre, among all sorts of dainties, which had been prepared to regale the young folks of the neighbourhood, who were all invited to a child's ball. Before the dancing commenced, they went through the ceremony which is called *drawing King and Queen*, and the partners were arranged according to the corresponding names drawn by the boys and girls from their respective baskets. I am afraid that there was some little chicanery, whereby Orlando drew *King* and Emily drew *Queen*: but the prettiness of the other names drawn, reconciled all their subjects to their pre-eminence, which consisted in sitting side by side at the head of the supper table in two chairs ornamented with such boughs and flowers as hoary January presented to his cheerful merry-makers.

The mirth was kept up with unalloyed delight til midnight, when the gay group ceased their sports, and each, proud of the character which for

many hours had been assumed, took leave with every mark of appropriate humour which young minds could suggest.

When Orlando was to go back to school, the mode of their separation was a little changed. Emily bad him adieu with more cheerfulness, anticipating the renewed pleasure of his return; while Orlando, who had experienced some of the hardships of a public school, did not exactly like the change from being a darling to being a fag.

Thus year after year rolled on, til Orlando, as head of the highest form in his school, went to College. He was entered at Peter House in the University of Cambridge, took his Bachelor's degree, became A. M. and then went to complete the accomplished gentleman, by travelling on the continent, and making what, in the traveller's technical phrase, is denominated the *grand tour*.

During the course of his travels, though he always felt that he was not at home; yet Emily Castleton was the friend whom he most missed and among the many things which he occasionally sent to England from the various places where he stayed, there was ever something prettier or more costly than any thing else, as a token of remembrance for her.

He was away two years, and when he revisited

the Hall, he was indeed what his friends were anxious that he should be, the elegant gentleman and the polite scholar. Emily was become a beautiful young woman, and with all the blooming charms of nineteen, unconscious of her own loveliness, had all the artlessness of unspoilt simplicity, together with all the elegance of unaffected grace.

Orlando was received by her with a cordiality so delightful, that when he pressed her to his bosom, it seemed the happiest moment of his life.

Without any of the wild enthusiastic rapture, which in the opinion of many young people, constitutes *being in love*, they had that decided preference, and strong regard which made each to each another self: and their fond parents saw the wishes of all their lives accomplished, when Orlando declared that the best hope of his heart was to marry Emily.

Every arrangement which their station in life demanded; and every preparation which tenderness could suggest, went forward for the celebration of nuptials, from which the young pair, and the aged parents hoped, may rested on with security, for long enduring happiness. The day of such complete felicity was fixed: the poor looked forward to their participation in the joy, the gen-

try got ready their congratulating ceremonies, and the young friends of the bride prepared the wedding tokens of their esteem, when Orlando was taken ill.

As he lay upon his sick couch, Emily was foremost among the afflicted attendants who surrounded him, and she administered to him with trembling hand the draught from which they hoped his restoration. Alas, vain hope! He rapidly declined, and on the very day which should have made them one for ever, as she watched the changes of his countenance, the hand she should have given in holy pledge was pressed by the convulsive grasp of the last impulse of expiring nature.

No absurd wailings, no frantic screams escaped from Emily; she removed with some unwillingness from the inanimate form of Orlando; and immediately after the funeral, she went abroad with her father and mother, and the afflicted parents of the amiable youth, thus snatched from earthly joy at the very moment when it was at the height.

After they returned to England, a high marriage was proposed to Emily, and Sir Edward wished her to become a titled bride; but she answered him by shewing a miniature picture of Orlando, and then pressing it to her heart. Her

father understood her, and never again intrud
on her silent sorrow. She still lives advanced
years, respected by all who know her, and mixi
in society without affecting any external marks o
the tenderness which she cherishes for the me-
mory of Orlando, or making any parade
continued grief over which she loves t
secret.

Shall the celibacy of Emily Castleton l
Can the term *old maid* degrade the w
wedded to singleness?—No——She is
wife as though the priest had heard her vows
in the register of conjugal love she must be na
a widow.

# SENSIBILITY.

[redacted]re few things which people are more [redacted]us to be supposed to possess, than SENSI-[redacted]TY. *Really folks think that one has no [redacted]sibility;* is an exclamation so common that it [redacted] ridiculous: and to imagine that any person is [redacted]ithout it, seems to be the severest wound which [redacted]can receive. I do not speak of *Sensibility* as [redacted] explained in dictionaries, wherein it is always [redacted]erred to the senses; I speak of it in the figu-[redacted]e meaning it has obtained in modern appli-[redacted]ion: an application so figurative that it can [redacted]rdly be identified. It is within the feeling [redacted]ich resents injury, that comes under the deno-[redacted]nation of *revenge*. It does not extend to the [redacted]ntment of slander; for there it acquires the [redacted] of cause of honor. According to my idea of

those little unspeakable slights which wound tenderness, and disappoint love. The averted look; the unmet advance; and various other little griefs which smite heavily on the heart, but cannot shew their scars. It is also an equal consciousness of those nameless tender trifles, which, though unmarked by a casual looker on, vibrate on the heart of affection. It is totally unconnected with that affectation of tenderness, which though daily feeding on mutton, cannot bear to kill a grub; or that absurd delicacy which cannot encounter the terrors of a spider or a beetle.

It is unaccountably strange, though true, that there are some people who occasionally give strong proofs of possessing *Sensibility* thus defined, yet, nevertheless, in some instances, act with such gross *insensibility*, that it does not seem possible that any person can so vary from himself.

As one instance of such want, and such possession, I mention the following occurrence. A gentleman, who was my mother's near neighbour in the country, died somewhat suddenly, although he was far advanced in years, and had been for many months unwell. Intelligence was immediately sent to his only son, who, as may well be supposed, repaired without delay to his father's house; and in the double capacity

of executor and heir gave all necessary orders. By his direction the old gentleman was buried with due solemnity, pomp, and decorum. On the day of the funeral he again repaired to the old mansion, and very coolly and deliberately went into his father's room, opened his wardrobe, took out a pair of his black stockings, put them on, and wore them to follow him to the grave.

Who among my readers could have done so?

Shortly after he came to see my mother, who had been his father's very intimate friend for more than half a century, and had known him from his childhood. When he entered the room he held out his hand, burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

It may, perhaps, be observed in excuse for his first dereliction, that affection does not ascend in the fond proportion of its descent: that had the case been opposite, the father could not so have followed his son. Mayhap not. But what makes even that doubtful is, that a lady of my acquaintance in Nottinghamshire, who had always appeared to be an affectionate and fond mother, soon after she became a widow lost one of her sons, a fine young man under thirty years of age. All friendly inquiries at that distressing moment were answered with the customary re-

ply, *she is as well as can be expected.* How a mother is expected to be under such affliction, must be rated by the feelings of the inquirer. In the present instance, my Nottinghamshire friend, in the course of the family mourning for the young man, took one of his old black coats to alter into a coat of livery mourning for her footman.

The tenderness of a son for his parent, and that of a mother for her child, are two of the strongest ties of affection in nature; and may be supposed to partake not only of the powerful love which in the one produces endearing respect, and in the other rapturous pride; but to intermix with all the little delicate minutiæ of *Sensibility*, which may almost be said to make every thing which once belonged to the beloved dead a sacred relic: and which sanctify local and possessive attachments. Yet, as the two above recited facts contradict such a supposition, it may be that the deep and expansive stream of parental and filial love absorbs and overwhelms all lesser feelings, as the salinous subduing power of the mighty ocean destroys the softness of the rivulet: in which case, *Sensibility* must be confined within the limits of that meaning which I have assigned it.

A meaning which, to be duly appreciated, requires to be experimentally understood.

The rich, the great, the powerful, rarely by experience find its meaning out, because the patronage which their riches and their rank procure them, calls for the ready meeting, the ready smile, the ready approbation; and as no eye penetrates the recesses of the heart, those elevated by riches, greatness, or power, cannot discover how little they are, sometimes, either respected or beloved. The poor, the lowly, the weak, are daily exposed to acknowledge the painful part of my definition: an acknowledgment aggravated by the scoff of those who not only revile them, but the *Sensibility* which they wound. Yea,

> Oft have revilers laugh'd to scorn thy soft,
> Thy gentle spirit, *Sensibility!*
> Ah! little do they know the tender joy
> Which thou from trifles canst produce; and less
> How sad, how deep, how poignant, how severe
> The wound, when from th' averted eye, or slight
> Regard the proffer'd hand of friendship drops,
> Unconscious of the pressure which it sought:
> Or, when the ties of kindred are disown'd,
> And those, who from one stock derive their life,
> Unkindly turn away!——I would not change
> The heart which bleeds at griefs like these, for all

The boasted apathy of fortitude:
Nor the keen agony of sufferance
For the patient, calm, unfeeling quiet,
Falsely call'd resignation—when Florio,
Whom the schools have prais'd, whose youth was guided
By the hand of honor, whose ripen'd age
Speaks wisdom's lore, receives not from the world
The due respect; when from him with disdain
Turn fortune's abject minions, to pay court
Where, deck'd in all the splendour of parade,
The sycophants of pow'r display their pomp;
Say, would you check the honest tear which starts
Unbidden to his eye? Would you repress
His indignation?——No!—No, not for worlds!
Then would he forget his own respect; and, no longer,
Glowing with pure warmth, attend to virtue.

# THE FALL OF SNOW.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a person who was rider to a large house of business in London, was overtaken on the road between Ross and Hereford, in the dusk of evening during the dreary month of December, by such a violent storm, that it became impossible for him to pursue his journey. He was almost frozen on his horse, and the wind blew the snow in large flakes directly in his face. In this forlorn situation he made toward a light which glimmered at a distance from the high road, and at the bottom of a bye lane he found a poor little cottage, at the door of which he knocked, somewhat impetuously, for admission. "Who is there?" said the tremulous voice of a female.

"A distressed traveller, who asks shelter from the storm."

All the stories of impostors and thieves, which she had ever heard, rushed to the recollection of

the aged mistress of the thatched tenement, and she said, "Good man, this poor cottage affords no shelter to distress, scarcely does it suffice for the accommodation of the humble inmates."

"My dear good lady," said the traveller, "your roof at least affords a covering, and I shall perish if I be not admitted"

There most assuredly is in human nature an impulse of kindness which never fails to plead in behalf of a sufferer; it is experience, and disappointment, and what is called *knowledge of the world*, that cause the heart to check its feelings, and the ear to close against the entreaties of those who implore commiseration. The aged Mrs. Tarleton felt all that sympathy could feel, but the chilling *knowledge of the world* operated against her tenderness; and she a second time told the shivering traveller that he could not be admitted. The poor fellow, on whom the snow continued to fall heavily, reiterated his request with such strong assurances that she had nothing to fear, and such piteous representations of the frost, and the snow, and the wind, and the darkness of the sky, that Mrs. Tarleton at length softened, and unbarred the door, and let the stranger in. She did not give him a very cordial reception, but she said, "Take a seat by the fire."

"Thank you," he said, "but what can I do with my horse."

That was a puzzling question. Such a thing as a stable did not belong to the cottage; nor any place which appeared capable of being converted into one.

"We have no out-house," said Mrs. Tarleton, "but a little hovel where we keep our wood."

"Let us try to empty it," said the traveller.

Mrs. Tarleton gave him a lanthorn, and pointed out the wood-house, as she called the hovel, from which the little hoard of billets and faggots was soon removed, and *Trotwell* the horse was led into it.

When the traveller, Mr. Ramsden, returned to the house, after putting Trotwell, not very snugly, into the hovel, he found another person in the room; a female nearly as old as Mrs. Tarleton.

"Cousin Susan," said Mrs. Tarleton, "fry a slice or two of bacon for the good man, and boil him two or three eggs; and let him have a jug of our ale." Then, turning to Ramsden, she said, "our fare is homely, but it is the best we have to offer."

"O, home-made bacon, which I dare say yours is," replied Mr. Ramsden, "is a very great treat to a Londoner."

"Yes," said Mrs. Tarleton, "we generally feed a pig for our winter store, and save a few of the eggs which our hens lay in the summer. We are obliged to live near, and cut close, to bring round the year with credit," she said with a sigh.

When supper was ended, a grand difficulty arose about lodging the good man. "We have, to be sure," said Mrs. Tarleton, "two beds; but a visiter is such a rare thing with us, that our spare-bed, as we call it, has not been slept in for the last three years, and I am sure I cannot venture to put you into it without airing. What can we do, Susan?"

Susan said, "I think we must let him have one of the mattrasses off our bed, and cover him up as well as we can, and for one night he may lay on the floor in the spare room."

"Do you think that you can lay in that manner for once?" said Mrs. Tarleton.

"Aye, aye," said Ramsden, "I shall sleep like a prince."

Susan went up stairs, and got all ready, and when all was prepared the traveller was shewn to the room, and the two old women, wishing him a good night's rest, retired to their own apartment.

There fell such a quantity of snow during the

night, that when they met at breakfast next morning, Mr. Ramsden cast many a sorrowful look at the dreary country, and often said, "I shall have a sad journey! I know not how I shall get on! I shall never trace my road through the snow!"

Mrs. Tarleton, whose fears and apprehensions had all subsided, said, "if you are not absolutely compelled to go on, and can make shift to live in our poor way, you are welcome to the shelter of our little cottage: and we will air the bed for you, that you may lay more comfortably than you did last night."

Ramsden thankfully consented to remain, and all was done to make the best of their humble hospitality.

They produced a few peas and beans, which the pig had not devoured, and some bran to feed the horse; and some dry leaves which they had hoarded to litter the sty, in order to make a bed for Trotwell. Their straw was scanty, and hay they had none; so poor Trotwell was not quite so well off as his master.

The next day the country was equally impassable, and Ramsden again remained at the cottage. They all grew such very good friends, that the good women, first by hints, and at last by a regular recital, told Mr. Ramsden the little history of their lives.

"You must know," said Mrs. Tarleton, who was generally the spokeswoman, "that we have been greatly disappointed and deceived by a person with whom we wasted the prime of our lives, and who promised to remunerate our services handsomely in her will. Alas! she died intestate."

"Aye," said Mrs. Rigbey, "though the lawyer was with her three or four times, and she shewed a paper, saying, 'Here it is, I have kept my word with you;' yet when she was dead, no paper could be found."

"What became of her property?" said Ramsden.

"A young man, who was a distant relation, came in for it as heir at law. To be sure he has been kind to us; he allows us eighty pounds a-year, forty of which he sends us every six months; and he gave us what furniture we have here in the house: but we could have done much better by some other means of exertion than living, as we did, the best of our days with Mrs. Saunders."

"Are you sure there was no will?" asked Ramsden.

"O, certain sure," they both said; "every place was searched and it could be found no where."

"Who searched?" said Ramsden.

"Her cousin, Mr. Barton; to be sure, he took all the keys the moment she expired. She was long ill, and he was almost always at the house."

"Where does he live?"

"We do not know. At the time his cousin died, he lived at Greenwich; but he soon moved from there, and we know not whither he went."

"How do you receive the money?"

"In a post letter, the postage of which is always paid."

"Let me see one of them, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tarleton. "Go up stairs, Susan, my dear, and fetch one."

"My father was a clergyman," said Mrs. Tarleton: "poor man! he never got any preferment, except being a curate to a gentleman, who gave him a hundred a year; and you may think that went but a little way in bringing up myself and my sister. Poor Lucy! she did not long survive our dear father. Mrs. Saunders, who had been my mother's schoolfellow, took me to live with her, promising, as I told you before, to provide for me in her will. My cousin, Susan Rigbey's father, was an apothecary. I know not how he managed; he seemed to have a great deal to do, but when he died, he left nothing behind him, save

his furniture, and his medical things; all of which sold for an old song, as I may; and so Mrs. Saunders, who knew her, as having sometimes visited me, took her also into the family, making her the same promises which she had before made me."

Mrs. Tarleton, who was somewhat prolix, had got thus far, when Mrs. Rigbey brought down the letter which had contained the last received forty pounds. "You will perceive, Sir," she said, as she gave it to Ramsden, "that he never puts the name of the place from which he writes."

"We can discover that by the post mark," replied Ramsden. "This is from London, I perceive. What was the name of the attorney, who drew up the paper which Mrs. Saunders told you was a will, in which she had kept her word with you?"

"Jenkins," said Mrs. Tarleton. "He lives in a street near Hyde Park."

"I shall find him out," said Ramsden, "and make some inquiry concerning the will, and also concerning Mr. Barton. It seems a strange thing that any one should continue to deceive you for so many years in such a matter."

The next day the snow ceased, and the day after it began to thaw, and then the waters were out, and Ramsden could not proceed on that ac-

count; so, what with the frost, and then with the thaw, he remained nearly a fortnight with the old ladies. At his departure, he told them that he went the same road every year, about the same time; and that when he came next year, he hoped to have found out something or other, or at least to have persuaded Mr. Barton to encrease his allowance to them.

Mr. Ramsden was on his way home, which he pursued with all dispatch; and the two old cousins were left to go on in the same humble way in which they had lived for the last seven years.

Mr. Ramsden had not been long in town ere he sought out Mr. Jenkins, from whom he learned that Mrs. Saunders had most assuredly made a will, which he had drawn up, and signed as one of the witnesses, in the which she had divided her fortune between her cousin Mr. Barton, who had one full half, and Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey, to each of whom she left one fourth part. He went on to say, that he supposed it might be altogether about twenty thousand pounds. He then described how the property was vested, and the specific parts of it, which she had bequeathed to each of the three individuals. "But you know, Sir," said Mr. Jenkins, "that having made a will is no proof that it was in existence when Mrs. Saun-

ders died. Ladies are apt to be fickle; and it was a much easier thing to destroy the will, than it had been to make it. I was never asked any thing about it, and it was not at all needful, indeed it would have been improper, for me to have come forward and meddled with a matter in which I was not consulted. If it had been litigated by the two ladies, who, according to the will I had drawn up for Mrs. Saunders, were to share the property with Mr. Barton, that would have been another affair."

"Do you know," said Ramsden, "where Mr. Barton is to be found?"

"Really I do not," said Jenkins; "but it is easily to be discovered. He has a mortgage on a gentleman's estate in Buckinghamshire, whose address I will give you, and there you may make inquiry."

Ramsden took his leave, and immediately wrote to the gentleman's agent, from whom he learned that Mr. Barton lived very obscurely in ready furnished lodgings in Brownlow-street, Holborn.

Ramsden, who was all alive to the business he had undertaken to elucidate, lost no time in going to the place of Barton's residence. When he called at the house, he was told that Mr. Barton was out; he called again and again, always with-

out being admitted, and always leaving his name. At last he said to the woman of the house, who always opened the door herself, "My good lady, it is very troublesome and inconvenient to me to come here so often; therefore I will, with your permission, wait til Mr. Barton returns."

"Sir," said the woman, "you cannot get into his rooms, for he takes the key of them away whenever he goes out."

"Can I not wait in the parlour?"

"No indeed, Sir; I never allow any one, who comes after the lodgers, to intrude on my apartments; I might have them full all day long if I did."

"Then I will sit on the stairs."

"You may sit there long enough, for aught I know," said the woman, "for Mr. Barton is a queer chap."

That was an expression which did not greatly delight Mr. Ramsden; however, he sat himself down on the stairs, and while there, after having waited more than an hour, he heard a door open softly, and looking up, he beheld a man's face peeping between the banisters of the landing-place, and disappear so quickly, that he had not time even to say, *Mr. Barton!* for the door was instantly quietly closed. He said, however, to

himself, "O, O! I have you safe, Mr. Barton." He was, nevertheless, at a loss how to proceed; he did not much relish the thought of rushing in, and taking him by surprize, supposing the door to be unlocked, which was not probable; and he did not expect to be admitted if he knocked; he therefore went higher up the stairs, and stood immediately opposite to the drawing-room door, ready to catch him if he peeped again. After standing there nearly another hour, he saw the door gently open, and the same face peep into the passage. "Your servant, Mr. Barton," said he; "the good woman below thought that you were out; and as she said that you always took the key of your apartments when that was the case, I ventured to take the liberty to await your return on the stairs. I am happy to find that she made a mistake; and if you please, I will tell you my business now."

"Sir," said Mr. Barton, in some confusion, "I am going out, and I am in a hurry. I cannot stop."

"I have not much to say; it will be soon said," observed Ramsden, "I come from Mr. Jenkins."

"From Mr. Jenkins, Sir!"

"Yes; so far from Mr. Jenkins, that he gave me the clue by which I have traced you."

"Clue, Sir!"

"I mean, that he told me of the gentleman in Buckinghamshire, on whose estate you have a mortgage."

"Well, Sir; and what of that?"

"Not much of that; the agent gave me your address; that is all of that. But my chief business is concerning Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey."

"Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey!" said Barton, who became as pale as death; "Well, Sir, what of them? They still live, I presume."

"Yes, Sir; but they live very poorly.

"Well, Sir, what have I to do with that?"

"If you will allow me to have half an hour's conversation with you, I will tell you."

"Sir, I cannot stay; I am going a great way, Sir; and I am in a hurry."

The frequent changes in Mr. Barton's countenance made Ramsden think that all was not right, and he said, "Pardon me, Mr. Barton, I am determined that you shall hear what I have to say; and if you will not hear it from my own mouth, I must employ some one who will enforce the business upon you."

Barton looked at his watch. "It is impossible, Sir," he said, "for me to wait, I have not time."

"Very well, Sir, then you shall hear from Mr. Jenkins."

"That—as—you—please—Sir,"—said Barton, in a broken tremulous manner, and dropt into a chair which was near the door of the room, out of which he had not absolutely advanced, but stood, as it were, in the door way: while Ramsden stood on the landing place, so near the door, that one step more, and he would have been in the room.

"Really, Sir," said Barton, "I assure you, Sir, I know nothing about it."

"About *it!*——about what? I have not yet named my business."

"Sir," said Barton, "I guess your business."

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "pardon me, if I say, that I am afraid you do indeed, guess my business. Let us talk it over now. Let me stay with you now."

"Well, Sir," said Barton, with much hesitation, "I will defer my business, though it was somewhat urgent——I will hear you now—walk in."

Ramsden entered. They both sat silent for a short space, at length Ramsden said, "it sometimes happens, Mr. Barton, that circumstances the most unexpected bring people suddenly acquainted with each other; and that communica-

tions are made by and to those who may almost be called mutual strangers. A violent storm drove me to ask shelter at a white cottage between Ross and Hereford. That shelter granted, brought me acquainted with Mrs. Tarleton and Mrs. Rigbey; and that acquaintance procured me the knowledge of their great disappointment when your cousin Mrs. Saunders died intestate. You are not now to learn that they lost all the proper exertions of the prime of life in attendance on Mrs. Saunders, who promised to remunerate them in her will. You know that a will was made by Mrs. Saunders; and you know....."

"Well, Sir," said Barton, "does it therefore follow that I know what became of it? Really, Sir, to come here and insult me in this manner, is such an affront—is such a—such a—as I was about to say—so rude—so gross—is such an unlooked for accusation."

"Sir," said Rumsden, "I have not accused you. If you are accused, it is by yourself."

"By myself!—accused by myself!—Sir, what would you insinuate?"

"Do you not know that a will was made? Do you not know what share those two humble friends of Mrs. Saunders had in the property thereby bequeathed?"

"Well, Sir; if I do?"

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "put all the questions you expect from me to yourself. Ask yourself what you guess I have to say."

Barton bit his lips. He played the tattoo with his nails on the table. He rose. He paced the room. He resumed his seat——"Sir," he began and stopt.

"Take time for reflection, Sir," said Ramsden, "I am in no hurry. What you may have to say to me is material to them; is material to yourself.—It will be private. There is no witness. No earthly ear hears us: no eye of man beholds us: but there is One above who hears, who sees, who scrutinizes the secret recesses of our hearts."

"Do you think there is?"

"Do I think there is! Do you not?"

"It is not the creed in which I have been bred," said Barton.

"No!" said Ramsden, with astonishment.

"No, Sir, it is not—but I begin to fear...."

"To fear in such a case, is to be convinced. Sir, if you fear....."

"You have touched a string," said Barton, "which vibrates powerfully."

"Give it full play," said Ramsden.

Barton pushed his chair back from the table:

placed his two elbows on the arms of his chair; and stared full in Ramsden's face. After he had long looked at him without uttering a word, although he had often coughed, and ejaculated a noise, which was something botween a hum and a whistle, he drew his chair again to the table, and leaning forward, said, "I protest to you, Sir, that I hardly know how to begin to talk to you.——It is true that I have lived without faith, without hope. My youth was passed among men who held that gratification was the end of every action; and chance the cause of all production. As the natural consequence of such an opinion, I have allowed nothing to interrupt my own pursuits; nothing to interfere with my own happiness."

"Have you established it?" asked Ramsden.

"Sir!" exclaimed Barton.

"Have you established your happiness? I say. Are you a happy man?"

"Sir, what is my happiness to you?"

"Certainly, Sir, nothing," replied Ramsden. "Whether you have found happiness, or whether you have not, can be no concern of mine: but, if you have, I shall be much surprized."

"If I have not, shall I be the first man who has mistaken the road to happiness?"

"I am afraid not;" answered Ramsden, "none

can have found it, I should suppose, who sought it by your road. That man who makes personal gratification the end of every action, can have no love, no friendship for any one: consequently he has no right to expect either love or friendship from another. He has no right to complain if he be robbed: he has no right to complain if he be wounded: nay, not if his wound produce death."

"How, Sir! have I no right to complain if I be injured?"

"None. The man who robs you wants your purse; he gratifies himself by taking it. What is your loss to him? The man who slays you, puts one out of the way, who interrupted his pursuits. You have been taught, you say, that gratification is the end of action; therefore, in the same case, you would do the same. Surely what you can justify in yourself for doing against another, is equally justifiable in another, if done against you."

"I do not know that," said Barton.

"Nay, Sir, if you rob to procure that which you cannot get fairly, to the end that you may become a richer man; and call it the true end of action; what can you say against the man who robs you for the same end?"

"But, Sir, in regard to killing me: what can you say to that?"

"Why, Sir, I say to you, that he kills to the same end. He gains your fortune; with your fortune he gains your influence; with your influence your power."

"But what of his conscience, Sir," said Barton.

"That is the very point to which I wish to come," said Ramsden. "Let me ask you, Sir, what you think conscience is, but an inward assurance that we have done wrong: and the uneasiness which that assurance occasions, is a proof that, stifle it how we may, we are not without fear: and our fear proves that we acknowledge to ourselves in secret, the existence of a Power whose anger we dread; though we dare to deny it to the world. Allow me, Sir, to ask you, did you ever see one of your faithless hopeless companions die?"

"Once," said Barton.

"How did he die?"

"How did he die!"

"Aye; was he calm, as one who thought that to die was merely to become a part of matter in a new form, as chance might hereafter mingle him with other substances? or, was he agitated by

emotions which evinced a doubt that to die, that is, to cease to breathe, was the *end-all* of man?"

"To confess the truth to you," said Barton, "his death was the saddest sight I ever beheld. I must say that it did in a great degree stagger me."

"How was it?" said Ramsden.

"He had been ill a long time, and I and many others often went to cheer him, for he was very low spirited. We did all we could to make him merry. At last he grew so bad, that he kept his bed. His question then to every one of us was, fifty times in a minute, '*Do you think that I shall die?*' I said to him one day, 'why, Ned, you are not afraid to die, I hope?' 'Tom,' said he, 'to die is a fearful thing:' at which I burst into a loud laugh. 'Tom,' said he again, 'do not be so wicked:' then I laughed at him more and more. 'I cannot bear this mockery,' said he, 'at this awful moment.' 'Awful!' said I, and laughed again. 'Forbear,' he said, 'forbear. I feel that which assures me that to die is not merely to sleep and be no more.' Just at that moment the bell of the parish church, to which he lived very near, began to toll. He started. 'Silence that dreadful bell,' he said, 'silence it, for heaven's sake.' 'For the sake of what?' said I.

'For heaven's sake,' he repeated. 'What mumping stuff have you got into your head now?' said I. 'O, Tom,' he said, 'my fear of death, my terrors of what may be hereafter, are so great, that they scathe me like burning plough-shares. What my body suffers, is, as it were, nothing; but the agonies of my mind are past endurance.' His bodily agonies were methought enough, for he absolutely distorted himself with convulsive writhings. 'O Tom,' he said, 'pray for me.' 'Pray!' said I. 'Pray to whom?' 'To that Power,' he replied, 'to whom my life has been an offence.' 'Pray for yourself,' said I, 'for I have something else to do.' 'Tom Barton,' he said, 'this is no time to dissemble. I feel, I feel there is a Power above us, I feel that I cannot return to dust, and be inanimate.' Here his countenance changed, his lips trembled, his eyes glared. 'Hide me, hide me; save me, save me,' he cried, and threw himself into my arms. He instantly expired, and I was clasped in the convulsive hug of his last agony. I flung him from me, and he fell back on his pillow. His was the first corpse which I had ever seen. O, what a change! The hue of death was instantly spread over him. I stood alone beside him. 'Can this be the end of man,' I said. 'Is beauty, is strength, is reason ours for no more

but this!' While I stood contemplating my dead companion, some more of our gay friends entered his chamber. He was an appalling sight to all. Not one had a joke to make another smile. If I may so express myself, they all slunk out of the room abashed. I followed them, Sir, and I have never been cheerful since. I seem to struggle with something within me, which I cannot overcome."

"Mr. Barton," said Ramsden, "It is a very old observation, that many men have lived in the profession of atheism, but none have died atheists. An internal conviction that a Being above the limits of the earth and the power of man, exists as a first cause, is implanted in the heart, and however it may be choaked by weeds, it never can be eradicated. The most ancient records that have been preserved, the oldest traditions that have been handed down, and the most uncivilized savages that have been discovered, all bear ample testimony to the truth of what I say; and wherever the footsteps of man can be traced, there will always be found the priest and the altar. Though some pretenders to great wisdom in their absurd attempts to disprove a Lord of heaven and earth, and their own immortal responsibility, make some proselytes; yet, that they have so done, adds bit-

terness to their own conviction: for believe me, Mr. Barton, the test of a death-bed is not a solitary instance in the friend you saw expire."

"Sir," said Barton, and threw his arm over the table, seizing Ramsden's hand, "Sir," he said again, squeezing his hand with a rough grapple; "Sir, you probe deeply."

"It is the way to reach the wound," said Ramsden.

"O, Mr. Ramsden," said Barton, dragging the hand he held across the table, "the death of Ned Morton has never been absent from my imagination. His fears, the agonies of his mind, his last shriek, his convulsive grasp, are ever present to my mind. —— O, why am I impelled to say to you, who are a stranger, that I fear I am immortal."

"Say you hope it, Mr. Barton."

"O no, O no; I dare not hope it. I fear there is a Power I have offended, and how can I appease him? What have I to give, that he can need from me? What have I to offer which he cannot seize?"

"Offer a contrite heart," said Ramsden. "Injury to others is offence to him. Deprecate his wrath, if you have injured any one, by making atonement to the injured."

"O! Mr. Ramsden!" said Barton, striking his forehead; "My cousin Mrs. Saunders —— but what is that to you?——Sir, I have a character to keep up in the world——Sir, I will not be exposed ——Sir we will drop the subject."

Ramsden, who saw the deep conflict in Mr. Barton's bosom, sat silent.

After a long pause, "Sir," said Barton, "can matters be done quietly?——Can atonement be made without disgrace?"

"Explain yourself," said Ramsden.

"You said, Mr. Ramsden, that I knew Mrs. Saunders had made a will."

"I did so."

"Sir, I never did destroy it."

"Sir," retorted Ramsden, "I did not accuse you of doing so."

"Did you not?——Well——No, I never did destroy it——but——O, Sir!——Dare I say more?——Will you be faithful?——will you be merciful!"

"Try me."

"Promise me."

"Pardon me, Sir," said Ramsden, "I can make no promises in a matter of which I am totally ignorant."

"Well, Sir, my cousin did, as you say, make a will——Well, Sir——Say that will should by chance be found?"

"It would be a lucky chance," said Ramsden.

"Well, Sir, what if it should, so, by chance, be found?——What could be done in that supposed case? I say, Sir."

"We would prove it, and put it in force."

"As quietly as that, Sir?"

"Aye——What else need be done?"

"Well, Sir," said Barton, again seizing Ramsden's hand——"Well, Sir——I have——I have found it——and how to act under the circumstance of finding it, has perplexed me for some time back."

"As I said before, there is nothing to be done, but to act under it. To have found it is quite sufficient."

"You shall see it, Sir," said Barton, and he went into the back room; where Mr. Ramsden heard him move many weighty things, and at last heard him turn a key; he then heard all the things moved back again; and then Barton returned with a sealed paper in his hand.

"You see, Sir," he said, "that it has never been opened. Here it is, sealed with my cousin's own seal, and endorsed by old Jenkins himself."

Barton then broke the seal, and within the envelope found the will.

"How, and where I found it," said he, "is no matter——here it is——no more need be said——here it is with the lawyer's own signature as a witness."

"It is enough," said Ramsden.

Barton's countenance brightened up, he smiled, and was like a new man.

"Come," said Barton, "we will go to Jenkins together."

Away they went——Whatever Ramsden or Jenkins might think of the detention, or the production of the will, they hinted no suspicions.

Barton and a man named Gilbert Tarleton, cousin in the third degree to Mrs. Tarleton, were the two executors. The will was proved. The old ladies were written to; and Ramsden received a power of attorney to act for them.

The thatched roof was taken off the cottage, another floor added to its height, and a stable built for Trotwell.

Mr. Ramsden in his winter circuit always staid a fortnight with his two old friends, who seemed to think that they never could do enough to prove their gratitude for his exertions.

Often during the visit, the snow fell, the wind

blew, and the thaw increased the waters, and reminded them of the dreary night when he first asked shelter beneath their humble thatch: and the old cousins would often repeat the old saying;

"IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."

# THE NOTE-BOOK.

It frequently happens that, as they walk about, people find things which are dropped in the streets. Those which are of much value are generally advertised in the newspapers, but such as are deemed mere trifles are, for the most part pocketed by the finders. I once found a packet of gingerbread cakes on the coach pavement, which, I dare say, was much lamented by some disappointed child; and I once found a well-stored needle-case, for the loss of which some unfortunate little girl was, no doubt, punished at school: but I never found a purse or a jewel in my life: so that I never have been tempted to retain what, being valuable, would perhaps have constituted a theft. There are also some things so equivocal in their value, that it is difficult to say if they be precious or trifling. Of that nondescript sort is a note-book which a gentleman picked up in one of the great

squares. It was much torn, and appeared to have contained more than remained to make amends to the finder for the trouble of stooping to gain it. Many of the leaves had been torn out at the beginning, and some of those remaining were partly torn away; and there was still much blank paper. The scribble left was the journal of some young man, seemingly on a visit in London, who, in all probability meant, when he returned home, to entertain his country friends with his adventures and remarks. The first register was sadly mutilated: it began with the word *horse*, and a little lower down the word *bridle* was found. There was not enough however, of the beginning of the story to enable any one to ascertain who the writer was, whence he came, or whither he was going. Two or three broken lines followed the above two words, and then it went on smoothly, thus,

When we had travelled more than seventeen miles without halting, I observed that Whitefoot began to flag; and I said to my uncle, "Sir, you had better rest the horse at the next inn we reach."

"Rest the horse!" said my uncle, "I am in a hurry, and I must get to my journey's end without delay."

"Whitefoot cannot go on," said I.

"Whitefoot shall go on," said my uncle.

"You will gain time," said I, "by letting the poor animal rest a little, for afterward he will go on with fresh spirit, and make up for the time lost."

"Hold your tongue," said my uncle, "do you think that I do not understand horses better than you."

I was silenced. Whitefoot stopped, my uncle whipped him severely; he went on; he stopped again; my uncle whipped again; and thus we went very slowly for a mile and a half beyond an inn which we were very near when I first asked my uncle to halt. Whitefoot stopped again, my uncle grew angry, and lashed him very cruelly ——Whitefoot dropped——my uncle became furious. When we got out of the gig to help him to rise, poor Whitefoot was dead. "This comes of overloading the gig with you," said my uncle, "Your weight has killed him. What amends can you make me, hey, for my good nature in giving you a ride?"

"My weight, Sir!" said I.

"Yes, your weight, Sir," said my uncle. "Come, help me to draw the gig to some place where I can get another horse."

He unfastened the traces, took off the harness,

and put it into the carriage. In very great displeasure he pulled and kicked Whitefoot to the side of the road, and then we began to drag the gig. The road was a bye road, so no one came by to help us. Forward we went til we came to a hill.

"We must rest ourselves," said my uncle, "and then on again 'til we get to the top."

"If you had allowed Whitefoot to rest," said I, we should have saved all the time we are labouring, and have saved Whitefoot too.

"What do you mean by saying we should have saved Whitefoot? I tell you, your weight killed him. Do you reproach me with my good nature?"

"No, I am sure I cannot do that," said I.

"You had better not," said my uncle.

Well—on we went again, pushing and pulling by turns, and stopping every ten minutes, and putting stones under the wheels to prevent them from running back. When we reached the top of the hill, which we were a long tedious time surmounting, "One more rest," said my uncle, "and we shall go famously down."

"We have lost more time than would have rested Whitefoot," said I.

"At it again," said my uncle, "I tell you again, and again your weight killed him."

My uncle found what it was to be tired, for we sat still full half an hour.

"Now for it," said my uncle.

No sooner did we begin to descend the hill, which was very steep, than for want of steady Whitefoot to bear the carriage up, away it went, my uncle and I could hardly get out of the way; we nearly shared the fate of Whitefoot. Helter skelter went the gig, and was soon upset, both the shafts were broken, both the wheels came off —The seat box was jolted out, the lid flew open, and the contents were scattered. I do not know how to write down my uncle's rage. How he scolded! How he fretted! He did not know what to do. We could not carry the gig, and the wheels, and the broken shafts, and the box; so it was all pulled, and kicked to the road side, as poor Whitefoot had been pulled and kicked before; and instead of getting to our journey's end without delay, we picked up my uncle's scattered wardrobe, and each taking a part of it under his arm, we walked to the next town, where we were compelled to stay all night, for we did not reach it before eleven o'clock. "We should have been here by tea-time, if you had rested Whitefoot,"

said I. My uncle was so overcome by vexation and fatigue, that I believe he began to be of my opinion, for he made no reply.

*Memorandum*—Very sorry for poor Whitefoot; but think that my uncle was rightly served.

N. B. A merciful man is merciful to his beast.

The journal went on thus:

*Thursday*, 14————

The name of the month, no doubt, was on the entries torn out of the book.

The first thing my uncle did in the morning was to send a cart to fetch the broken gig, and another to fetch Whitefoot. Nothing could be done to the gig, it was too much damaged. As for Whitefoot, he was buried in the corner of a field.

N. B. I must do my uncle the justice to say, that now unkindness could not be felt, he was very kind.

After we had seen the ground thrown in upon Whitefoot, we had no.....

Here another torn leaf interrupted the narrative. Two days are thus lost, and the journal cannot be resumed until

*Sunday*, 17.—Went to drink tea with my cousin. I could not help being surprised at the number of funerals I met by the way. One affected me very much. It was conducted with all the solem-

nity of the middle class of society, without any feathers or flourish. In front of the procession walked two mutes, whose staves were dressed with black. Then came the coffin; in which, I suppose, was enclosed the wife and mother of the followers. At the head of the coffin walked, as chief mourner, a man apparently under thirty years of age. He bore in his arms a little girl, who appeared to be about fifteen months old. She was dressed, like the other females, in a black hood, from under which her placid countenance, was a strong contrast to the woe-worn face of her father. They met the wind, and as bearing his child prevented him from holding his cloak, it filled with the brisk gale, and floated behind him like a black sail, which added greatly to the mournfulness of his appearance. He was followed by a little boy about seven years old, and a little girl about five: and they were again followed by mourners, who walked two and two. Foolish April youth that I was, I could not refrain from tears; but all felt as I did. A woman, who stood on some area steps, said that she never saw such a cutting sight; and a woman who was sitting at an apple-stall said, in a pitcous tone, that it was very moving.

N. B. A proof that the genuine feelings of all hearts sympathize with the unhappy.

The train went slowly on, followed by all eyes, the whole length of that long street called *Baker-street*, and when it turned toward St. John's Chapel, every spectator seemed to mourn a friend. I could not put it out of my head all the way I walked, and when I reached my cousin's, methought the kind manner in which every member of the family welcomed me, was doubly dear, when viewed in comparison with the sad separation which for ever took place between the members of the family who followed, and saw deposited in the silent grave, the earthly remains of her whom all had loved, even the babe who was unconscious of her loss.

*Monday*, 18.—Went with my uncle and aunt to dine with their friend Mr. Spicer in Aldersgate-street. We got there the first of all the guests. I offered to salute Miss Augusta Spicer, and was repulsed with disdain.

*N. B.* She need not have been so scornful, it was more than many would have done, for I am sure she is no beauty.

*Tuesday*, 19.—Passed a very agreeable morning, a few miles out of town, at the house of my

uncle's old friend, Mr. Lindsey. It was indeed quite rural felicity. Miss Augusta Spicer, who was one of the party, said it was a *fête champêtre*. The good old gentleman had invited some musicians, and there was instrumental music, which Miss Augusta said was like *the music of the spheres*, and vocal music, which she said was like *the chaunting of Cherubim and Seraphim*. Indeed she went so high for all her praises, always taking care to speak first, that other people's exclamations of *charming, delightful, exquisite*, and so forth, seemed like nothing at all.——By the bye, every body talked too much. Though certainly the greater part of what was said was commendation; yet, I think that if I had been one of the performers, I should have been more gratified by the silent attention of a lady, who sat aloof from the vociferously rapturous, down whose cheek I more than once saw a tear trickle gently. When the concert, which had been under a tent erected in the garden, was over, we returned to the house, where we partook of a collation, which Miss Augusta Spicer said was an elegant *petit déjeuné*. Methinks she therein fell too far short of her former exaggeration, and that *petit* was misapplied: and so, I believe, thought good Mr. Lindsey, for he said, with something like a sneer,

" Though my portion be but scant,
I give it with good will."

" I know not what you call scant," said my uncle, " but to my thinking it partakes of old English hospitality."

So it did. Substantials were abundant, interspersed with all sorts of dainties; such as ices, jellies, fruits, cakes, and fanciful pastry: which Miss Augusta called *jolie patisserie*. There was also a bountiful supply of delicious wines.

When the repast was ended, some of the gentlemen amused themselves at bowls, and trap-ball, and some walked with the ladies in the shrubberies, and by the side of the canal, which was a branch of the Colne, where a sad accident somewhat overclouded the bright scene of our joy. One of the young ladies in passing over the water fell from a foot-bridge into the stream. Many shrieks alarmed every one, and Miss Augusta Spicer exclaimed, *O quel malheur!* All ran to the banks, and the gallant intrepid Mr. Edward Jaques leaped in to save her, and restored her to her friends. The good-natured girl made no nonsensical fuss: she thanked her rescuer, said that she was not hurt, and quietly submitted to go into the house and put on some of Miss Lindsey's cloaths.

About five o'clock we began to separate, and returned to town to a late dinner.

A person, who was one of the company, wrote the following lines, and presented them to the young lady who met with the accident. As I have been allowed to copy them, I insert them here, for fear that they should be lost.

Bright shone the sun, and soft the breezes blew,
Spring mid the fleeting clouds his odours threw,
When Delia with a troop of nymphs and swains,
Light tripping skimm'd across the flow'ry plains.
On Colne's green banks they cours'd the winding stream,
Whose waves reflected clear the noon-tide beam!
By sudden impulse rous'd, the gentle maid,
As gay and sportive carelessly they stray'd,
Impetuous rush'd, and like a bounding doe,
Or like an arrow from a well-drawn bow,
Left her companions, who affrighted stood,
And, wond'ring, saw her plunge into the flood.
O say! didst thou some cruel Satyr spy,
And like Lodona didst thou strive to fly?
Like her afraid to fall his savage prey,
Like her would'st in the stream dissolve away!
Instant the Fluvialos round her throng,
Eager to bear the precious prize along:
Some on their pearly arms their burden lay,
While others clear the tangling weeds away;
And smoothly floating on a silver wave,
Would have convey'd her to their sedge-form'd cave:

But Damon, who beheld the struggling Fair,
Leap'd in to save her from the fatal snare.
Thrice he essay'd to clasp her to his breast,
Thrice their superior pow'r the maid confest.
But who can stand against the daring arm
Rais'd to defend mild Innocence from harm?
Though loud they blew their many-sounding shells,
Which wak'd the Nereides from their secret cells,
And rous'd old Ocean from his coral bed,
Who a fierce train of sea-gods thither led;
Th' undaunted youth a stern defiance hurl'd,
And scorn'd the tyrant of the wat'ry world.
To meet their darts his bosom he expos'd,
His single strength against them all oppos'd:
Triumphant snatch'd her from tyrannic sway,
As "a rich trophy" bore his prize away,
Restor'd her to the nymphs and swains around,
Who with their praises made the hills resound,
In grateful chorus sang his high renown,
And plac'd upon his head a myrtle crown.

*Wednesday*, 20.—Received a letter from my sister, desiring me to go to Frith-street, and inquire concerning my mother's old friend, Mrs. Monkton. — Went accordingly — knocked at several doors before I found the house where the old lady was known. When at last I got to the right place, I asked if Mrs. Monkton lived there?

"She lived here once, Sir, but she does not live here now?"

"Where does she live now?" said I.

"Bless your heart," answered the woman, "she lives no where; she is dead and buried, Sir."

Though I was very sorry to hear of the death of my mother's old friend, yet I could not forbear smiling at the cool careless manner in which the servant told me of it. "Thus it is," said I to myself, as I walked down the street; "we live, and die, and are buried; and that we are taken away, does not seem of more, nay, not of so much consequence, as taking a high geranium from a green-house." I pondered on the insignificance of each to the world at large, til I lost my way; and when I began to look about me, in order to discover whither I had strolled, I found that I had strayed to Abingdon-street, Westminster. Thinks I to myself, now I am in this part of the world, I may as well call on Mr. Dobbs, the *amateur performer*, as Miss Augusta Spicer called him, on the violoncello. He invited me to do so; and perhaps he will favour me with a little music: so on I went to College-street: and as soon as I entered the parlour, before I could get through the complimentary *how do you do, this morning?* "O, Sir!" said Mr. Dobbs, "I have had such a dreadful misfortune since I saw you yesterday at Mr. Lindsey's."

I looked at him; no accident appeared to have happened to him; no limbs were broken. I then looked at Mrs. Dobbs. The accident had not befallen her. I thought little Miss might be dead, for I heard that she had been ill; therefore I forbore making inquiry after her.

"I have indeed," said he. "You must know, Sir, that after I had been in bed about an hour ——"

"You had been in bed more than three hours," said his wife.

"No, my dear, I had not indeed——"

"Now, how can you say so? You know you went to bed about eleven, and you know that when we were alarmed, the watchman was crying half past two: so it must have been more than three hours. Must it not, Sir?" she said, turning to me.

"Sir," said Mr. Dobbs, "I did not go to bed til long after twelve."

"How can you say so? I am sure——"

"Well, it is no great matter."

"Yes, it is, I always like to tell things as they are."

"Well," said Mr. Dobbs, "I will not dispute about an hour or two. I had been in bed a long

time, Sir, when I heard the sound of my violoncello. There are thieves in the house, Kitty, said I to my wife: they are playing on my violoncello."

"A likely thing, indeed, said I," interrupted Mrs. Dobbs, "that thieves should play on the violoncello! That would be giving us notice of their approach. I was just making that remark, when, what should I hear but the sound of it."

"There, now you will believe, I hope, said I to my wife," resumed Mr. Dobbs, "now you hear them with your own ears? I will believe no such thing, said my wife. Thieves indeed! It is a ghost. You know we were told when we took the house, that it was haunted."

"Well, we were told so," said Mrs. Dobbs, "but you are always so obstinate, you will have your own way. We were told so, indeed, Sir," she repeated, addressing herself to me, "and though it did not prove to be a ghost that played on the violoncello last night; yet I know that there are things which walk about below; for all Mr. Dobbs does not believe me."

"Well, I will not dispute about non-entities," said Mr. Dobbs, "but let me tell my young friend here how it was. While I was talking the matter

over with Mrs. Dobbs, we heard something fall, and then such a smash."

"O such a smash," again interrupted Mrs. Dobbs, "I thought all the windows were beat in. 'Give me a light,' said Mr. Dobbs. 'You shall have no light,' said I; 'for I was afraid he would be killed. 'Then I will go down in the dark,' said he."

"I said so, truly," here again resumed Mr. Dobbs, "and down I came. I found the parlour door wide open; and I walked about, and about, groping and groping with my hands; and at last I came in contact with something hairy, and seized, as I thought, a man by the beard. 'Bring a light, bring a light directly!' I hallooed to Mrs. Dobbs; 'I have caught the thief. Bring a light!' 'Not I, indeed,' said Mr. Dobbs, 'I shall bring no light.' The noise I made alarmed the house. 'Bring a light!' I continued to call. At last a light was brought me. —— O, Sir! There lay my violoncello trampled and broken to bits; and I had got the goat by the chin."——

I stared—I thought poor Mr. Dobbs was gone out of his senses.

"It is very true, Sir," said Mrs. Dobbs; "a nanny-goat, which we keep to give goat's milk to

poor dear little Charlotte, who is very bad; very bad indeed!"

"Do you keep the animal in the parlour?" said I.

"No," said Mrs. Dobbs, "but the poor creature is very tame, and follows us about like a dog; and I suppose that she staid in the parlour after we had fed her, and that we went up stairs without observing her.——Here Nan, Nan!" said she, and in trotted the goat.

"Turn her out," said Mr. Dobbs; "I shall never bear the sight of her again."

"Poor little thing!" cried Mrs. Dobbs. "Not bear the sight of her again, when she does so much good to Charlotte! You should have put the violoncello into the case, Mr. Dobbs, and she would never have got at it."

N.B. That was a very just remark; for certainly all accidents, as they are called, are occasioned by our own neglect.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Dobbs, "You shall see. Look here, Sir. Did you ever see such a thing in all your life? My fine violoncello! Sir, there is not such another violoncello in the world. It was so sweet, so soft, so mellow!"

"Can it not be mended?" said I.

"Mended, Sir!" said Mr. Dobbs, "impos-

sible! Look what a condition it is in. The abominable animal has put her feet upon it, and it is all in shivers."

"Do not abuse the poor thing," said Mrs. Dobbs; "it was your own fault, as I told you from the very first."

"I vow," said Mr. Dobbs, "you are like one of Job's comforters!——As I was saying, Sir, it cannot be mended."

"Then you must endeavour to get such another," said I.

"Sir, there is not such another to be found."

"No, to be sure, your geese are all swans," said Mrs. Dobbs.

After that elegant observation, which would probably bring on a retort, which might not be the *retort courteous*, I thought it was time to retreat; so, looking at my watch, and saying I was sorry that I could not stay, I took my leave.

When I told my uncle at dinner what had happened, "Robert," said he, "a broken fiddle is a bad thing; but a rude wife is a worse."

In the evening, or, as we should say in the country, at night, we went to a grand fancy ball at Mrs. Wilson's. I never saw any thing so beautiful and magnificent before. I wish our good folks in the country managed their gay do-

ings so cleverly. This shall serve them for a hint when I return to them.

Three large rooms were ornamented with festoons of flowers, among which were hung variegated lamps: but that would have been but a glimmering, had it not been for a large chandelier in each room which dazzled with brilliance. The floor of the ball-room was painted, and appeared to be strewn with fruits and flowers. I hardly know how to talk about it. Methought I was in an enchanted castle. The ladies were all fantastically dressed, with flowers, and feathers, and ribbands, and trinkets. They looked like the genii of the place.—By the way, the fancy was all theirs; the men were very hum-drum. Then the dancing! Some swam round the room, dying away in a waltz: others trod the intricate mazes of quadrilles, varying the steps of their "many tinkling feet," to the sound of harps and tabors.——Then the refreshments! Some on silver salvers, others in pretty baskets fancifully ornamented. I was intoxicated with delight. We danced and drank orgeat and lemonade; and then danced, and then drank again; and had been going on in continued sprightliness for four or five hours, when a violent and general shriek from the farthest chamber, suddenly checked us all. The music stopt instantly,

and we stood amazed. A lady, whose daughters were among the sportive minglers in the lively dance, fell while joining in the entertainments which had been prepared for the more elderly guests. She was conveyed to an upper apartment, to which she was borne by some of the gentlemen through the decorated rooms, which not a minute before had resounded with gay minstrelsy.

O! believe it; we could not resume——we could not speak——we could not mingle——we could not separate——It was a hushed throng. Each was alone in a croud; and when at last all departed, the rooms were emptied with the "stillness of the breeze on the lake in summer."

*Thursday*, 21.—My uncle had a dinner party at his own house. Though the dinner was ordered at a very late hour, yet one of the guests made us wait considerably beyond the time fixed. My uncle was not greatly delighted, and my aunt was quite angry. At last, after they had looked at their watches, and walked to the window many times, a carriage stopt at the door, and Mr. Elmsford was announced. He made a great many apologies, and then said that he had been detained by an affair, in which he had to be sure no business to interfere; "but," said he, "I be-

came so interested, that I forgot, pardon me for saying so, that I was making my good friends wait. When I was as far on my way as Montague-street, the carriage was stopt by an assemblage of people, which the coachman could not disperse. There was such an outcry, such a wailing, that I pulled the check-string, and inquired what had happened. I found that a girl, no more than ten years old, had been sent out to walk in the Park with her little sister; where she had been met by a woman, who told her that she had been sent after her by her mother, to desire her to return home as fast as possible, for she wanted to send her elsewhere on very particular business. 'Give me the baby, and I will carry it for you, and you will be able to run the faster.' The simple girl gave her little sister to the stranger, and ran on. When she reached home, she found that the woman had deceived her. 'She followed me a long while,' said the terrified little creature, 'and I suppose gave me the slip at the corner of one of the streets.' I jumped out of the carriage, ran one way, as I was directed, and sent Thomas another, but alas! all in vain. We returned to the spot where the carriage waited for us, without any tidings of the wretch who had thus stolen, no doubt to strip, the infant. Many other persons had been in va-

rious directions, and all were equally unsuccessful. I left the disconsolate mother in the same state of distraction and grief that I found her."

He had just ended his narration, when Daniel came to say, *dinner is on the table.* The gentlemen paired off with the ladies, and though the fish was over-boiled, the meat over-roasted, and the sauces turned to oil, my aunt forgot her anger, and the company partook of every dish with as much *gout* as if all had been right; for every one thought that in the same case, he should have acted in the same manner as Mr. Elmsford.

The tale Mr. Elmsford had related led the conversation to many tales of the same nature. "About six years ago," said a lady, "a distressing circumstance occurred in the neighbourhood where I reside. A gentleman, who kept many servants, and who ought to have known better than to let his child walk alone, was in the daily habit of sending his daughter to what is called a *day boarding school.* She was near twelve years old, and had gone every morning, and had returned every evening in safety for more than four years; when one evening she staid so long after the customary hour of her return, that her father became uneasy, and sent to inquire the cause of her detention. The messenger was told, that she

had left the school as usual. The alarm of the family cannot be expressed. Intelligence was given at all the police offices, and proper officers sent from them all in search of her. The afflicted father also sent in every direction; but, dreadful to relate, she never has been found. The horrid surmises of her parents were so painful, that her unhappy mother sunk under them; and in the course of a few months she became the victim of grief, and terminated her sorrows in the grave. Her father has never recovered the blow, but in a state of gloomy despondency consumes his days in melancholy despair."

"The little attention paid in more instances than one to the care of children is, in my opinion," said an old gentleman of the party, "one of the most unaccountable neglects in the world. Beside sending them about the streets alone, and trusting infants with children who stand in need of protection themselves; I think that, in most cases, the neglect of mothers who send their little ones to the hired care of nurses is very reprehensible. Their own neglected duties might teach them not to rely on others for that care and attention which they are bound to bestow on their offspring: and I make no doubt that half the cripples which we behold, and half the puny sickly

constitutions which we deplore, owe their accidents and their calamities to that sad practice. I knew a lady once, who, to be sure, lived in a very confined part of the city, and gave that as a reason for sending her child away; who put her infant to be nursed with a woman at Greenwich. Though she thus removed her child from a mother's watchfulness, she loved it, and often went to the nurse's house to see it. However, it happened that she was seldom gratified, for the child was almost always out when she went there, and she returned home disappointed. It occurred so frequently, that one day she determined to wait til the little dear was brought home. The nurse appeared much annoyed by her stay, and often went to the door to look out, and thus time passed on til the dusk of evening was far advanced, and both mother and nurse became very uneasy. 'Such a thing never happened before,' said the nurse. At length there was a tap at the door, and the mother, in spite of the endeavours of the nurse to keep her back, opened it, and received her baby from a woman, who saying, 'Here is little Emma,' went away. A ribband was round the child's waist, from which was suspended a little bag, in which was six-pence. The astonished, alarmed, and detected nurse made a full confession that she

lot out the child for six-pence a day to the woman who had just brought her back, in order to excite the compassion of those from whom she asked charity. The child was not dressed in her own cloaths, but in tattered garments to render her appearance more pitiable. The mother instantly took her child home, who refused every kind of food that was offered to her. The physician who was consulted, when he beheld the wasted child, and heard the story, was of opinion that the miserable little creature had been accustomed to some sort of strong drink, and advised that different spirits should be tried. Brandy was offered, she would not touch it: she turned in like manner from rum; but when gin was produced, she acknowledged what she had been accustomed to take by swallowing it freely. Many months elapsed ere the child began to put on an appearance of health, which was produced by mixing gin in every thing she ate, and gradually decreasing the quantity til she could eat pure food."

How one story brings on another!

"The neglect and the loss of children," said another gentleman, "is much to be deplored; but what say you to the loss of a bride?"

"The loss of a bride!" exclaimed the company, in a kind of general shout.

"Yes, the loss of a bride," replied the gentleman. "It is an old story, warranted for truth by the person from whom I heard it, who was an elderly visiter at my father's, when I was a little boy. She said that when she was young, she was acquainted with a lady who was married at so very early an age, that when she returned from church, after the marriage ceremony was performed, she went to play til the bridal feast was ready, with the companions who had been her bride's maids, and who, from their extreme youth, might be called children. The game they fixed upon was hide and seek. I need not describe the game, as we were all children once, we all, no doubt, remember the sports of our childhood. After they had played some time, and they had all in their turns been hidden, the bride was to hide herself. She did so: and was sought by her play-fellows, as they thought, every where; but she could not be found. The dismay of the nuptial guests was great. Not only the young bridal friends, but the father and mother, and other relatives of the concealed damsel were greatly distressed and afflicted: chief of all the bridegroom. Every one joined in the search; but maugre all their researches, her hiding-place was so secret, that it could not be found out.

" Many years afterward, when a kind of rummage was made through the house, in a large chest, which shut with a spring-lock, the mouldering remains of the bride were discovered, adorned in the perishing ornaments which she had put on to grace her nuptials."

This last story was so very dreadful, that nobody was able to comment on it, or to continue the story-telling conversation, which had hitherto gone on without interruption. Every body looked so sorrowful, and dullness seemed to be so diffused over the company, that Mr. Elmsford, whose unlucky delay had given rise to all these melancholy anecdotes, thought that he was in duty bound to raise the drooping spirits of his surrounding friends, and he said, " We have heard a great many stories about losses, I will now relate to you a tale of another description. A tale which was told one day at my father's table by a gentleman, who assured us he had known the person of whom he spoke. He said that he had once a friend who was at Lisbon in the year 1755, when that city was destroyed by a terrible earthquake, and thousands of its inhabitants perished. He was wandering among the ruins, and deploring the calamitous devastation which he contemplated, when

issuing from a crack in the earth, he saw a green ribband: he stooped and took hold of it, and pulling it, with very little difficulty drew up a little girl in leading strings. She was so young that she could not speak; therefore he never knew who she was. She might be the daughter of a nobleman, she might be the child of a cobler. However, he took her to himself; had her baptized by the name of PERDITA, which I suppose was suggested to him by SHAKESPEARE, in the WINTER'S TALE: to which he added LISBON as a surname, in commemoration of the place where she had been lost and found. He brought her with him to England; educated her with the tenderest care; and in process of time married her, and lived happily with her for many years."

Cheerfulness was thus restored, and after a few glasses of wine had circulated, the ladies retired and left us to ourselves. We heard them very merry over-head, and when we joined them in the drawing-room, Mr. Grimshaw said to them, "What have you been so merry about, ladies?"

"O, Sir," said a young lady, "we have been diverting ourselves with riddles and sharrards, and such things. Do you not think that it was very pretty amusement?"

"Yes, for ladies," replied Mr. Grimshaw.

Miss Witly, the young lady who had asked the question, and who had, to my knowledge, a well-stored budget of such inoffensive *bagatelles*, was much nettled by Mr. Grimshaw's observation, and said to him, "I question, Sir, if your conversation below has been much more edifying than ours."

Mr. Grimshaw was in his turn nettled, and pettishly answered, "May be not, Madam; but, even in your own way, I dare say I can outdo you. Pray, can you tell me, why a bad wife is better than a good one?"

"That is impossible, Sir," said Miss Whitly. "How can what is bad, be better than what is good?"

"So it is, I assure you," said Mr. Grimshaw; "I knew that I should puzzle you."

She guessed this thing, and that thing, and was always wrong. "Tell me how you make it out," said she.

"No," said Mr. Grimshaw, "I shall leave it to be found out by your profound erudition."

Miss Witly, nettled again by the sneer with which he spoke of her erudition, said, "I dare say it is not worth knowing, therefore....."

Here the note book ceased, and the conundrum remains unsolved.

If any of the readers of this transcript can condescend to any thing so frivolous as the solution of a conundrum, they may take Miss Witly's place, and make the discovery for themselves.

# THE PETITION.

To any LADY of HIGH RANK, who knows what the Rules of Good-breeding, and the settled Forms of Politeness are,

The PETITION of the Females of a Country Market Town,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners, anxious to behave in the visitings which they occasionally fulfil, as Ladies should behave, and being unwilling to derogate from the consequence which each assumeth to herself; and finding that when his Majesty King Henry VIII. settled the ceremonies of precedence among his courtiers, he omitted to mention that class to which your Petitioners presume that they belong, for they cannot find that they are among those whom he has described, they are reduced to the necessity of acknowledging that they do not know how to behave: which

ignorance of theirs is the cause of many airs, and head-tossings, and heart-burnings, to the destruction of all good neighbourhood and sociability, insomuch that each withdraweth from friendship, lest she should appear as OMEGA, when she feeleth that she ought to be acknowledged ALPHA. Your Petitioners, therefore, earnestly entreat that some one will teach them to know themselves, and settle what they are, in order that when they meet or separate, it may be known who ought to speak first, and who has a right to the last word:

AND, furthermore, your Petitioners beg to be instructed whether a message of inquiry sent by a servant be, or be not, tantamount to a visit:

AND whether, when a lady of a Country Market Town, who has been an absentee, returneth to her Domicil, it behoveth her to apprize the Town of her arrival; or whether the Town is to discover such her return, and pay congratulatory or inquiring compliments to the returner.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

JANE HIGHTOSS,
ANNE STILTS,
BARBARA BOUNCE,
HANNAH FLOUNCE,

With many more too numerous for insertion.

# THE MINOR.

THERE are few things which society has so much cause to lament as the depredations of sharpers on the inexperience and unwariness of youth. SHARPER is a word almost infinite in the applications to which it serves: but among all who deserve to be denominated by that hateful appellation, none are so ruinous as the dishonourable gamblers, who entice young men to the gaming-table; and then by loaded dice, and other nefarious practices, rob them, and drive them to those usurious harpies, who supply them with cash for future plunder.

Notwithstanding that our legislators have in their wisdom enacted various laws to protect the young, and punish the guilty spoilers, yet artful villains ever find some method to evade those laws, and continue their ravages. They generally seize their prey by such a sure spring, that they

rarely overleap the mark; and victim after victim gluts their rapacity.

In the early part of my life I was acquainted with a young gentleman, whom I will call Sir Ferdinand Belmour. He lost his father when he was only ten years old; and was left under the care of his mother, who was an amiable, sensible, prudent woman; and of his uncle, Mr. Belmour, a man of strict honor and integrity. He received an excellent education at a public school, and the University of Cambridge; and with his tutor visited many courts on the continent. When he was twenty years of age he returned to England, expecting in the course of a few months to be put in possession of a large unincumbered fortune, and the accumulations of a long minority.

He was open, generous, unsuspicious, and unhackneyed in the ways of the world; and on his return was thrown upon it for the rapacious and crafty to make their prey.

Unfortunately for him, on his first arrival in London, he became acquainted with Mr. Theophilus Bevil, a gay profligate young man of *ton*; whose free, easy, and insinuating manners soon gained the entire confidence of his friend.

Bevil knew that he had a very liberal allowlance, which he spent in the same liberal manner

it was given; in the elegant pursuits of a gentleman, and the benevolent gratifications of a charitable heart. His first care was to introduce him among a set of wild bucks, who led him into various expences, and often introduced the dice. They allowed him to win for some time, that he might acquire a relish for play, and then they put forth all their knowledge and skill, and stripped him of the skin with the wool. Bevil, to keep up the farce, never played, though he shared the profits of the plan.

At last, in the utmost distress, the young baronet applied to his friend Bevil for advice. "To what a situation," said he, "has my folly brought me; I have not only lost all my ready money, but I have played upon credit, til I am afraid I have lost that also. I dare not apply to my uncle; I should be ashamed to confess my weakness; and a false account of my situation, I cannot condescend to give. To whom shall I fly for help?"

Bevil said that he was unacquainted with the modes of procedure in raising money; he knew that many young gentlemen did raise money while they were *minors*, but he thought that it was dishonourable to those who borrowed, and to those who lent. Yet, he continued, "What is to be done? It saves a youth from being exposed to

his connexions, and to the world; and enables him to disentangle himself from difficulties, with which perhaps his friends would leave him to struggle, even if application were made to them."

"Enquire, Bevil," said Sir Ferdinand; "let me not appear so fallen among my associates as to have no resource."

Bevil said he was unknown to that class of men, who live upon the needy and inexperienced, but he would endeavour to find them out.

He applied to Mr. Shears, an usurious man, who had acquired immense wealth by every dirty means which could add a guinea to his hoard. Without one motive to accumulate, but the desire of gain, he sprang on the distressed, and fattened on their miseries. He promised to advance a sum of money, provided an annuity on Sir Ferdinand's life could be properly secured: and he took care that the annuity should be large enough to indemnify him for a present which he made to Bevil for bringing him such an advantageous job.

The instant Sir Ferdinand received the money, he discharged his debts, and would have quitted town; but the gang to which Bevil belonged, unwilling to lose such a rich dupe, laughed at his prudence, and called him a coward who was afraid

of a hood-winked old woman; and with many ridiculous appellations and impertinent sarcasms provoked him to try his luck once more. Again he was unsuccessful, and again he begged his friend Bevil to procure the money. Another application was made to another infamous money-lender, and a large sum was again raised by annuity; and Bevil received another present for making the bargain.

The infatuated youth ventured again to throw the dice; and was a third time stripped of all. In this aggravated distress he vented his repentant grief to Bevil, and swore that if he would now assist him, he would never throw the dice again while he lived. Bevil raised many difficulties, and kept the unhappy youth a long time in suspense, in order to enhance the value of what he meant to propose. The share he had had of the money Sir Ferdinand lost, and the two presents he had received from the usurers, amounted to a good round sum; and this he offered to lend him upon the same terms he had borrowed before. "It is not," said he, "to gain by the distress of my friend, that I make this offer, but to save him from the disgrace of being so frequently exposed."

The youth was overpowered by this generous proof of friendship, closed eagerly with the pro-

posal, and saying that his whole life should be employed in endeavouring to prove his gratitude; he discharged his debts, and set out for the country, in spite of all the attempts of his spoilers to keep him among them.

He had not long been in retirement, when his vexation, shame, and remorse occasioned a violent fever, which in the space of ten days brought him to the tomb of his ancestors, six weeks before he came of age.

He died a melancholy example of the mischiefs arising from imprudent friendships, and the sorrow of a generous mind for the unwary folly which led to destruction.

His worthless annuitants were thus deprived of the wages of their iniquity before they had received one payment.

He was succeeded in his title and estates by his brother, a boy who was born four months after the death of his father, whose youth quite destroyed all the hopes of Sir Ferdinand's plunderers.

# THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

It is a very common thing in the country, to report that mansions are haunted. Indeed there is hardly an ancient seat, particularly among those whose large bounds are more extensive than their present owners can occupy, which has not the misfortune to be so stigmatized. Some are said to be haunted by uncouth noises: while others have flitting shades, which glide nightly through the chambers: and goblins and hobgoblins enjoy unmolested the privilege of molesting heir after heir in his inheritance. How many stories have I heard from men, women, and children in the country, about night tripping, or night flying elves: and how many simple souls have I known, who would not at certain hours, on certain nights, go into certain places. It is true that their ghostship's possession of the places they seize upon, and their appearances with bows and

arrows, and swords, and daggers, and bowls, are generally received upon the credit of the narrator, who "had it from one, who had it from one, who had it from one," ad infinitum. Few are hardy enough to run the risk of conviction.

There was a castle in the county of Durham, concerning which the good folks in the vicinity told many tales of wonder. They asserted that it was haunted by a woman, who used to walk the length of one of the long galleries almost every night in the year, and go into one of the rooms; which room none ventured to approach after dark.

The owner of the castle was a man of large fortune, who lived in that free hospitable style of magnificence and good neighbourhood, which was carried to a greater extent a hundred and fifty years ago than it is now. In the hunting season, his hounds were not only followed by sportsmen who came many distant miles to partake of the sport, but his mansion received and entertained the merry hunters who had hallooed the dogs.

Once, when the weather was uncommonly fine, the sport uncommonly good, and the guests uncommonly numerous, it was found on arranging the sleeping rooms, that without making use of the haunted chamber, they had a bed too few. After

the matter was well talked over by the mistress of the castle, the housekeeper, and the house-maids, it was settled that into the dismal, long forsaken and neglected haunted apartment, some one must be put.

Though all the female servants of the house mustered in a body to enter the dreadful chamber, in order to make it fit for occupation, yet when they drew near the door, their hearts failed them, and they one and all declared that they dared not go in, unless the men would go in with them, to attack the ghost in case she should make her appearance among them. Must I write it down? The men were as faint hearted as the women, and were not easily induced to venture. "They were not afraid," they said, "of what mortal man could do; but as to spirits and ghosts, how were they to be resisted!"

"Why, you know," said the females, "it is only the ghost of one woman who hovers about the gallery and the tapestry room, and against so many men what can one woman do?"

More for fear that the maids should think that they were cowardly, than being courageous, they at last consented to go into the room, and they united their efforts to put all in proper order with

the utmost expedition; and every thing was duly arranged without interruption.

When they had informed their mistress that she was obeyed, the next thing to do was to acquaint the hospitable master that some one among the guests must call up all his courage, and consent to lay in the haunted chamber.

It was a matter of great difficulty to make known the dilemma to which they were reduced; and a still greater difficulty to know how to ask any one to occupy the nightly visited chamber. The story was so widely circulated, that when he mentioned the haunted room, he only mentioned what every one knew before: but when he went on to say, that some one must sleep therein, he saw many countenances drop: for, like the servants, none seemed willing to encounter a ghost. Nevertheless, every one was ashamed to acknowledge his pusillanimity, and no one ventured to say, "I will not sleep there." A general silence followed the information; and his honor the squire, as Mr. Elphinstone was called in the neighbourhood, began to surmise that every one would sit up all night, because no one would volunteer to lay in the haunted room. He was unwilling to call particularly on any one, lest he should expose the

timidity which would be ridiculed by the others, though each was equally fearful. At length a young man said that he had no objection to run the risk of meeting the ghostly lady; and he marched to the scene of peril in a kind of triumphant manner. Nevertheless, he felt something like fear, though he could not bear to think that he was afraid; and sleep did not "shed the balm of his forgetfulness" over him. He kept his light burning, that he might not be seized on by surprize; and he often fancied that he heard a noise, and often rose in his bed to see if any "unreal mockery" were near. He had started up, and lain down many times, and began to hope that he should pass an undisturbed night, when the door opened, and in walked a lady. She turned round to the right, and she turned round to the left several times, and looked straight forward, and then looked behind her, and then walked quietly out of the room without looking at the somewhat terrified youth, who lay in something like dread of her approach. As anxious expectation had kept him awake a long while after he went to bed, so conviction prevented him from going to sleep after what he had beheld.

He ruminated on the lady's visit, which he was

convinced had taken place, and as she had been very peaceable, he resolved to conceal what had occurred from his companions, and once more run the risk of her entrance.

When he was asked in the morning if the woman had made her appearance, he avoided giving the enquirers the satisfaction they solicited, by equivocally answering that he had seen nothing to alarm him, and that he had no reason to object to lay in the haunted chamber during his stay at the castle.

The second night he did not go to bed, but sat himself down in an old fashioned easy chair, which stood in one corner of the room, and thus awaited the return of the ghost.

About the same hour that she had appeared on the preceding night, in she came again. She stopt at the same place where she had stopt before, turned about and looked about, as she had done before, and then again quietly walked away, without noticing the person who very minutely watched her.

The moment she made her exit, he took up his lamp, and quickly re-opened the door, and followed her along the gallery, and saw her open a door at the other end of it, and disappear. He

then returned to his own apartment, where, though he went to bed, he again lay awake til it was time to rise.

The next morning he again told his inquiring friends that he had been as little alarmed as on the preceding night, and again repeated his intention to keep possession of the haunted room. He however took an opportunity to inform Mr. Elphinstone of what he had seen; who said, that he would also pass the next night in the haunted chamber, and endeavour to convince himself what it was that thus infested his castle.

He communicated his intention to Mrs. Elphinstone, desiring her to say nothing about it to any one: and at the usual time of going to bed he went with his young friend, Mr. Henley, to await the return of the ghost.

At the same hour they both saw the door open, and the lady walk in. She went to the same place again, turned about and about again, looked before her, and looked behind her, and then again walked away. The two gentlemen followed her, and saw her again disappear at the same door.

Mr. Elphinstone was much more agitated than Henley had expected that he would have been, and he was much surprized when at breakfast he said, "Well, Henley, as you have slept three

nights in the haunted room, without seeing any thing that has alarmed you, a convincing proof has been given that no mischievous woman haunts it: yet, as I cannot prevail on my friend Artledine to stay longer with us, you shall be spared the risk of what may occur hereafter, and you shall remove into his room."

"Nay," said Henley, "I beg that I may not be turned out of my tenement, I am most willing to remain."

"No, no;" said Mrs. Elphinstone, "you had better change your quarters."

"I assure you, Madam," resumed Henley, "that I prefer that room."

Mr. Elphinstone, in a peremptory kind of half-joking manner, replied, "You have been put to a sufficient test; and I insist upon it that you shall be removed to a place of undoubted security."

Henley bowed a silent assent, and at night he was shown to the apartment which Mr. Artledine had occupied on the three preceding nights.

When he found that his room was in the same gallery, he could not forbear peeping to see if the lady would appear again; and at the customary hour saw her issue from the room into which he had twice seen her vanish. He was going to follow her, but just as he left his chamber, he saw

Mr. Elphinstone in the gallery, with a lamp in his hand, who, the moment she had passed him, followed her; and he saw them both enter the room, out of which he had been, against his will, turned. They staid there the usual time, and then he saw them both come forth. The ghost disappeared, where she always vanished, and Mr. Elphinstone, having witnessed her departure, retired to his own room.

Mr. Elphinstone appeared at breakfast the next morning with such a sorrowful countenance, that Henley fancied that the ghost must have spoken to him; and he was much mortified that he had been driven from the room before her secret had been disclosed.

The guests quitted the breakfast parlour one after another, til none remained but Henley, to whom Mr. Elphinstone said, "I shall esteem it a very particular favour, Henley, if you will conceal from every one what has occurred. Ghostly reports are unpleasant; but ghostly confirmations are terrible."

"You may rely on my secrecy, Sir," said Henley.

That the room was haunted, was now to Henley past all doubt: and that the ghost had made some discovery to the master of the castle, appeared to

him to be equally indubitable. Therefore, to discover what had been revealed, became a matter of very great interest to him. In the first place, he took every opportunity to go into the gallery during the day, to discover how the various rooms which opened into it were allotted. He already knew in which Mr. Elphinstone slept; and he observed into which the many visiters occasionally retired: but he watched a long time ere he found out who occupied the room wherein the ghost always vanished. At length, he one day saw Miss Elphinstone go into it.

Having made this discovery, he said to her father, "I have a notion, Mr. Elphinstone, that your fair daughter knows more of the ghost than any body."

"Sir," said Mr. Elphinstone, "I am inclined to think that Harriet knows less of the matter than any body."

"It is into her room that it always glides after having paid a visit to the tapestry chamber."

"Sir," said Mr. Elphinstone, with great emotion, "that is no proof of her knowledge:" and he instantly turned away.

At dinner time Henley looked at Miss Elphinstone til he put her to the blush. When he saw her change colour, he was confirmed in his opi-

nion, and he eyed her so watchfully and so steadily, that he seemed quite to awe her. He read her features till he could have drawn her picture, and he began to fancy that she was very like the ghost. "Sir," said he to Mr. Elphinstone, "the lady who visits your castle nightly, is, I am sure, a relation of the family, for Miss Elphinstone is wonderfully like her."

"What would you insinuate?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

"The relationship of the ghost," replied Henley.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

The tone in which Mr. Elphinstone asked, *is that all?* made Henley still more indefatigable in his endeavours to fathom the mystery. At last he became almost sure that he had found the secret out.

"Miss Elphinstone is so very like the ghost," said he to her father, "that I am half tempted to say that the ghost is no shadow."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Promise to forgive me if I am wrong" said Henley, "and I will explain myself."

"I will forgive you," said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Then, Sir, upon the strength of that promise,

I venture to say, that I am of opinion that Miss Elphinstone and the ghost are one."

"What then, Sir?" said Mr. Elphinstone.

"Then, Sir," said Henley, "I have, you know, detected the sprite." In saying which he looked very steadfastly at Mr. Elphinstone.

"Henley," said Mr. Elphinstone, "I perceive that you cannot be imposed on. You are right. It is my poor girl, whom I have watched nightly, ever since we saw her together, and I find that she rises in her sleep, and, for some cause, which we never can discover, for she knows not what she does, invariably goes to the room which every one calls the HAUNTED CHAMBER. It is my intention, as soon as all the visiters are gone, to lock the door of that room, and watch her behaviour when she is checked. I defer it til their departure, for fear of what may ensue. As you know the sad cause of the alarm in my family, stay and watch with me. I shall be better pleased to have you with me, than to be attended by a servant, and I shall not like to be alone."

"I am highly flattered by your permission to accompany you," said Henley, "and I will remain the last of the guests."

When all were gone but Henley, Mr. Elphinstone locked the door himself, and took away the

key. At night he and Henley watched in the gallery, and as usual saw Harriet Elphinstone leave her apartment, and go to the locked door. The check she received waked her. When she found herself at the entrance of the haunted room, she uttered a wild shriek, and fell. The alarmed father ran toward her, as did Henley; and in a state of senselessness, they carried her back to her bed. Mr. Elphinstone then said, "now, my good friend, leave us. Go and knock at our chamber door, and tell my wife, who is anxiously waiting the result of this experiment, that I beg she will come to me."

Henley did as he was requested, and the anxious mother went to her daughter.

A severe illness was the consequence of her fright, but her youth got the better of the shock, and after a confinement of many weeks, she once more became one of the party at her father's table.

Henley, whose courage in venturing to lay in the haunted chamber, first led to the lamentable discovery of the reality of the ghost, was a very frequent inquirer after the recovery of the afflicted damsel; and when she was again able to mix in society, he received an invitation to the castle. While he was there, her father told him, that he and her mother had often watched through the whole

night, and that she had never attempted to walk in the gallory since her check at the locked door. He again requested the young gentleman to bury what he knew in his own bosom; and Henley renewed his promise of secrecy.

After this he became one of the most intimate visiters at the castle.

When the bustle of the hunting season was over, and quiet domestic amusements succeeded to the riot of the chace, he discovered so many amiable qualities in *his honor the squire*, so many virtues in Mrs. Elphinstone, and so many charms in Harriet, that he revealed the impression they had each made on his heart, and declared how highly he should be blessed, if he might be deemed worthy to be received as a son-in-law into the family.

Before the return of the hunting season, whose hilarity first brought him to the castle, he led Harriet Elphinstone to the altar, and received her from the hand of her father.

If I may be allowed to use such a homely saying, I will conclude by observing, that

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

# THE DEAD LIVING WIFE.

A FRENCH gentleman once recounted to me an occurrence, which I thought so very much out of the common course of events, that I was somewhat unwilling to credit what he said, and was going to shew my knowledge and learning by saying, "surely it cannot be, because according to law....." but he prevented my learned disquisition by saying, "I believe that if the case had been argued in an English court of law, the affair would have been differently decided. It was litigated in a French court, and according to the laws then existing in France, which was previous to the Revolution, the termination of the suit was as I tell you."

The circumstances were, that a gentleman of ancient family, near Tours, had a daughter who was solicited in marriage by the son of a neighbouring gentleman. His addresses received

every sanction which her father's approbation could bestow on them; and his frequent visits, and tender assiduities, awakened in the bosom of the young Adeline a passion as ardent as his own.

Though Mons. de la Surmartelle was desirous that Arnaud de Valmont should marry Adeline, he could not reconcile himself to the departure of his child from his chateau, where she had long been the comfort of his widowhood, and the companion of his quiet retreat. For that reason, he long withstood the rapturous wishes of Arnaud, and the modestly expressed inclinations of Adeline. Yet, while he delayed from time to time to permit their marriage, he continued to fan the flame of their love.

Thus stood matters, when a young man of better hopes, and greater fortune than De Valmont, met Adeline at a ball, and became instantly enamoured of her charms. He made proposals to her father; who, induced by ambition and avarice to overcome his unwillingness to be separated from his daughter, immediately consented to such an advantageous union; and Arnaud was given to understand that other prospects would for ever prevent his marriage with Adeline. The young man remonstrated, his long beloved Adeline implored, but all in vain. Mons. de la Surmartelle

was peremptory, and Arnaud was forbidden the house. He could not bear to behold the marriage of Adeline with another, and therefore he quitted France. He procured a commission in a regiment then going to one of the French West India Islands, and marched away with the troops without seeing Adeline, or apprising her of his departure.

After he was gone, Mons. de la Surmartelle renewed his commands to Adeline to accept the husband of his choice; and in less than a year after Arnaud de Valmont sailed away, she yielded, and gave her hand to Mons. de Briontin.

She became very melancholy, very unhappy, and very ill: and after pining and drooping for three years, she sunk, the victim of sorrow and disappointment, to an early grave.

About this time Arnaud de Valmont's regiment was ordered home, and the first thing he met when he entered Tours was the funeral of Adeline, proceeding in slow solemnity to the church of St. Martin. He was so overcome when he ascertained who was thus mournfully borne to the last mansion of mortality, that he could with difficulty accompany his troops to the place of their destination.

When he had fulfilled all the duties which his military situation demanded, he sought the sexton,

and by the help of a bribe, induced him to go into the church during the night, and to open the vault wherein his beloved Adeline reposed in death.

When he beheld the coffin in which the lifeless object of his fond affection was enclosed, he gazed on it in silent anguish. All the hopes which had been once encouraged; and all the regret which had imbittered his absence, agitated his bosom; and he asked the sexton to raise the lid.

"O, no! O, no!" said the sexton, "it would be sacrilege!"

Arnaud de Valmont used all the arguments he could devise to induce the sexton to comply with his wishes, but all in vain. "He could not—— he dared not——he must not——"

"Let me gaze on her for one short moment," said De Valmont, "and we will replace it, and restore all that I loved on earth to the sepulchre, to whose darkness she is consigned."

"I cannot——I dare not——I must not——" repeated the sexton.

"I will well reward your indulgence," continued De Valmont, putting a purse into his hand. The *Louis d'ors* chinked as De Valmont passed them into the sexton's palm, and their rhetoric was more powerful than the young man's solicita-

tions. He fetched a wrenching iron, and the lid was raised.

When Arnaud beheld the pallid form of Adeline, he was overcome by his emotions. He stared wildly on her, and in an agony of distraction caught her to his bosom. While he pressed her to his heart, he thought he felt a gentle throbbing against his breast. "She lives!" he exclaimed.

The terrified sexton thought that the sight of his beloved was more than he could endure, and that he had lost his reason. "Let us return her to the place whence we have sacrilegiously drawn her forth," said he.

"Never!" said De Valmont.

"Sir," said the sexton, "I shall be ruined; I shall be undone; I shall be punished; I shall be killed."

"Audifan," said De Valmont, "I tell you she is alive. You must assist me to bear her hence."

"What, Sir!" said the alarmed Audifan, "rob the grave! It must not be."

"I tell you, honest Audifan, that it is a greater crime to keep the living within the tomb, than to rob the grave: therefore fasten down the lid upon the empty coffin, and replace it in the vault; and help me to bear away my Adeline."

"Impossible," replied the sexton.

"I say," said De Valmont, "that she shall be removed. Help me therefore, or I must seek other aid."

"The sexton, who knew that what he had already consented to do was punishable; and that procuring other assistance would be the means of discovering his delinquency, consented to the removal.

"We must be expeditious," said he, "or we shall be discovered when the priests repair to matins. How must we manage it?"

"Fetch a mattrass, and let us carry her to your house."

Audifan looked aghast, "To my house!"

"Aye; you have a wife who can attend on her: and I will procure a physician in whom I can confide. Run—be quick."

The sexton, who began to think that there was less danger in compliance than in refusal, went as requested, and soon returned with a mattrass, on which they placed Adeline, and conveyed her to Audifan's dwelling.

Having given her in charge to Antoinette, the sexton's wife, De Valmont went in search of a physician; and Audifan returned to the church to replace the coffin and to close the vault.

"Alive! and buried!" exclaimed the physician, whom, in conformity with the English custom I will call *Doctor* Maceau. "Alive! say you?"

"Alive," replied de Valmont. "There is not a moment to lose.——Come!——Come with me."

Dr. Maceau instantly accompanied the impatient de Valmont to the sexton's dwelling, where they found Adeline on the mattrass, which had been her litter from the grave.

When Dr. Maceau approached Adeline, he put his finger on her wrist, and said, "there certainly is a low pulsation. Life is not extinct."

"Delightful sound!" said Arnaud.

"Though life be not extinct," resumed Dr. Maceau, "it is so near expiring, that it is very doubtful if it can be preserved. We must proceed by means so gentle, consequently so slow, that it will be long ere I can bid you hope."

Notwithstanding the little reason the Doctor had to expect success, he had immediate recourse to those methods of recovery which his profound medical knowledge suggested; and his unremitting attention to his patient kept pace with the anxiety of Arnaud.

Adeline lay many days in a state of torpor, and

received no sustenance but by moistening her mouth frequently with a feather dipped in a restorative mixture. When her strength was in a small degree encreased, the strength of the mixture was also encreased in the same small proportion: and thus, from time to time, little additions were made to what was given her, til she was so far recovered, as to open her eyes, and make a faint attempt to change her posture.

Arnaud, who was watching by the side of her couch, instantly rose from his seat, and was going to assist her. Fortunately Dr. Maceau was there also, and prevented him. "She must not be moved," said he. "The feeble effort she has made convinces us our labours will not be in vain; but we must not agitate her."

Her recovery was now almost assured; it was however so slow, that Arnaud's hopes were less sanguine than when it was doubtful. Dr. Maceau continued his visits, and Antoinette her care; and at the expiration of four months she began to shew symptoms of recollection. Arnaud was then forbidden to approach her. "She must not see you," said Dr. Maceau. "I will reveal to her what has occurred, as I find her able to bear the recital."

When time and strength had brought about the

full relation of her interment; of the return of Arnaud; of his visit to the vault wherein she had been deposited; and of her removal and recovery; the recollection of all the misery which had followed her marriage with Mons. de Briontin, made her almost wish that she had been left to perish undiscovered; "for," said she, "the dreary grave is not so dreadful as the house of Briontin."

A hope he scarcely understood glowed in the bosom of Arnaud de Valmont, and after indulging it a long time, he ventured to propose to Adeline to become his wife. She was long unwilling to comply; but at length she yielded to his wishes; and they were united at the altar, where she had formerly been married to Mons. de Briontin, and in the church where she had been consigned to the grave.

Dr. Maceau, honest Audifan, and Antoinette had been so faithful to the secrecy required of them, that the events in the church of St. Martin, and at the sexton's house, had never been suspected: and Arnaud de Valmont introduced Adeline as his wife to his family, while she was supposed to be mouldering in the tomb.

Mons. de la Surmartelle and Mons. de Briontin were so astonished at what they beheld, that they

were inclined to fancy that an illusion deceived their senses. When they were informed of all the circumstances, they instituted a suit at law against de Valmont.

Mons. de Briontin claimed Adeline as his wife; and produced the priest who had married them; the friends who had witnessed their marriage; and the book which contained the register.

Arnaud de Valmont produced the priest who had performed the funeral service when she had been consigned to the grave; the friends who had followed her to the church of St. Martin, and seen her deposited within the tomb; and the book wherein the register of death was written: and argued, that the grave had dissolved the union between Alphonse de Briontin and Adeline de la Surmartelle.

Such was the decision of the court. The obituary register had banished Adeline de Briontin from the face of the earth; and the tenant of the tomb was ceded to Arnaud de Valmont.

The confidence I have in the undoubted veracity of the gentleman from whom I heard the above-written anecdote, gives me assurance that I may vouch it as a fact. The circumstance is, nevertheless, so very extraordinary, and the decision is so very contrary to what my feelings and

ideas of propriety deem right, that absolutely I dare not comment on either. Every one will form an opinion for himself; and I am inclined to think that more will agree with me, than with the decision of the French court of law, by which, no doubt Arnaud de Valmont and Adeline thought themselves completely justified.

# THE SHIPWRECK.

THERE is scarcely any calamity which operates so powerfully on the tenderest feelings of the human heart as shipwreck. It is one of those terrible events which more frequently occur where no aid can be given to the sufferers, than where they are within the reach of assistance. Yet, it sometimes happens so near the shore, that the appalled spectators behold the dreadful destruction: and while the desperate sympathy of the truly brave, the truly generous strives to save; the same wind which tears the sails, and rives the planks of the noble vessel on the boisterous main, drives back the boat which tender hardihood in vain attempts to launch amid the foaming waves.

Some friends of mine once witnessed at Holyhead a scene of such deep distress. A vessel bound for Ireland, had completed her lading, taken on board her crew and passengers, and was

waiting at anchor for the favourable wind which was to waft her over. It was in the midst of summer, and the inhabitants of the town had assembled to see the sails unfurled, and to behold the swelling canvass fill. The busy sailors could be seen from shore as they worked gaily; and the song by which they pulled together could be heard. Many were on deck conspicuous to the friends who gazed for a last look, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and other indications of separation and farewell had commenced; when suddenly the sky changed its hue; the loud winds roared, and violently brought forward the rolling waves, which in quick succession beat against the ship. Those who stood on shore beheld her as she reeled to and fro; they saw the boat lowered, and many jump from the vessel to the hoped for preservation. The boat was often hidden by the mounting surge, and then again she rose above the foam. While thus they watched, they beheld an infant brought to the ship's side, and a woman standing in the boat, with out-stretched arms to take it. Instead of which, they saw her re-ascend the vessel, and the full charged boat was cut away. Long the rowers struggled with the rough wildness of the storm, and often were they sent

back when they seemed assured of safety. While the boatmen were contending with the waves, they heard the shrieks of those whom they had left behind, and saw the vessel sink. Many sunk with her in the salt abyss, and found a watery grave.

Short as the distance was from the vessel, many hours elapsed ere the drenched and exhausted men reached the shore. When all were safely landed, and the recognized friends were welcomed, and the missed victims of the storm were wailed, inquiry was made for why the woman left the boat, and gave up her only chance of safety to meet inevitable death.

Their own peril had made all who had gained the boat forget what had occurred; but reminded thus, they seemed to be recalled anew to horror. They faltered in giving utterance to the tale they had to tell; and with difficulty proceeded to inform the surrounding croud of her desperate determination.

To facilitate her descent into the boat, she had given her child to a by-stander, and turned to receive again her infant from the man who attempted to follow with his little charge: but the fear of sinking made them refuse to take another in the boat: and they were going to cut the rope, when

the distracted mother said, "if you will not allow the child to be brought to me, I will return to him."

O! self preservation checks every feeling but the strong power of maternal love. Fearing to overcharge the boat, the passengers were deaf to her entreaties, and having helped her to return, they saw her snatch her little son, and press him to her fond heart; and then left her to perish with him.

Dearer to a mother's heart than life is the infant she has borne; and though instances rarely occur where such fondness can be shown as sinking with it beneath the waters, rather than live without it: yet, daily observation must convince all who can perceive as well as see, that if put to the test, few are the mothers who would hesitate in their choice.

This universal love of mothers for their offspring, pervades all nature. Those who never know their young, but lay their eggs and quit them, are nevertheless careful so to deposit them, that when with strength and life their young shall burst the shell, the new emerging progeny shall be sustained and sheltered. Thus we see butterflies of every kind repair to that leaf on which the

caterpillar loves to feed: and moths within the warmth of wool and fur, provide a bed and food for the grubs which will replace them; thus leaving them in safety though they do not protect their growth. Such as hatch the eggs they lay, guard the young they bring to life, and love them; feed them, and fight for them. In vivarious animals, the birth awakens all the tenderness of a parent, which lasts as long as it is needed; and when complete growth gives the due strength, parental fondness ceases, for

"Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain."

It is not so with us. The instinctive feelings which prompt the brute creation to the fulfilment of parental duties are refined and purified by reason; and the parents whose tender fondness protected the helplessness of childhood, glow with expanded rapture on the nervous power, the ripened mind, and full improvement of those whom they have trained from infancy to maturity; and as hope rises in prospective views, we retrospectively review the past, and pay back the fondness we have received; and in return for benefits yield kindness; and the feeble step of

age is upheld by the arm to which it gave its strength.

Thus generation after generation shall pass away, til

> " ——————— the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And like the baseless fabrick of a vision
> Leave not a wreck behind!*"———

* The above quotation is not in exact conformity with the original text; but, to the best of my memory, it is so changed on Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey.

# THE BED OF DEATH.

In the course and intercourse of life, people of different ranks, of different faiths, of different politics, of different virtues and vices, of different hopes and fears; in short of every difference which can distinguish man from man, and woman from woman, are thrown together; and sympathies, antipathies, friendships, and animosities arise, nobody knows wherefore, and every body wonders how.

My mother, whom it is the pride of my heart to remember, and the delight of my heart to mention, was, in the progress of some business into which it is needless to enter, brought acquainted with a young woman whom I will call Auburn. She lived in a good house in Cumberland Place, had many servants, and kept a carriage. She called herself *Mrs.* Auburn, and was therefore

supposed to be a widow. Though many messages, and some few letters passed between her and my mother, they were personally unknown to each other. My mother had never seen her but once, and that was as she passed in her carriage, and was pointed out as Mrs. Auburn. Soon after, lo! the house in Cumberland Place was shut up, and no one knew whither Mrs. Auburn had retired.

It might be after the lapse of two, or perhaps three years, that my mother received a message from her to call according to the direction sent. She went, not to Cumberland Place, but to a house in an obscure street. She was shewn up stairs, where in bed lay a person who could no longer be recognised as the beautiful Mrs. Auburn, who had, so short a time ago, been the admiration of every beholder. She was nearly at life's close. She was on the bed of death.

I have solicited you to come to me, in these my last moments, she said, that I may explain to you why I have withdrawn myself to this obscurity; knowing, from all that I have heard of you, that you will palliate my conduct, and not be rigid in the pending business. She entered into many particulars, which it would be tedious to relate, but the sum of her story is as follows.

Her father was the vicar of a small village, and

she was the eldest of five daughters. She had received an excellent education from her father, who had himself superintended it; and she had been instructed in all ornamental accomplishments by the best masters in the neighbourhood of the vicarage: and, as the vicar's daughter, had visited among the surrounding gentry. Imagine her disappointment when her father told her that he was thus careful to educate and accomplish her and her sisters that they might be able to gain their own livelihood by some means more eligible than millinery or servitude. She drooped in grief, and happiness vanished from her hopes.

While she was thus desponding, her malignant stars brought a dissipated gay young man of large fortune into the village. Smitten by her exceeding beauty, he proposed an elopement to her. In an evil hour she listened to his proposals, fled from the protection of her father, and accompanied Mr. Dorton to London. Either in the excess of his passion, or the artfulness of his foresight, he took the house in Cumberland Place in her name: and though he supplied the money every thing was purchased, and all the servants were hired in her name.

Thus she lived three years, when his present began to be sparingly given; his visits becam

less frequent: and while she continued to live in the same splendour, he married and forsook her; leaving her answerable for all debts, without a guinea to discharge them. Thus reduced, she wrote to her family, but they disowned her. She then left her sumptuous habitation; and pining with grief and remorse, in poverty and in want, without friendship or attendance, she died the day after she had seen my mother; one among hundreds of the wretched victims of seduction and desertion.

I will not enter into the greater or less degree of crime attached to Mr. Dorton and Mrs. Auburn: but, I would to heaven that I could be the means of convincing young women how great, as a matter of mere worldly consideration, their folly is when they yield to the persuasions of men, who cannot be supposed to love those whom they wantonly reduce to shame.

While the rapture of passion remains, they may perhaps be treated with kindness; but when that has cooled, the same contempt which they have met with from the world, will be shewn by their sated paramours: and unless the stroke of death release them early, as it did Mrs. Auburn, from the wretchedness which must attend their future life, they have no resource but in continued crime.

They may perhaps drag on a few years in the same guilty splendour, but the end of their career will generally be in the purlieus of public shame: and riot and disease will bring to premature dissolution, the shattered frame of former loveliness: and those who were once the boast and pride of their families, will die in loathsome penury, the degraded and despised scorn of their betrayers.

# OBSERVATIONS ON EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is of so much importance to society, that in all ages legislators have thought it incumbent on them to provide for the due training of youth: and a *good education* has ever been esteemed the best legacy a man can leave his child: but the term *good education* is so vague that it is almost indefinite. If I may venture to attempt to define the phrase, I will say that it is that education which qualifies a man for the situation in which he is placed. If he be not sufficiently educated for his station, he cannot perform the duties which that station demands. If he be over educated he cannot submit to the humiliation of them.

The education of the higher ranks should be to the utmost extent it can be enlarged; but the education of the subordinate classes should be limited to what they are.

There is no proverb so full of meaning as that which is handed down to us from very remote antiquity.

*Let the Cobler stick to his last.*

About twenty-five or thirty years ago the learned mania of the day was so rife upon me, that I would have made every man a scholar; but as observation and reflection have corrected my error, I am become convinced that a learned populace would be a very great evil, both to individuals and to the community. The refinements of education never can meliorate the condition of the lowly labourer: on the contrary they teach him to find hardships, which but for his refinements he would not have discovered: and labour becomes irksome to him who has been taught to seek after the acquirements of knowledge. In the gradations of rank, from the king to the cobler, there are many degrees. If every man be taught to aspire, and take the place of the next above him, what will become of the highest? It should ever be remembered, that, as the subordinate notes of harmony acquire their perfection from their agreement with the master key; So doth society acquire perfection from the modulated agreement of its mem-

bers. A virtuous ruler always considers the humblest members of the community; but a wise ruler never consults them.

To diffuse learning as a general acquirement, is the commencement of the levelling system, and the ground-work of what is termed *radical.*

Now and then a great genius will break forth, and then there is a hue and cry against *shutting the gates of knowledge:* but genius is very rare; almost as rare as a comet; as the paucity of genius among the highly educated proves. How do boys lag through all the labyrinths of syntax and prosody; and yet how few good writers appear. How do they puzzle over dactyls and spondees, and how few poets are produced. Yet, without knowing any thing about dactyls or spondees, some poetic geniuses have occasionally astonished the world. Shall we therefore strive to make every man,

"Build the lofty rhyme."

A great genius will overcome difficulties, but in proof that going to school will sometimes fail in making a man clever, I beg leave to transcribe some poetry written by a D.D. who though he

must previously have been A.M. certainly knew very little of arts or sciences either.

DR. GREENWOOD'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

Ah! Death! Ah! Death! thou hast cut down,
The fairest GREEN WOOD in all this town;
Her virtues and her good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a Lord or a Judge,
Yet such was her condescension, and such herhumility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor in Divinity.
For this heroic deed she stands confest,
Above all others the phœnix of her sex;
And like that bird one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her sex disconsolate.
My grief for her loss is so very sore,
I can only write two lines more,
For this, and every other good woman's sake,
Never let a blister be put on a lying-in woman's back.

By general learning we should gain a few whose knowledge would be of no use either to themselves or society, and lose many whose manual labours would be greatly beneficial to both. It is vain to say that they shall learn no more than what is necessary, for it is difficult to know where to stop. All that is necessary for the lowly to know, they

are best taught at church by their pastors, who have the care of souls. Whose bounden duty it is to teach them what is right, and to watch over them as their spiritual flock, with the same tender care that a shepherd watches over the sheep of his fold.

The paths of learning are already overstocked. There is not employment for the learned who yearly swarm from school and from the universities. We hear of the few who come forward; but belief would stagger if it saw the list of those who fail.

There is not perhaps a situation so mortifying, or which awakens such keen sensations, as a neglected worthy learned man, who has no fortune, no patron, and no means of introduction to notice.

Many are the men who pine in learned poverty and grief, who would have been happy and prosperous traders, and many are now the happy labourers, whose sons will be made unhappy readers.

I may further observe in proof of the little benefit society derives from the education of the lowly, which is now so generally promoted, that moral virtue has greatly declined among them. There never was a period when childhood and

youth were so vicious as at the present day. There never was a period when so many unhappy female children were lost in sensuality and vice; nor when so many boys augmented the list of death, which every session and every circuit publishes to the world.

# THE EFFECTS OF UNCHECKED MALEVOLENCE.

THE observations on education, which perhaps I shall be deemed presumptuous for having ventured to publish, lead me on to say, that I am of opinion, that in the training of youth, too little attention is generally paid to the disposition of the mind, and the propensities of the inclination. It is very difficult, as many before me have observed, to distinguish between emulation and envy: and it frequently happens, that while we point out a good child as a model for imitation, we bring forward an object for hatred.

The separation of schoolfellows, in most cases, prevents, even in the most malignant, the consequences of young dislike; though in gentle and amiable natures, school-day friendships often lead to some of the most pleasing circumstances and events in life.

The indication of propensities is so early manifested in children, that they require watching almost as soon as they are born; certainly long before they can speak. According to the old saying, "as you bend the twig the tree will grow;" so, as you allow the mind to veer will the actions point.

If I may dare to make such an assertion, I will say that it appears to me that the teachers of youth in general pay too little attention to the mind. I do not mean to depreciate the care of the head, but I fear that the heart is too frequently forgotten. The boy who is ready with his task, and answers the call of the monitor, does all that is required of him; and the ill-natured play-fellow, the surly companion, and the harsh fagmaster, pass on uncorrected and unpunished, except that they now and then get a drubbing from a stouter and stronger boy than themselves.

The same unwatchfulness of the mind frequently also attends female education, and while girls are trained diligently in the externals of politeness, the best feelings of the heart are suffered to run to waste: and among their playmates they evince the same bad propensities as boys; and are

often guilty of crimes which give cause to fear, that if in future life, they could, as women, be called into action, as the vocations of men call them, they would be as mischievous: but the more retired situations in which they are placed, and the more domestic duties which they are called on to fulfil, save them from the commission of many foul deeds, to which man's enlarged sphere of action gives full scope. Therefore, in the instruction given both to boys and girls, care should be taken to guide the heart to what is right, as well as to direct the head to what is skilful.

In proof that both need to be watched, and that both have passions which need to be controuled and overcome, I will mention two sad effects of malevolence.

It was the custom at a girl's school, in the neighbourhood where I once lived, to have a public day, whereon the children either displayed their skill in musical performances, or exhibited their little persons in the graces of the dance. For these gala days, the particular exhibition was long the fag of preparation, and many things of customary routine were neglected, in order to bring to perfection the difficult concerto, and melodious

song; or the airs and graces of the new figures and steps which were to shew the sprightly activity and elegant movements of the dancing school.

For these occasions too, all the ornaments which fond fathers and mothers think will beautify the little competitors, are bestowed in lavish abundance, and infantine vanity is stimulated and fed.

As all parents are not equally rich, all children are not made equally fine; and infantine envy, on one occasion, led to infantine malice. All the finery had been looked over and admired, and put in readiness to attire the young dancers, for public dancing. Two sisters were, far beyond all others, handsomely furnished with all the pretty things which could decorate children; and it was evident that they would eclipse all their school-fellows. They were the envy of all. One child, who probably felt more below their display than others, could not bear to be so outdone, and the night before the public day, she opened the drawer where the finery was deposited, and tore it in such a terrible manner, that it could not be put to rights; and when the finest cloaths in the school were produced, their tattered shreds were a sight of horror, not only to the disappointed little belles,

but to the whole school. The mistress was distressed beyond expression.

When the parents saw their children in the old cloaths which had been worn and faded through the previous half year, an explanation was obliged to be given in the hearing of all the assembled company.

Detection did not immediately take place; it was an action of such deep laid, spiteful malignity, that no one was sufficiently ill thought of to be suspected. Suspicion first fell on the culprit on account of the little interest she seemed to take in the discovery; for while every innocent child exerted every means which children could devise, in order to find out who had been so atrociously mischievous, she alone, in sullen quiet, strove not to detect the offender.

It was a very difficult matter to fix the crime upon her, but examination and interrogation brought it all to light, and she was ignominiously expelled the school.

What followed I know not; but how distressingly keen must have been the feelings of the parents when they received their expelled child, who had in the first place acted like a thief, in opening a drawer whereto she had no business to

ge, and, in the next place, had given proofs of a greater degree of malignance than it is easy to believe that a child's mind could prompt, or a child's imagination devise; and all those who read the story will, probably, think with me, that had her early propensities been watched, they must have been corrected before they could have attained that high degree of malignity, which it would be a very hard task, when grown to such a height, to correct: and for which no advance in the various branches of female education could make amends.

The malice prepense in the girl's action, makes her, when it is duly considered, more culpable than the boy of whom I am about to speak; though the consequence of his bad disposition is more to be deplored. The circumstance occurred at the school whereto my father and Horne Tooke both went; and I have heard them both tell the story.

A boy was eating gingerbread, which he cut slice after slice, and ate greedily, without offering any to the boys who surrounded him. A lad, who eyed him as he went on, asked him for a slice, which was refused. The other asked him again and again, and was always answered, "No; I

will not give you any." At last the little fellow snatched a bit; on which the other pushed at him with his knife; and the thrust being enforced by rage, unfortunately reached his heart. The boy fell, and soon expired.

I am willing to believe that to kill his schoolfellow was not the intention of the young murderer; but the blow was certainly struck with feelings of vengeance; and trifling as refusing a slice of gingerbread may appear, a selfish disposition was manifested, and proofs of a sordid mind were exhibited: and in the blow a ferocious nature was displayed. From such traits in a boy we may anticipate the future man; and the passionate malicious blow of a child, is an earnest of future hurt.

How his after life atoned for the crime of his early years, I know not. At the time, he escaped, on account of his youth, the punishment which would have been inflicted on a person further advanced in years. Every charitably disposed person will hope that so dreadful a circumstance would have its due weight, and that whenever the impulse of passion arose in his mind, he would be suddenly checked by the painful recollection of the fatal catastrophe which I have related.

I make no doubt but many of my young readers will be conscious that they have often been hurried by the irritation of passion to the commission of actions which they have deplored; though I hope that such a dreadful consequence of anger as that which happened at my father's school, is a very rare occurrence.

It is a very poor excuse for injury to say that it was not intended to be so great; and it is a very small palliation of rage to say that it is soon over. Mischief done in a moment is as fatally pernicious as premeditated injury; though premeditation blackens the dye of guilt.

As it cannot be expected that an unchecked child will controul himself, admonition must be to parents and teachers; and I do not think that I go too far, when I say, that in the estimate of comparative calculation, a very large amount of crime may be charged to their neglect. To parents therefore I observe, that they are not only bound to provide for and to place properly in the world the children whom they have brought into it; but they are imperiously called upon to be careful that due instruction shall purify the heart, as well as that due culture shall refine the head: that we may not, in contemplating the malevolence

of uncorrected bad propensities, say of the mind, as Hamlet says of the world,

" Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."———

END OF VOLUME I.

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